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MACREADY'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE condition of a great actor's work is that it dies with him. Let him have put into it all that life-long observation and study, quickened by the creative energy of genius, can produce, he must still be content to forego the natural yearning of the artist for a hold upon the hearts and minds of a future day. With the kindred spirits, who 'rule us from their tombs,' he knows he can never rank. As Alfred de Musset has said of them—

'Jamais l'affreuse nuit les prend tout entiers.'

But with him it is different. Who shall preserve from oblivion that magic of voice, that charm of form, of look, of gesture, through which his soul has spoken to his fellow-men with such resistless eloquence? Yet is he not without his consolations. No noble influence is ever wholly lost; and he may find compensation for the short-lived doom of his noblest creations

* *Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from his Diaries.* Edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., one of his Executors. Macmillan & Co.

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in the assurance that the power of his genius, which has been reflected to him in the palpable emotion or ringing plaudits of his audience, has opened up to them a world of poetry and emotion, which but for him they would never have known. His 'so potent art' has awakened them to a knowledge of their own hearts. It has widened the sphere of their sympathies; flashed light upon the conceptions of the greatest poets, which has made them living realities, even for the unimaginative; and in doing this it has communicated impulses which may exercise a lasting influence for good on the lives of thousands. Happier, too, than many great poets and artists, the great actor has not to wait for his fame. It meets him face to face in the eager eyes, the hushed breath, the triumphant acclaim of his contemporaries. Not in vain has he lived, who owes such success to having wrought with a pure aim in turning to the highest account the special gift of genius. Even though his work die with him, he may comfort him-

self with the thought that its excellence lingers long in the traditions of the world, and that he will at least remain—how few even of the greatest do more?—the shadow of a mighty name.

Great actors as a rule have accepted this condition of their existence cheerfully. They have not sought to keep their name and fame before the world by autobiographies or memoirs, but have left themselves and their merits to be dealt with by other pens than their own. In truth, there is little to awaken interest in the story of an actor's life. The successive steps in his career, the long apprenticeship in the practical study of his art, the passage from stage to stage, the gradual rise to eminence and fortune, all so interesting to himself, can have no attraction for any reasonable creature. The mature fruit of his toils, his impersonations, into which he throws himself with all that study and experience have taught him, it is with these alone that the public have any concern. The true artist on the stage, as elsewhere, will, above all, be a gentleman; and as he will shrink in his life from that vulgar curiosity (never more rife than in the present day) which seeks to penetrate into the private history and habits of those who, by the necessity of their vocation, live much in the public eye, he will be no less chary of ministering to this curiosity when he has passed away, and it can no longer wound his feelings or outrage his self-respect.

Hence it is that the greatest actors have added little to biographical literature. The most illustrious of our own stage, Betterton, Booth, Quin, Garrick, Barry, the Kembles, Young, have all kept silence. Some, if not all of these could write well; and Garrick, the ablest of them all, had, as his letters testify, the very qualities to make him pre-eminent in this branch of literature. It is impossible not to regret that he had not found time to devote himself to it. What memoirs might he not have written! Of himself he would probably have told us little. But what sketches of manners might we not then have had! What anecdotes; what conversations of Beauclerk, of Johnson, of Goldsmith, of Reynolds, of Burke, and Chatham; of Diderot, Maupertuis, of D'Holbach, and all the brilliant society of Paris! What pictures of the leading men and women of his time; and there were few whom he did not know! Above all, how might he

have set in all the hues of life before us his great compeers on the stage—Quin, Macklin, Powell, Barry, Mossop, Sheridan, Weston, King, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Cibber, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Abington,—doing for them what Colley Cibber has done for Betterton, for Mountfort and Bracegirdle. What invaluable lessons should we not then have had in dramatic criticism! What hints to make the stage as it ought to be, a school of manners and of high thinking, as well as the most delightful of all amusements!

The great actors of France, it is true—Le Kain, Prévile, Molé, Talma, and others—have left written records behind them. But in them little is to be found of their personal history. It is of their art and not of themselves they write; their memoirs being confined almost exclusively to illustrations of what the stage is capable, conveyed either in examples taken from other actors, or in general propositions for the guidance of those who may have to practice or to criticise the actor's art. Nor could better guides to a just appreciation of that art be desired. They were proud of it; for they regarded it from the same high point of view as Voltaire, when he said of a genius for it, that it was '*le plus beau, le plus rare, et le plus difficile des talents.*' It was an art which in its perfection could only come of 'the gifts that God gives.' It could not, as the great comedian Prévile wrote, be taught: 'A man must be born an actor, and then it is not a master he needs, but a guide.' Mlle. Clairon, though herself open to the charge of too artificial a style—'*elle est trop actrice,*' was Garrick's comprehensive criticism,—was equally clear on this point. 'I am aware of no rules,' she writes, 'no traditions, that are capable of imparting all those qualities of mind and sensibility which are indispensable for the production of a great actor; I know of no rule by which one can learn to *think*, to *feel*; Nature alone can give those faculties, which study, advice, and time, may serve to develop.* But, though teaching could not make a fine actor, he was not therefore to dispense with culture and study. 'Fill yourselves with knowledge,' Clairon

* '*Vois-tu,*' wrote poor Rachel, when sinking under her fatal illness, '*pour étudier, il est bien inutile de parler, de faire des gestes; il faut penser, il faut pleurer.*'—Madame de Girardin, par Imbert de St. Arnaud, Paris, 1875, p. 263.

says elsewhere; 'be unremitting in the search for truth; by dint of care, of study, make yourselves worthy to educate your public, and constrain them to own that you profess the most difficult of all the arts, and not the most degraded of mechanical crafts.'

Le Kain, himself an illustrious instance of the power and patience of genius to overcome the disadvantages of face and figure for a vocation where such disadvantages are most felt—that inexpressible something which made 'Pritchard genteel and Garrick six feet high,'—writes eloquently in the same strain. 'Soul is the foremost requisite of the actor; intelligence the second; truth and fervor of utterance the third; grace and symmetry of person the fourth. To be thoroughly master of his parts, to know the force and significance of every line, never to lose sight of Nature, simple, noble, and affecting; to be assured that understanding is not to be acquired save by ripe meditation, nor practical skill save by persevering toil; to be always in his part; to use the picturesque with skilful reserve; to be as true in level speaking as in the great movements of passion; to avoid whatever is trivial; to make his pauses not too frequent; to let nobility of style be seen even across his lightest moods; to avoid jerkiness in speaking; to weep only when the soul is stormed and thrust in upon itself by grief; to show unbroken attention to what is passing on the stage, and to identify himself with the character he represents: these are some, and only some, of the qualities which go, in the estimation of one from whose judgment there could be no appeal, to constitute the claim to be considered a great actor.

Those who thought so highly of their art were not likely to be otherwise than proud of it. They bore within them that which might well make them indifferent alike to the prejudices that refused them the social status conceded to other artists, and to the Churchman's dogma, which denied to them, when dead, a resting-place in consecrated ground. Loving their pursuit as they did, with the passionate devotion which was one main secret of their excellence, they felt it gave them a rank above conventional distinctions. They would not, if they could, have exchanged it for any other. What could the sneer at the player's craft of some well-

born fool, or of some professional pedant, matter to a man who knew he could cope with the best in every honorable quality, and whose business in life was to make his fellows familiar with 'the high actions and the high passions,' which make a poetical drama the best discipline of humanity? Nor were our English actors behind them in glorying in their vocation. On the Statute-book players might still appear as 'vagabonds;' but the profession, which our supreme poet had followed, and for which his best works had been written, could not be degraded by the reckless classification of an obsolete law. The opinion of society soon abolished the stigma: the actor who respected himself was sure of its respect. Whom, indeed, was it prepared to welcome more kindly, or to accept in its most intellectual circles upon a footing of more complete equality? And if in public any slight were offered to him, he was sure of the support of his audience; just as it is upon record that the house went thoroughly with George Frederick Cooke, in his memorable retort, recorded in these volumes, to a young officer in the stage-box, who had made himself conspicuous by interrupting the play: 'You are an ensign? Sir, the King (God bless him!) can make any fool an officer, but it is only the Almighty that can make an actor!'

It naturally, therefore, excited no small surprise, not unminged with indignation, among the actors of the day, when before the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature in 1832, presided over by Sir E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Macready, who had by this time taken rank with the leaders of his profession, spoke of it as one so 'unrequiting, that no person who had the power of doing anything better would, unless deluded into it, take it up.' In a separate answer he disparaged it still farther by saying, 'that persons who could find any other occupation would not take to one in which they were dependent entirely upon the humor of the public.' It was an ungracious speech, considering that the public had been kind to him to the full measure of his deserts. But it had a farther and deeper significance, because it showed that the speaker wanted the first element of greatness, a thorough faith in his art, as in itself worthy, without reference to the measure of popular appreciation or of money value. It was obvious.

from such a reply that Mr. Macready did not view his profession, as we have seen Le Kain do, 'en grand.' His individual self was more to him than his art. Its followers were exposed to popular caprice. But what artists are not? Did Gainsborough, Constable, Müller—nay, did even Flaxman,—rise to their true place in their own day? Its returns in pounds, shillings, and pence, were small. The artist in whose thoughts such things are uppermost, may be dexterous, may be popular; but without the inspiration which seeks a vent, that will not be repressed, on the canvas, in the marble, or upon the stage, let the world requite him as it may, he will never be great.

The volumes before us are an instructive commentary on Mr. Macready's evidence in 1832. No one can read them without seeing that he had no special genius, in the right sense of the word, for the stage. Accident, not impulse, took him there; and great force of will, and a determined ambition, carried him into a conspicuous place upon it, which his sound intellectual training and high personal character enabled him to maintain with honor. Whatever he had to do, it was his maxim to do it thoroughly. The inspiration of genius was not within his command; but hard study and a certain fervor of style gave to many of his impersonations something that seemed to come near it. He worked at acting as he would have worked at jurisprudence or theology, had circumstances taken him to the Bar or to the Church. Under no conditions would he have been content to be lost in the common herd of toilers in the same field. But to the artist's delight in his work for its own sake these volumes show very clearly that he was a stranger. This fact, now placed by them beyond mere surmise, is, to our minds, the best justification of those who qualified their admiration of his talents by denying to him the attributes of an actor of the highest class.

While, therefore, this book will not raise the general estimate of Mr. Macready as an actor, it will hardly make the world think better of him as a man. Actors have an evil reputation for egotism and jealousy. No one ever lay more heavily under this imputation than Mr. Macready, while on the stage. We have heard the greatest comedian of his time say of him: 'Macready never could see any merit in

any living actor in his own line, nor in any actress either, until she was either dead or off the stage.' The indictment was sweeping, but this book almost bears it out.

So little assured, apparently, was Mr. Macready of his hold on public favor, or, to use his own phrase, on 'popular caprice,' that he lived in constant dread of being ousted from it by some new favorite. The echo of applause, unless given to himself, fills him with 'envious and vindictive feelings.' The words are his own (vol. ii. p. 62). But for his own confessions, as here given, the extent of this weakness would have been incredible. Thus, when he was in the zenith of his reputation (29th August, 1837), he reads in the 'Morning Herald' that Mr. Phelps has made a decided success. What is his comment? 'It depressed my spirits, though perhaps it should not do so. If he is greatly successful, I shall reap the profits.' Mr. Phelps was then under engagement to appear in Mr. Macready's Company at Covent Garden. 'If moderately, he will strengthen my company; but an actor's fame and his dependent income is [*sic*] so precarious, *that we start at every shadow of an actor*. It is an unhappy life' (vol. ii. p. 88). By this rule nothing would have more thoroughly embittered his existence than a stage filled with performers of the highest stamp. No generous emulation, no triumph in the general exaltation of the drama, no delight in the display of genius or power in others, would compensate for the comparative eclipse of his own star. And yet this was the man whose highest claim on the public favor was his professed desire to raise and dignify the stage!

It is typical of the same morbid egotism, that even when Mr. Macready is chronicling in the Diaries here published the production of the numerous poetical plays, which were the glory of his management at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, it is only of his own share in them he speaks. No one would ever suppose that they were supported by a body of performers scarcely inferior to himself, and to whom, at all events, quite as much as to himself, their success was due. In truth, Mr. Macready could 'bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.' If the main interest of any of the new pieces he produced was found on rehearsal or in per-

formance not to centre in himself, it lost its interest for him. This was often alleged of him by both authors and actors; his own diaries 'give it proof.' Thus, when Bulwer's comedy of 'Money' is first put into his hands, he is charmed with it. He reads it to the Haymarket Company (24th October, 1840). 'It was quite successful,' he notes, 'with them.' A few days of rehearsals change the aspect of everything. 'As I write,' he says (4th November), 'doubts and misgivings rise in my mind. I have nothing great or striking in situation, character, humor or passion, to develop. The power of all this is thrown on Mr. Strickland, and partially on Mr. Webster.' On the 8th of December—in these days a month of rehearsals was not thought too much for a new play*—the comedy was produced. By this time Mr. Macready had apparently discovered that it was not only Mr. Strickland and Mr. Webster who might have the pull upon him—so he is 'very much depressed and low-spirited. . . . Acted the part of Evelyn—not satisfied. I wanted lightness, self-possession, and in the serious scenes, truth. I was not good; I feel it. In the last scene, Miss Faucit, as I had anticipated, had quite the advantage over me. This was natural.' If so, then surely it was a thing to rejoice in; and those who remember how admirably all the parts of this brilliant comedy were filled on its first production will be surprised to find that this circumstance was only a source of vexation to one who, both as actor and as the trusted friend of the author, might well have been glad of whatever brought the merits of the play into the highest relief.

Mr. Macready was always ready to urge upon the members of his company that it was the actor that made the part, not the part that made the actor; and we have heard him cite in society, with warm commendation, the reply quoted in this book of the German actress, Schroeder, to some one who remarked with surprise on her condescending to perform the unimportant part of Lady Capulet, the night after she had taken her audience by storm as Lady

Macbeth. 'Condescend,' she replied; 'is it not Shakspeare I acted?' Constant sacrifices of this kind were conceded to Mr. Macready. But what was a sound rule for others was apparently no rule for him. Thus, having played Friar Lawrence, in 'Romeo and Juliet' one night (30th April, 1838), he records: 'I find playing a part of this sort, with no character to sustain, no effort to make, *no power of perceiving an impression made*, to be a very disagreeable and unprofitable task. Having required many of the actors to do what they considered beneath them, *perhaps* it was only a just sacrifice to their opinions to concede so far.' How little of the Schroeder spirit is here! Lady Capulet has not one feature of dramatic interest. On the other hand, the character of Friar Lawrence is sketched with subtle skill, and he has, at least, one considerable speech of great beauty. But it is beneath Mr. Macready's notice, because it gives no scope 'for perceiving the impression made, or, in plain English, for what is technically called 'bringing down the house.'

With strange inconsistency, the man to whom the plaudits of an audience were as the breath of his nostrils, who could do nothing without the stimulus of 'perceiving an impression made,' affected to abhor, and even to despise the only profession in which this stimulus can be had. All through this book run lamentations at the untoward fate that made him an actor. That wretched old Statute about 'vagrants' poisons his existence. It is in vain that audiences cheer, that critics extol, that honors are showered upon him by statesmen and men of letters as the great regenerator of the British stage. He was not a gentleman by Statute. 'The slow unmoving finger' of a purely imaginary scorn troubled his peace. Nor was this all. What might he not have done at the Bar, or in some other profession? The First Satire of his favorite Horace might have taught him to cure himself, betimes, of that most foolish of all foolish habits, which makes men sigh for some occupation other than what choice or destiny has assigned them. What a man does best may be pretty safely taken to be what he is best fitted to do. And Mr. Macready did his acting so well, that it may fairly be doubted whether he could have done anything else better, if so well. In his boyhood he was destined for the bar;

* 'We have had twenty rehearsals of this,' said some one, at the end of the last rehearsal of Bulwer's 'Richelieu.' 'Then I wish you luck at *Vingt-et-un*!' said Tom Cooke, the leader of the orchestra. His wish was more than fulfilled.

but, judged by his own confessions, he had neither the patience, tact, nor temper, without which no man need hope to make his way there. A disposition like his so morbidly sensitive, so impatient of control, so dictatorial and supercilious, would have exposed him to sufferings far more acute in that career than any he had to encounter on the stage, where it made many others suffer, who had to bear with it, as it would have been borne with nowhere else. Where else, too, could he have hoped to secure so many of the prizes for which so many excellent men have to struggle in vain? His place upon the stage brought him fame, a fair fortune, troops of friends in England, America, and France, among them many of the choicest spirits of his time, and the honors of more than one public dinner; and yet his diaries abound with such entries as this: '19th February, 1845.—I see a life gone in an unworthy, an unrequiting pursuit. Great energy, great power of mind, ambition and activity that, with discretion, might have done anything, now made into a player.' Or this, on the 1st July, 1843, when he has been to Westminster Hall to see the Exhibition of Cartoons:—'Saw several persons that I knew, to whom I did not speak, as I did not know how far they might think themselves lowered in their own opinion by speaking to me.' And yet the same morning he had breakfasted with Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), to meet Carlyle, Bunsen, Lord Morpeth, and several other people of the same class, not one of whom but esteemed him, and treated him as they would any other gentleman of their acquaintance.

Can it be, is the question that again and again rises, as we read passage after passage of this kind, that Mr. Macready seriously meant such revelations of personal foibles, if not of something worse, to be given to the public? It is conceivable that a man should turn his diary into a confessional, in which to hold up in black and white before his own eyes his vanity, his overweening estimate of his own powers and importance; his vices of temper, of envy, of jealousy, of morbid pride; his grudges at fortune; his occasional misgivings about himself; his penitences and self-reproaches. It may be also well for him, that he should write down there his appeals to Heaven for help against these

and other besetting sins. But such revelations can scarcely have been intended for the public eye. They are infinitely painful to those who would wish to think with respect of a man, in many points of view, so excellent and so distinguished. They teach nothing, because they are only one evidence the more of the ineradicable weaknesses and follies even of the wise. Surely, too, the taste is more than equivocal which dictated the publication of such prayers as are here recorded, for protection against the vices of an overbearing temper which, by the way, was always ready to break out with fresh vigor after every smiting of the breast, and cry of '*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*' From ejaculations such as these one turns away, as one would from a private letter left accidentally open. What can be said of them but what St. Beuve says of similar pious out-pourings in Madame Schweizer's Memoirs: '*Dès que la prière commence, la critique littéraire expire*'?

We suppose that Sir Frederick Pollock did not feel himself at liberty, as the executor of his friend, to suppress any portion of the 'Reminiscences,' begun by Mr. Macready in 1855, and brought down to the end of 1826. We venture to think, however, that Mr. Macready would have done more wisely, if, like his distinguished predecessors, he had left the story of his life altogether in other hands. But, if the 'Reminiscences' were retained, no mercy should have been shown to the subsequent Diaries. All that is really valuable in them would have gone into a comparatively small compass; and worked up, as the Editor is so well qualified to have worked them, into a compact and animated biography, he might have added an agreeable volume to the not too numerous list of good works that deal with the history of the English stage. Had he used the contents of the present volumes as the materials for a biography, cutting remorselessly away all that is essentially private and unimportant, or needlessly communicative, enough would have been left to make an amusing and instructive book. If he had been a little blind to the faults of his hero, so much the better; Mr. Macready's good qualities would then have stood out in probably, truer proportion and relief. We should have thought only with pleasure of the old favorite, to whom we had owed many a delightful and instructive hour in

the dreamland of the theatre. At the same time we should have escaped a host of details, with which the book is now weighted, of where, and what, and when Mr. Macready played; how much a night he got; how his Macduff at one place was imbecile, his Laertes, at another, infected with the vice of the Court of Denmark; his Evadne, at a third, without brains or bearing; how much money was in the theatre on one night, how little on another; how, at one time, he was called on, night after night, after the play, or how, to his amazement, he was not once called on through a whole engagement; of petty squabbles, and prosy speeches—all that, in a word, may be dismissed as the merest chronicling of personal and theatrical small talk.

William Charles Macready was born in London, on the 3rd of March, 1793. His father, the son of a well-to-do Dublin upholsterer, left the paternal business for the stage, and after running the usual career in the provinces, and playing for some time in London, became the manager of the Birmingham, Sheffield, and other theatres. He wrote the successful farce of 'The Irishman in London,' produced at Covent Garden, in 1782, and seems to have enjoyed and merited the respect of the various towns where he flourished as a manager through a long life. His first wife, the mother of W. C. Macready, was also on the stage, a fact of which, oddly enough, her son makes no mention in his 'Reminiscences.' She seems to have been one of those mothers whose sweet influence penetrates the lives of their children, and haunts them like some holy presence. She died in December, 1803, and her son never speaks of her but with the deepest reverence and devotion. Doubtless he cost her no small share of anxiety, for in his childhood he was marked, to use his own words, by 'a most violent and self-willed disposition;' an inheritance from his father, in which the gentle mother must have foreseen a pregnant source of future trouble.

Macready was one of six children. The family means were small, the parents busy. So while little better than an infant he was got out of the way by being sent to a day-school. Henceforth he says, 'my childhood and boyhood were all school.' A preparatory school at Kensington, where the pupils were arrayed 'in uniform of

scarlet jacket, with blue or nankeen trousers,' next received him; and from this he was removed to a school in Birmingham, where the master, a Mr. Edgell, 'a violent tempered man,' who was confidently believed to have forsaken the tailors' shop-board for the ferule and the desk, did his best to make his pupil's bad temper worse, while initiating him in the mysteries of English grammar and Bonycastle's arithmetic. But the future actor was even then foreshadowed in the fact, so commonly met with in the lives of players, that recitation was his forte.

He learned quickly, and retained what he learned. Pope's Homer was got almost by heart; and its author became so great a favorite with him, that long afterwards he prepared for his children, and subsequently published, an expurgated edition of Pope's works. The great London actors when set free by the close of the London theatrical season, which was then a winter one, were available for his father's theatre at Birmingham. Here in the manager's dressing-room he had a glimpse of King, dressed as Lord Ogleby. The grand deportment and beauty of Mrs. Siddons were engraven on his boyish memory. The face of Mr. W. T. Lewis, the great comedian, also made an indelible impression on the boy; but of Mrs. Billington all he could remember was the figure of a very lusty woman, and the excitement of the audience when the orchestra struck up the symphony of Arne's rattling bravura, 'The Soldier Tired,' in the opera of 'Artaxerxes.'—He had the much greater good fortune to catch a glimpse of Nelson when, during the short peace of Amiens, the hero of the Nile made a tour of several of the provincial towns—'a recreation apparently innocent enough, but which was harshly reflected on in the House of Lords:—

'The news of his arrival spread like wildfire, and when his intention of going to the theatre got wind, all who had heard of it, as might have been expected, flocked there to behold, and do him honor. The play was Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," for the benefit of a player of the name of Blissett, who had some repute in the part of Falstaff. At my father's request Lord Nelson consented to bespeak for the next night the play of "King Henry IV.," wishing to see Blissett again in Falstaff. The box-office was literally besieged early the next morning, and every place soon taken. At the hour of commencement my father was waiting with candles to

conduct the far-famed hero through the lobby, which went round the whole semi-circle of the lower tier, to his box. The shouts outside announced the approach of the carriage: the throng was great, but being close to my father's side, I had not only a perfect view of the hero's pale and interesting face, but listened with such eager attention to every word he uttered, that I had all he said by heart, and for months afterwards was wont to be called upon to repeat "what Lord Nelson said to your father." This was in substance to the effect that the universal esteem in which his, my father's, character was held in the town made it a pleasure and a duty to render him any assistance.

Nothing of course passed unnoticed by my boyish enthusiasm: the right-arm empty sleeve attached to his breast, the orders upon it, a sight to me so novel and remarkable; but the melancholy expression of his countenance and the extremely mild and gentle tones of his voice impressed me most sensibly. They were indeed for a life's remembrance. When with Lady Hamilton and Dr. Nelson, he entered his box, the uproar of the house was deafening, and seemed as if it would know no end. The play was at length suffered to proceed, after which was a sort of divertissement in honor of the illustrious visitor, from one song of which I can even now recollect one couplet! Oh sacred Nine, forgive me while I quote it!

"We'll shake hands, and be friends; if they won't, why,
what then?
We'll send our brave Nelson to thrash 'em again.
Derry down," &c.

The crowded house was frantic in its applause at this sublime effusion. Lady Hamilton, laughing loud and without stint, clapped with uplifted hands and all her heart, and kicked with her heels against the footboard of the seat, while Nelson placidly and with his mournful look (perhaps in pity for the poet)* bowed repeatedly to the oft-repeated cheers. Next day my father called at the hotel to thank his Lordship, when Nelson presented him with what he intended to be the cost of his box wrapped in paper, regretting that his ability to testify his respect for my father was so much below his will. My father never told me the amount, but purchased with it a piece of plate that he retained to his death in memory of the donor. I should not omit to mention that in the hall of the hotel were several sailors of Nelson's ship wanting to see him, to each of whom the great admiral spoke in the most affable manner, inquiringly and kindly, as he passed through to his carriage, and left them, I believe, some tokens of his remembrance.

The failing health of Macready's mother drew her to the waters of Leamington, 'then a small village, consisting only of a

* Surely not. The lines had the right ring in them,—the faith in their hero, their faith in themselves, which carried the British nation through the fiery ordeal of that time.

few thatched houses, not one tiled or slated, the Bowling Green Inn being the only one where very moderate accommodation could be procured.' It was there he saw her last, when he set out with his father for Rugby, with all a boy's trepidations and reluctance to face the unknown future of a great Public School. He fell there as fag under a very harsh master, 'a young Irishman of the name of Ridge,' and wrote home such piteous letters that his father more than once thought of sending for him. The mother, with a wiser sagacity, prevented this. Her boy was no worse off than other boys, and he had a kind cousin in Mr. Birch, one of the masters, who would not suffer him to be ill-treated. So there he remained—making a course through the school rapid beyond precedent, and attaining the fifth form in three years, 'from which advance he began to be sensible of a certain enjoyment of his position.'

It was one of the amusements of the bigger boys at Rugby to get up plays, and they were not likely to overlook the fact that the father of one of their school-fellows had a theatre no farther off than Birmingham. Here was an easy way to get at play-books and dresses, and these were readily furnished to them on the application of the manager's son. Some requital for such a service was due even to an Under School-boy. It was given first in the distinguished post of prompter. Higher honors followed; and Dame Ashfield in 'Speed the Plough,' Mrs. Brulgruddery in 'John Bull,' the Jew in Dibdin's 'School for Prejudice,' and Briefwit in the farce of 'Weathercock,' a tolerably varied list, were the maiden efforts of the future tragedian.

Other excitements varied the school routine. Nothing was talked of but Buonaparte and invasion. The older boys went through regular drill after school-hours with heavy wooden broadswords, 'their blue coats cuffed and collared with scarlet.' These were also the days of one of the maddest frenzies that ever possessed the play-going public. It was only in August last that its object died at the ripe age of eighty-three, 'a prosperous gentleman.' William Henry West Betty, the Young Roscius, 'a miracle of beauty, grace, and genius,' as Macready calls him, and still a mere boy, was the theme of all discourse:—

"The young Roscius" became a rage, and in the *furor* of public admiration the invasion ceased to be spoken of. He acted two nights at Leicester; and on a half-holiday, my cousin Birch having sent a note to excuse me and his eldest son from the afternoon's callings-over, at my father's request Tom Birch and myself were smuggled into a chaise and reached Leicester in time for the play, "Richard III." The house was crowded—John Kemble and H. Harris, son of the Patentee of Covent Garden, sat in the stage box immediately behind us. I remember John Kemble's handkerchief strongly scented of lavender, and his observation, in a very compassionate tone, "Poor boy! he is very hoarse." I could form little judgment of the performance, which excited universal enthusiasm, and in the tempest of which we were of course borne along.

After the play, Tom Birch and myself got into our chaise, and travelling through the night reached Rugby in good time for "first lesson" in the morning.

This popularity, like all similar fashionable crazes, was doomed to a sudden extinction. When he had reached manhood the public turned a cold ear to him, and, as Macready thinks, unjustly:—

'It seemed,' he says, 'as if the public repented on the grown man the extravagance of the idolatry they had blindly lavished on the boy.' His level speaking was not agreeable. 'A sort of sing-song and a catch in his voice suggested the delivery of words learned by heart, not flowing from the impulse or necessity of the occasion; but when warmed into passion he became possessed with the spirit of the scene, and in witnessing as I have done, his illustration of passages with all the originality and fire of genius, the conviction was pressed upon me that if he had not had to his prejudice the comparison of his boyish triumphs, and the faulty manner derived from frequent careless repetition, he would have maintained a distinguished position in his maturer years.'

In 1807 Dr. Wooll succeeded to the headmastership of Rugby. He was too indulgent; and there being no longer the same pressure on his industry as under Wooll's predecessor, Dr. Inglis, young Macready for a time fell back in his studies. Happily he pulled up in time; and to retrieve what he had lost, would get out of bed, when the house was asleep, hang up clothes against the windows to hide his light, and with the help of strong tea, sit up to a late hour working at his Homer or Virgil. Dr. Wooll varied the exercises of the elder boys by introducing the composition of English verses, and in addition to the prizes for these and Latin verse, gave prizes for speaking, as a test of the elocutionary powers of the fifth and sixth forms.

Young Macready had clearly struck him as a declaimer above the average. He assigned the boy the closet scene in 'Hamlet' for the public declamation, and in answer to his remonstrance on the score of its difficulty, silenced him by saying, 'If I had not intended you to do something extraordinary, I should not have taken you out of your place.' 'Robinson, afterwards Master of the Temple, Lord Hatherton, (*né* Walhouse), and the late Sir G. Ricketts,' Mr. Macready notes, 'were the best speakers.' But the comments made at the time on one of the cards by an old gentleman who was present at the representation on the second Tuesday in June, 1808, quoted by his Editor, while they confirm the excellence of Robinson and Ricketts, place Macready quite on a level with them. They are 'excellent,' 'very well,' 'very excellent,' but his share in the entertainment is pronounced to be 'surprisingly well indeed.' In Dr. Wooll's time the school-plays were got up 'in a more expensive style' than in his predecessor's, and 'with great completeness.' Audiences from the town and neighborhood were invited. The young actors flew at high game. Dr. Young's tragedy of 'Revenge' with the farce of 'Two Strings to your Bow' made a strong bill. Zanga and Lazarillo, the leading parts, fell to Macready.

'The success was great; we were all much applauded, and I remember the remark of a Mr. Caldecot, reported to me, "I should be uneasy if I saw a son of mine play so well." I had, however, no thought of this but as an amusement, and my pride would have been wounded if a suspicion had been hinted that I could regard it in any other light. The half-year closed with speeches before an auditory consisting only of the school and the gentry of the town. My place was the last among the speakers, and I can now remember the inward elation I felt in marking, as I slowly rose up, the deep and instant hush that went through the whole assembly; I recollect the conscious pride I felt, as the creaking of my shoes came audibly to my ears whilst I deliberately advanced to my place in the centre of the school. My speech was the oration of Titus Quintius, translated from Livy. It was a little triumph in its way, but the last I was doomed to obtain in dear old Rugby.'

Another reminiscence, which falls within this period, is not uninteresting. In passing through Birmingham Macready went to the theatre, which had by this time fallen into other hands, his father having left it for Manchester. The afterpiece

was a serious pantomime, founded on Monk Lewis's ballad of 'Alonzo and Imogene.' The manager's wife, a lady cast in 'Nature's amplest mould,' was the fair Imogene:

'As if in studied contrast to this enormous "hill of flesh," a little mean-looking man, in a shabby green satin dress (I remember him well), appeared as the hero, Alonzo the Brave. It was so ridiculous that the only impression I carried away was that the hero and heroine were the worst in the piece. How little did I know, or could guess, that under that shabby green satin dress was hidden one of the most extraordinary theatrical geniuses that have ever illustrated the dramatic poetry of England! When, some years afterwards, public enthusiasm was excited to the highest pitch by the appearance at Drury Lane of an actor of the name of Kean, my astonishment may easily be conceived on discovering that the little insignificant Alonzo the Brave was the grandly impassioned personator of Othello, Richard, and Shylock.'

On young Macready's return home for the holidays of the winter, 1808-9, it was to find his father ruined. The Manchester theatre had proved a failure, and had absorbed the little property which the elder Macready had accumulated in previous years of successful management in Birmingham, Sheffield, Newcastle, and elsewhere, and out of which he had sustained the very considerable expenses of his son at Rugby. An exhibition at Oxford, a degree, and a call to the bar had till then been the boy's ambition. But this dream was all at once rudely dispelled. The last half-year's bills at Rugby even were unpaid. Mr. Birch, his kind cousin there, at once relieved him of this difficulty; but his father was, in fact, bankrupt, and a return to Rugby was impossible. Mr. Macready writes, in a mysterious way, of 'a lady then staying in our house,' who had made mischief between his father and himself, and from whom he first learned the state of his father's affairs. From her the suggestion came at the same time that he should go on the stage.

'Would not my doing so relieve my father from the farther expense of my education? My expectations did not go beyond this result. The extravagant views of my counsellor looked to another young Roscius *furor* (I being not yet sixteen years of age), and speculated on a rapid fortune.'

When he spoke to his father it was to tell him his mind was made up to go on the stage. His father, who by this time

was well aware of the obstinacy of his son's temper, seems to have dealt quite fairly with him. 'It had been the wish of his life,' he said, 'to see me at the Bar, but if it was my real wish to go upon the stage, it would be useless for him to oppose it.' To the Zanga of Rugby School the stage was probably not without allurements. In any case, he went there of his own choice, swayed, perhaps, by the thought that he was doing something noble in sacrificing his dreams of forensic distinction to filial duty. If he really had within him the qualities to make a great lawyer, all the odds are against his having given up his first ambition. Men have fought their way to the first rank at the Bar under heavier disadvantages. At once he set about preparing himself for his future vocation, taking lessons in fencing, and getting by heart the words of the youthful characters then in vogue. Meanwhile his classics were not forgotten, and this, with the assistance which he gave his father in the business of his theatre, kept him fully employed. Of his father as an instructor for his future work he speaks slightly. He had no originality himself. Macklin and Henderson, the heroes of his youth, John Kemble, and even Pope and Holman, were his ideals. Consequently he referred always to what he had seen, and cited the manner in which past celebrities would deliver particular passages. A worse monitor for a young man, who was not strong enough to think for himself, and find his own modes of expression, could not well be conceived. Every period has its style; so has every genuine artist; neither will fit another age or another individual. So we are not surprised to hear that Macready 'in after-life had the difficult task of unlearning much that was impressed upon him in his boyish days.'

Worse for a youth afflicted with a fierce and imperious temper was the circumstance that, as his father was forced to keep out of the way to avoid arrest, he had to carry on the business of his theatres for him. Managers are by necessity despots. How hurtful to one, already too self-willed, must it have been to find himself in a position where he could lay down the law on all subjects within a little kingdom of his own! The entire management devolved on him at Newcastle, where he remained for two

months, 'not deriving much advantage, though some experience, from the society of some of the players, and falling desperately in love with one of the actresses—no improbable consequence of the unguarded situation of a boy of sixteen.' Availing himself of the invitation of his father's friend, Fawcett, one of the best comedians of the day, he came to London in the end of 1809, to see the best actors, and to learn fencing from the best masters. During this time Macready reports that he had the satisfaction of seeing Cooke, Young, C. Kemble, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Liston, and other first-rate performers. It was his business to see as much good acting as he could, and he did so. Among other things, he saw the fine powers of Elliston, who had taken the Surrey Theatre, where the law allowed him to perform only burlettas, wasted on Macbeth performed as a pantomime, and on Captain Macheath, with Gay's pithy prose thrown into jingling rhyme. The first public experiment in the use of gas also attracted his notice in the shape of a star before a house in Pall Mall, 'which relighted itself as the wind every now and then blew out some of its jets.'

This visit over, young Macready had to begin the work of life in earnest. The father was in Lancaster Castle, a prisoner for debt, until set free by the proceedings in bankruptcy, and the task of working his company and keeping it together was undertaken by his son. All went so well in his hands, that the son was able to remit to his father three pounds a week 'in his melancholy duress at Lancaster,' and to carry on his theatre at Newcastle with credit. Before the season closed his father obtained his release, his certificate of bankruptcy having been granted under circumstances which speak volumes for his integrity, and which his son records with an honorable pride.

When the elder Macready resumed the direction of his theatre, his son, though relieved from business responsibilities, continued to superintend the rehearsals, and in the getting up of the melodramas, pantomimes, &c., he 'was the instructor of the performers.' No wonder he fell into the habit of playing the schoolmaster to all about him, which made him in after-years so obnoxious to his fellows. The time for his own *début* had now arrived. It was made in the character of Romeo at

Birmingham, where his father had again become manager. What he tells of his feelings on the occasion confirms our conviction, that inclination, quite as much as duty, sent him upon the stage.

'The emotions I experienced on first crossing the stage, and coming forward in face of the lights and the applauding audience, were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes. I seemed to see nothing of the dazzling scene before me, and for some time I was like an automaton moving in certain defined limits. I went mechanically through the variations in which I had drilled myself, and it was not until the plaudits of the audience awoke me from the kind of waking dream in which I seemed to be moving, that I gained my self-possession, and really entered into the spirit of the character and, I may say, felt the passion, I was to represent. Every round of applause acted like inspiration on me: I "trod on air," became another being, or a happier self; and when the curtain fell at the conclusion of the play, and the intimate friends and performers crowded on the stage to raise up the Juliet and myself, shaking my hands with fervent congratulations, a lady asked me, "Well, sir, how do you feel now?" my boyish answer was without disguise, "I feel as if I should like to act it all over again."'

Once launched in the profession, Macready worked at it with enthusiasm. Not content with the regular work of the week, he used to lock himself into the theatre after morning service on the Sundays, and pace the stage in every direction to give himself ease, and become familiar in his deportment with exits and entrances, and with every variety of gesture and attitude. 'My characters,' he adds, 'were all acted over and over, and speeches recited, till, tired out, I was glad to breathe the fresh air again. This was for several years a custom with me.' The manager's son was sure to get quite his share of all the best parts, as well as of the public favor; and so early as 1811 we find him, while still only eighteen, risking his honors at Newcastle in the part of Hamlet. It was a success. All Hamlets are so, more or less. His remarks on the occasion are much to the purpose.

'The critic who had made a study of this masterpiece would predict with confidence a failure in such an experiment, but he would not have taken into account the support to the young aspirant supplied by the genius of the poet. There is an interest so deep and thrilling in the story, such power in the situations, and such a charm in the language, that with an actor possessed of energy, a tolerable elocution, and some grace of deportment, the

character will sufficiently interpret itself to the majority of an audience to win for its representative, from their delight, the reward of applause really due to the poet's excellence. A total failure in Hamlet is of rare occurrence. . . . "There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly," in the character, who could as soon explain and reconcile its seeming inconsistencies, as translate a page of Sanscrit. Dr. Johnson, who so lucidly describes the mind of Polonius, has left us in his observations clear proof that he did not understand that of Hamlet; and audiences have been known to cheer innovations and traps for applause, which the following words of the text have shown to be at utter variance with the author's intention! My crude essay, like those of many others, was pronounced a success; but the probing inquiry and laborious study of my after-life have manifested to me how little was due to my own skill in that early personation.'

In 1812 he found himself cast to play with Mrs. Siddons, as she took Newcastle on her way to London, where she was about to take her leave of the stage. The plays were 'The Gamester' and 'Douglas.' Young Norval in the latter was one of Macready's favorite parts; but he might well have been appalled, as he says he was, at the thought of playing Beverley, and for the first time, to the Mrs. Beverley of the great actress. It was one of her greatest parts. Leigh Hunt, writing in 1807, classes it with her Lady Macbeth. He cites—'The bewildered melancholy of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, or the widow's mute stare of perfected misery by the corpse of the gamester Beverley, two of the sublimest pieces of acting on the English stage,' as the highest illustration of Mrs. Siddons' power in the natural expression of profound emotion, which he considered to be 'the result of genius rather than of grave study.'

Mr. Macready writes, as he always spoke, of Mrs. Siddons with enthusiasm. With fear and trembling he was sent by his father to her hotel to rehearse his scenes with her. 'I hope, Mr. Macready,' was her goodnatured salutation to him, 'you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me.' Some farther remarks she made about his being a very young husband. Had he not been the manager's son the remark would in all likelihood have been more pointed than it was. It could not have been pleasant for an actress of her mature and stately pro-

portions to find herself played to by a comparative boy. The business of the morning over, he took his leave with fear and trembling to steady his nerves for the coming night. He got through his first scene with applause. In the next, his first with Mrs. Beverley, he was so overcome by fear that his memory failed him, and he stood bewildered. 'Mrs. Siddons kindly whispered the word to me (which I never could take from the prompter), and the scene proceeded.'

'What eulogy can do justice to her personations! . . . Will any verbal account of the most striking features of "the human face divine" convey a distinct portraiture of the individual? How much less can any force of description imprint on the imagination the sudden but thrilling effects of tone or look, of port or gesture, or even of the silence so often significative in the development of human passion! . . . I will not presume to catalogue the merits of this unrivalled artist, but may point out, as a guide to others, one great excellence that distinguished all her personations. This was the unity of design, the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed. Throughout the tragedy of "The Gamester" devotion to her husband stood out as the mainspring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being; apparent when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice has subjected her, in her fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of Stukely's advances, when in the awful dignity of outraged virtue she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax to her sorrows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when on her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blackness on his face; the powers of life seemed suspended in her; her sister and Lewson gently raised her, and slowly led her unresisting from the body, her gaze never for an instant averted from it; when they reached the prison door she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself as if for union in death, on the prostrate form before her.

'She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and as I recall it I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. But in the progress of the play I gradually regained more and more my self-possession, and in the last scene as she stood by the side wing, waiting for the cue of her entrance, on my utterance of the words, "My wife and sister! well—well! there is but one pang more, and then farewell world!" she raised her hands, clapping loudly, and calling out "Bra-

vo ! sir, bravo !" in sight of part of the audience, who joined in her applause.'

This incident of the 'Bravo ! sir, bravo !' comes in with a chilling effect after so much to make us think that the actress was lost in her part. It might at least have been kept out of sight of the audience to whose tearful sympathies she was the next moment to make so terrible an appeal. Douglas went off without a hitch. The great lady sent for her 'Norval' after the play, and in her grandiose manner gave him some excellent advice.

"You are in the right way," she said, "but remember what I say,—study, study, study, and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age with a young family about me. Beware of that : keep your mind on your art, do not remit your study and you are certain to succeed. . . . God bless you !" Her words lived with me, and often in moments of despondency have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation to me, which ever after had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy *through all the variations of human passion*, blended into that grand and massive style, had been with her the result of patient application.'

The words in italics are surely the mere hyperbole of praise. Mrs. Siddons was no doubt supreme within her range ; but her range was narrow. She had dignity, grandeur, force—tenderness also in many of its phases. Constance, Hermione, Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, and characters of the same class were within her means, physical and mental. But there was a wide sweep of passion outside these limits which she could not reach. Of humor, the primary requisite for the treatment of Shakspeare, she was devoid ; and in the portrayal of playful affection, and of what Leigh Hunt calls the 'amatory pathetic,' she wholly failed. She could, as Hunt says, 'overpower, astonish, affect, but she could not win.' What else might be expected from her 'grand and massive style' ? From her acting Macready says he received a great lesson. 'Where opportunity presented itself,' he says, 'she never failed to bring out the passion of the scene and the meaning of the poet by gesture and action, more powerfully, I am convinced, than he originally conceived it.' This is the special gift of the great actor. As Voltaire said to Brizard, of the Comédie Française, '*Vous n'avez fait voir, dans le rôle de Brutus, des beautés que ie n'avais*

pas aperçues en le composant.' Mrs. Siddons had another great merit, which Charles Young tersely expressed by saying, 'She never indulged in imagination at the expense of truth.' Macready says the same thing in a more roundabout way.

'In giving life, and as it were reality to the character she represented, she never resorted to trick, or introduced what actors call "business," frequently inappropriate, and resulting from the want of intelligence to penetrate the depth of the emotions to be portrayed.'

Of Mrs. Jordan, whom he acted with soon afterwards at Leicester, Mr. Macready gives us some pleasant glimpses. The gayest, merriest, most spontaneous of actresses, she left no point unstudied, spared no pains to ensure her effects.

'At rehearsal,' he says, 'I remarked, as I watched this charming actress intently through her first scene, how minute and how particular her directions were ; nor would she be satisfied, till by repetition she had seen the business executed exactly to her wish. The moving picture, the very life of the scene, was perfect in her mind, and she transferred it in all its earnestness to every movement on the stage.' 'With a spirit of fun, that would have out-laughed Puck himself, there was a discrimination, an identity with her character, an artistic arrangement of the scene that made all appear spontaneous and accidental, though elaborated with the greatest care. Her voice was one of the most melodious I ever heard ; . . . and who that once heard that laugh of hers could ever forget it . . . so rich, so apparently irrepressible, so deliciously self-enjoying as to be at all times irresistible.'

What this laugh was, and the secret of its charm, Leigh Hunt has told us in even happier language.

'Her laughter is the happiest and most natural on the stage . . . It intermingles itself with her words, as fresh ideas afford her fresh merriment ; she does not so much indulge as she seems unable to help it ; it increases, it lessens with her fancy, and when you expect it no longer according to the usual habit of the stage, it sparkles forth at little intervals, as recollection revives it, like flame from half-smothered embers. This is the laughter of the feelings ; and it is this predominance of the heart in all she says and does that renders her the most delightful actress in characters which ought to be more lady-like than she can make them, and which acquire a better gentility with others.'

Oh for the return of such acting and such criticism !

In 1813, the elder Macready having

become the tenant of the Glasgow and Dumfries Theatres, his son made acquaintance with a fresh public, and laid the foundation of his popularity in the West of Scotland. He remembered with peculiar satisfaction the knot of playgoers who clustered in corners of the Glasgow pit, and by their murmurs of approval encouraged the young actor with the belief that they were giving their thoughts to what was going on before them. The theatre was the largest out of the metropolis, and the necessity which he felt himself under of more careful study and practice to satisfy the demands of an audience, which then, and we believe now, was critical as well as enthusiastic, had an excellent effect in advancing his mastery of his art. Here he had to measure his strength against young Betty, of whose energy, dignity, and pathos he speaks warmly, admitting at the same time that Betty did not study improvement in his art, and consequently 'deteriorated by becoming used-up in the frequent repetition of the same parts.'

Hitherto Macready had lived with his father. The temper of neither was good. The infirmity of his own, the son declares 'to have been the source of most of the misery he had known in life.' But when passion got the better of his father, 'there was no curb to the violence of his language.' Each had strong opinions; and as they did not always run in the same groove, the son very often provoked the displeasure of the father. 'If two men,' as Dogberry says, 'ride upon a horse, one must ride behind;' and we can well believe that the younger Macready was not likely to accept the hindmost place. He was now, too, approaching manhood; and after an angry parley, father and son parted on the understanding that the latter should thenceforth live apart, and receive a salary of three pounds a week. A truce was patched up for a time after the return of the company to their headquarters at Newcastle; but with such jarring elements, it could be of only brief duration. Meanwhile the son did his best to keep up the reputation of his father's theatres, taking on himself a heavy share of the work, writing pieces from Scott's 'Marmion' and 'Rokeby,' and re-arranging others, to meet the exigencies of the hour. In the midst of his labors, to spur his ambitious hopes, the

tidings reached him of the triumph at Drury Lane, as Shylock, of the insignificant little Alonzo, of the Birmingham Theatre.

Macready had up to this time worked loyally for his father, and repaid all, and more than all, that had been expended upon that education at Rugby which was to prove of priceless value to his future career. Fresh disputes between them arose. Neither would give way, and Macready left home upon an engagement for Bath. The theatre there was at that time regarded as a sort of antechamber to the great Patent Theatres of London, 'and the judgment of a Bath audience a pretty sure presage of the decision of the metropolis.' The young actor stood the scrutiny of this critical public. He was hailed with 'compliments, invitations, troops of friends, and all the flattering evidences of unanimous success.' The rumor of his success soon spread. Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, opened negotiations with him, and an engagement for seven weeks in Dublin at 50*l.* a week was the best assurance that he had now fairly got his foot on the first round of the ladder. The negotiations for Covent Garden having taken him to London, where Kean and Miss O'Neill were crowding the two great houses, the impressions they produced on him are well described:

'Places were taken one night at Drury Lane for "Richard III.," and for another Fawcett procured seats for us in the orchestra of Covent Garden, to see the Juliet of Miss O'Neill to the best advantage. Kean was engaged to sup with my father at the York Hotel after the performance of "Richard," to which I went with no ordinary feelings of curiosity. Cooke's representation of the part I had been present at several times, and it lived in my memory in all its sturdy vigor. . . . There was a solidity of deportment and manner, and at the same time a sort of unctuous enjoyment of his successful craft, in the soliloquising stage villany of Cooke, which gave powerful and rich effect to the sneers and overbearing retorts of Ciber's hero, and certain points (as the peculiar mode of delivering a passage is technically phrased), traditional from Garrick, were made with consummate skill, significance, and power.

Kean's conception was decidedly more Shakespearian. He hurried you along in his resolute course with a spirit that brooked no delay. In inflexibility of will and sudden grasp of expedients he suggested the idea of a feudal Napoleon. His personation was throughout consistent, and he was only inferior to Cooke where he attempted poi

upon the same ground as his distinguished predecessor. . .

'My father and self were betimes in our box. Pope was the lachrymose and rather tedious performer of Henry VI. But when the scene changed, and a little keenly-visaged man rapidly bustled across the stage, I felt there was meaning in the alertness of his manner and the quickness of his step. As the play proceeded I became more and more satisfied that there was a mind of no common order. In his angry complaining of Nature's injustice to his bodily imperfections, as he uttered the line, "To shrink my arm up like a withered shrub," he remained looking on the limb for some moments with a sort of bitter discontent, and then struck it back in angry disgust. My father, who sat behind me, touched me, and whispered, "It's very poor!" "Oh no!" I replied, "it is no common thing," for I found myself stretching over the box to observe him. The scene with Lady Anne was entered on with evident confidence, and was well sustained, in the affected earnestness of petulance, to its successful close. In tempting Buckingham to the murder of the children, he did not impress me as Cooke was wont to do, in whom the sense of the crime was apparent in the gloomy hesitation with which he gave reluctant utterance to the deed of blood. Kean's manner was consistent with his conception, proposing their death as a political necessity, and sharply requiring it as a business to be done. The two actors were equally effective in their respective views of the unscrupulous tyrant; but leaving to Cooke the more prosaic version of Ciber, it would have been desirable to have seen the energy and restless activity of Kean giving life to racy language and scenes of direct and varied agency in the genuine tragedy with which his whole manner and appearance were so much more in harmony. In his studied mode of delivering the passages, "Well! as you guess?" and "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" he could not approach the searching, sarcastic incredulity, or the rich vindictive chuckle of Cooke; but in the bearing of the man throughout, as the intriguer, the tyrant, and the warrior, he seemed never to relax the ardor of his pursuit, presenting the life of the usurper as one unbroken whole, and closing it with a death picturesquely and poetically grand. Many of the Kemble school resisted conviction in his merits, but the fact that he made me feel was an argument to enrol me with the majority on the indisputable genius he displayed.

'We retired to the hotel as soon as the curtain fell, and were soon joined by Kean, accompanied, or rather attended, by Pope. I need not say with what intense scrutiny I regarded him as we shook hands on our mutual introduction. The mild and modest expression of his Italian features, and his unassuming manner, which I might perhaps justly describe as partaking in some degree of shyness, took me by surprise, and I remarked with special interest the indifference with which he endured the fulsome flatteries of Pope. He was very sparing of words

during, and for some time after, supper; but about one o'clock, when the glass had circulated pretty freely, he became animated, fluent, and communicative. His anecdotes were related with a lively sense of the ridiculous; in the melodies he sang there was a touching grace, and his powers of mimicry were most humorously or happily exerted in an admirable imitation of Braham; and in a story of Incledon acting Steady the Quaker at Rochester, without any rehearsal—where, in singing the favorite air, "When the lads of the village so merrily, ah!" he heard himself to his dismay and consternation accompanied by a single bassoon,—the music of his voice, his perplexity at each recurring sound of the bassoon, his undertone maledictions on the self-satisfied musician, the peculiarity of his habits, all were hit off with a humor and an exactness that equalled the best display Mathews ever made, and almost convulsed us with laughter. It was a memorable evening, the first and last I ever spent in private with this extraordinary man.'

This animated sketch is followed by an account of Miss O'Neill's Juliet, not so discriminating, but, naturally, more glowing. The writer was young, susceptible, and he would have been more or less than mortal, if admiration for the beauty of the woman had not heightened the estimate of the actress.

Two years were yet to elapse before Macready was to face the ordeal of a London audience. He stood out for terms which the managers there were not prepared to yield. The interval was spent in most useful practice in the chief provincial theatres; but, at length, his cautious scruples having been overcome, and good terms secured, Mr. Macready appeared at Covent Garden as Orestes in "The Distressed Mother," on the 16th of September, 1816. He was received with the applause always liberally bestowed on every new performer, and this Kean, who was conspicuous in a private-box, helped to swell. Better still, the critics of the Press admitted his claims to distinction; Hazlitt, one of the best of them, described him 'as by far the best tragic actor that has come out in our remembrance, with the exception of Kean.' Othello, his next part of importance, confirmed the favorable estimate. The 'Times' gave him the highest praise in saying of it: 'The actor's judgment is shown in his practice of employing all his force in those passages of noiseless but intense feeling, and exhibiting it in all its sublime depths, if not by a sudden look or startling gesture, yet by a

condensation of vigorous utterance and masculine expression, from which few will be disposed to appeal.' In *Iago*, which in after-years was one of his finest studies, he failed by his own admission. Hazlitt's remark, that 'Young in *Othello* was like a great humming-top, and Macready in *Iago* like a mischievous boy whipping him,' he owns was quite as complimentary as his own share of the performance deserved.

Miss O'Neill, John Kemble, Young, and Charles Kemble, were all at Covent Garden, and in the height of their popularity, and Macready found that he must be content to drop into a comparatively subordinate place. Kean, at Drury Lane, divided with them the public enthusiasm; and he had, consequently, abundant leisure to profit by the study of the performances of his great compeers. By this we are gainers, in a few excellent pages of description, which bring their distinctive qualities vividly before us and which are of especial value from the pen of one so well qualified to judge. But this enforced banishment to the second rank was wormwood to Macready, whose way it was to drop into despondency whenever things did not go exactly to his mind. It actually led him to cast about in his thoughts 'in quest of some other mode of life less subject to those alternations of hope and dejection which so frequently and so painfully acted on my temper.' While in this mood he was summoned to the reading of a tragedy by a new author. This was Richard Lalor Sheil, with whose dramatic successes Macready was destined to become henceforth in a great measure identified. The play was 'The Apostate.' There were parts in it for Young, C. Kemble, and Miss O'Neill; that of Pescara was assigned to Macready. He took it 'mournfully and despondently.' Charles Kemble, a better judge of what was to be done with it, cheered him by saying, 'Why, William, it is no doubt a disagreeable part, but there is passion in it.' This was true; and the part, odious as it was, gave Mr. Macready his first real hold on the London public. Ludwig Tieck, who saw him in it, speaks of it in his 'Dramaturgische Blätter,' as a performance 'so vehement, truthful, and powerful,' that, for the first time in England, he felt himself recalled to the best days of German acting. 'If the young man,' he adds, 'continues

in this style he will go far.' The impression produced on Tieck must have been a strong one, for he told Goethe's biographer, Mr. Lewes, many years afterwards, that he liked Macready better than either Kemble or Kean. It was, in some respects, unlucky for Macready that his very success in portraying the villanous passions of Pescara led to his having a series of others of a kindred character assigned to him. But if this had its bad side, it also had its good; for by the intensity and picturesqueness which he threw into these and other characters of a somewhat melodramatic cast, he made more progress in public favor than he would probably have done in the great characters of Shakspeare, where, rightly or wrongly, he would have suffered by comparison with established favorites.

In 1817, John Kemble gave his last performances. Asthma, and a general decline of health, had left but a wreck—a splendid one it is true—of his former self. Of all his parts, Macready gives the preference to King John, Wolsey, the Stranger, Brutus, 'and his peerless Coriolanus.' He was present at his last performance of *Macbeth*, and on this occasion Mrs. Siddons was unwise enough to appear as Lady Macbeth. The contrast with her former self was pitiable. 'It was not,' he says, 'a performance, but a mere repetition of the poet's text—no flash, no sign of her all-subduing genius!' Her brother languished through the greater part of a play which demands all the vigor of a powerful physique.

'Through the whole first four acts the play moved heavily on: Kemble correct, tame, and ineffective: but in the fifth, when the news was brought, "The Queen, my Lord, is dead!" he seemed struck to the heart; gradually collecting himself, he sighed out, "She should have died hereafter!"—then, as if with the inspiration of despair, he hurried out, distinctly and pathetically, the lines:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," &c.

rising to a climax of desperation that brought down the enthusiastic cheers of the closely-packed theatre. All at once he seemed carried away by the genius of the scene. At the tidings of "the wood of Birnam moving," he staggered, as if the shock had struck the very seat of life, and in the bewilderment of fear and rage could just ejaculate the words, "Liar and slave!" then lashing himself into a state of frantic rage, ended the scene in perfect triumph. His shrinking from Macduff when the charm on which his life hung was

broken by the declaration that his antagonist was "not of woman born," was a masterly stroke of art; his subsequent defiance was most heroic; and at his death Charles Kemble received him in his arms, and laid him gently on the ground, his physical powers being unequal to further effort.

Mr. Macready nowhere appears to more advantage in these volumes than in passages like this. When no personal feeling interfered, his criticisms as a rule are excellent. They rested, both where books and acting were concerned, on wide observation and careful study. But although his active life, as he himself says, had been devoted chiefly to the study of poetry and playing, he always speaks with the modesty of true knowledge of his own powers as a critic. The standards by which he judged were high, for he well knew that on the stage, as in books, *'le moyen le plus sûr,'* as Clairon says, *'d'auéantir le mérite, est de protéger la médiocrité.'* Knowing as he did, that of all Arts his own was the most complex, and rested on facts of nature, which few are even capable of observing, he was entitled to speak with some contempt of the opinion prevalent in England, 'that no particular study is requisite to make a critic or connoisseur of acting.' That acting in France and Germany still keeps a high level is in some measure due to the fact that it has its critics there who know when and why to praise or to condemn.

The production of 'Rob Roy,' on March 12, 1818, enabled Mr. Macready to make another decided upward step in public favor. In this character he broke the spell which had begun to hang round him, 'as the undisputed representative of the disagreeable,' and which had seemed to weigh him down. The mingled humor, pathos, and passion of the character exactly fitted him. Its rugged heroism, dashed with the poetical element, stood well out in his somewhat abrupt and impulsive mode of treatment. Barry Cornwall, the fast friend of his after-life, wrote a sonnet about it, praising 'the buoyant air,' the 'passionate tone,' that breathed about it, and lit up the actor's eye 'with fire and freedom.' This success revived Macready's hopes, and encouraged him to 'bide his time.' 'Amurath,' in another of Sheil's now-forgotten plays, 'Bellamira, or the Fall of Tunis,' enabled him soon after to score a fresh success. 'Macready,' wrote the 'Times,' 'quite surpassed

himself in the cool, remorseless villain regarding his victim with the smile of a demon.' The next season saw the production of the most successful of Sheil's plays, 'Evadne, or the Statue,' in which some fine situations, splendidly treated by Miss O'Neill, Young, Charles Kemble, and Macready, concealed that inherent weakness of both plot and dialogue, which have consigned it, with its fellows, to unregrettable oblivion. Here, as usual, Ludovico, Macready's part, was the villain of the piece. Such parts as Posthumus, in 'Cymbeline,' or Cassius, in 'Julius Cæsar,' however, came in to soothe his disappointed ambition. But it was not till the winter of 1819 that his chance came of being recognised as a Shakspearian actor. To his consternation, he found himself one day announced for Glo'ster, in 'Richard III.' It was no ordinary trial, with the fresh fame of Kean in the part staring him in the face. However, he was committed to the public, and must screw up 'each corporal agent to the terrible feat':—

'All that history could give me, I had already ferreted out; and for my portrait of the character—the self-reliant, wily, quick-sighted, decisive, inflexible Plantagenet—I went direct to the true source of inspiration, the great original, endeavoring to carry its spirit through the sententious and stagy lines of Cibber, not searching for particular "points" to make, but rendering the hypocrisy of the man deceptive and persuasive in its earnestness, and presenting him in the execution of his will as acting with lightning-like rapidity.'

His triumph was complete. It overcame even those who had hitherto thought lightly of his powers. Among these apparently was Leigh Hunt: 'We thought him a man of feeling,' he wrote in the next 'Examiner,' 'but little able to give a natural expression to it, and so taking the usual refuge in declamation. . . . We expected to find vagueness and generality, and we found truth of detail. We expected to find declamation, and we found thoughts giving a soul to words.'

Covent Garden Theatre had been for some time in so languishing a state that the company were playing on reduced salaries. Macready's success turned the tide, the exchequer was replenished, and by common consent, he now felt himself the leading actor of the Theatre. The ball once started kept rolling. In Corio-

lanus he won his next honors; and to confirm him in his place, Knowles's 'Virginus,' with its fresh and forcible, if somewhat flashy style, gave him a character which especially fitted him in all his strongest points. 'Austere, tender, familiar, elevated, mingling at once terror and pathos,' was the just description given of it by a critic of the day. It spoke home to people's hearts, and in Macready's treatment no play of modern times has drawn more tears, or more truly touched the springs of pity and terror.

From this time Macready's position was assured; and allowing for the vicissitudes of life, and of his profession, he became a prosperous, and but for his own desponding and querulous disposition, might have been a happy man. He rose at once in market value. Engagements poured in upon him, and he began to lay the foundation of the comfortable independence which he ultimately secured.

Macready was a Liberal and something more in politics, as so many men are who, like him, resent not having been born of gentle blood. In his Diary, on 30th December, 1835, *à propos* of the President's Speech, he writes: 'I read it through, and think it is to be lamented that European countries cannot learn the lesson of self-government from our wiser and happier brothers of the West.' The remark does not say much for his political sagacity; and a rough experience of American mobs, to be afterwards mentioned, cured him very effectually of his regret that we had gone on governing ourselves in our own way. In 1826, and again in 1843-4, when he visited the States, he was received with enthusiasm, and in a literal sense had secured 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.' The best men in the country had held out the hand of friendship to him. He had even thought for a time of settling there, and forgetting England with its mortifications, and its social distinctions, which were so abhorrent to his spirit.

Visits to Italy in 1822, and again in 1827, enabled Macready to gratify his love for art, and to enrich his mind with remembrances, which his previous studies qualified him to turn to excellent account. An engagement in Paris, in 1828, established his reputation with the most critical of audiences. *Virginus*, William Tell, Othello, and Hamlet, with the wide range of character, passion, and pathos which

they involved, came as a sort of revelation to audiences accustomed to tragedies of a more limited scope, and transported them to an enthusiasm, which made them rank the young Englishman with Le Kain and Talma. When he returned to play in Paris, in 1844, this enthusiasm, we remember, had very sensibly cooled. Either the actor's power had diminished, or the taste for his methods had changed. His great ability and accomplishment continued to be recognised. But it was 'talent,' as distinct from 'genius,' of which such critics as Janin, Th. Gautier, Edouard Thierry, and A. Dumas spoke.

The Diaries here published, which continue the story of Macready's career, from 1826, tell through many years a sad tale of bad temper, of angry jealousies, of somewhat unmanly querulousness. The condition of the London stages was declining from bad to worse; and, if we may judge from his annual balance-sheets, which no tradesman could have kept with closer care, his popularity was on the wane. An income of 3285*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* in 1827, has dropped, in 1832, to 1680*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* Then come such entries as this (October 2, 1832), '*Newspapers, middling, middling. They persecute me.*' He finds the key to his own disquietudes in Johnson's remark on Dryden: 'He is always angry at some past or afraid of some future censure.' He reproaches himself with exhibiting '*odiosam et inutilem morositatem*;' and to what lengths this must have carried him we see from his noting (21st February, 1833), as something apparently exceptional, '*Rehearsed with civility.*' A poor little boy, playing Albert to his William Tell, 'disconcerts and enrages' him. He plays Iago, at Manchester (13th March, 1833), 'pretty well, but was certainly disconcerted, *if not annoyed* by the share of applause bestowed on Mr. Cooper.' Well might he say of himself: 'Vanity and a diseased imagination are the sources of my errors and my follies,' although it was not quite so clear that they were what, in the same sentence, he calls 'the evil result of a neglected youth.' It is so pleasant to throw the blame for our 'cunning bosom-sins' anywhere but upon our own pride and passionate will. What an amount of self-torture and humiliation does a nature of this kind prepare for itself! It not only makes troubles, but magnifies those to which all men are

born. Intolerant, it begets intolerance, and robs itself of the kindly sympathy that makes half the pleasure of life. On 30th March, 1835, he notes :—

'I begin to despair of obtaining that mastery over myself which I owe to myself, to my children, and to society. It is no excuse nor plea that I suffer so keenly as I do from regret and shame at my own intemperance. I feel the folly, the madness, the provoking extravagance of my behavior, *treating men like slaves, and assuming a power over them which is most unjustifiable and most dangerous*; and yet contrition and stinging reflection seem to have no power in the punishment they inflict of producing amendment.'

It was more than mere jest Bulwer's saying of him, as he sat at a public dinner, that he looked like 'a baffled tyrant.'

This fretful state of mind was wrought to frenzy in the beginning of 1836, by the studied slights put upon him by his Drury Lane manager, Mr. Bunn, a man whom he might be forgiven for regarding with contempt. Macready held, however, a lucrative permanent engagement at the theatre, to which he was determined to hold fast. Bunn, on the other hand, wanted to get rid of him, for the twofold reason, that his attraction had fallen off, and that Malibran had been secured for the Theatre, and made the manager independent of the legitimate drama. The parties were at covert warfare, each trying to outflank the other. It was Bunn's tactics to disgust Macready by professional slights, putting him up for inferior parts, for important ones at too short notice, and the like. At last the climax of indignity was inflicted by announcing Macready for '*The three first Acts of Richard III.*' The night came. He went through the part 'in a sort of desperate way.' As he left the stage, he had to pass the manager's room; opening the door, he rushed in upon the startled *impresario*, who was seated at his writing-table, and launching a highly appropriate but by no means complimentary epithet at him, with the pent-up force of a wrath that had been nursed for months, 'he struck him a back-handed slap across the face.' A vehement scuffle ensued, in which Bunn, a much smaller and feebler man, had necessarily the worst of it. Macready was too truly a gentleman not to feel that, in this scene, he had, to use his own words, committed a 'most indiscreet, most imprudent, most blameable action.' His shame and con-

trition, as expressed in his Diary, are overwhelming. 'The fair fame of a life has been sullied by a moment's want of self-command. I can never, never during my life forgive myself,' are among their mildest expressions.

Happily for him, his character stood as high with the world as that of his adversary was low. There were few to regret that Mr. Bunn had got a thrashing; many who were sure that, if not for his offences to Macready, at least for other delinquencies, he had richly deserved one. All the leading actors felt that Macready had been cruelly provoked, and they rallied loyally round him. Bunn brought his 'action of battery,' and his injuries were ultimately assessed at 150*l.* But in the mean time Mr. Macready had been secured at Covent Garden, receiving 200*l.* for an engagement of ten nights; and on his appearance there had been greeted with tumultuous applause. At the close of the play (*Macbeth*) he was called for, and spoke. Had anything been wanted to seal his peace and popularity with the public, it was given in his frank avowal, after a slight reference to the provocations, personal and professional, which he had received, that he had been 'betrayed, in a moment of unguarded passion, into an intemperate and imprudent act, for which I feel, and shall never cease to feel, the deepest and most poignant self-reproach and regret.'

Everything now conspired in Mr. Macready's favor. The flagging attention of the public had been re-awakened. There was a 'company at Covent Garden well qualified to do justice to his plays. Charles Kemble was there; and all the town was crowding to see Helen Faucit, then a mere girl, 'unschooled, unpractised,' who a few months before had captivated it by a freshness, an enthusiasm, a truthfulness and grace, to which it had long been unaccustomed. The interest in Shakespeare and the higher drama had revived, and it was kept alive during this and the following season by a succession of excellent representations of the most favorite plays. All this tended to the advancement of Mr. Macready's reputation. His scholarly attainments and general culture were also well-known, so that when, at the end of 1837, he undertook the management of Covent Garden Theatre, with the avowed purpose of making it a home for

Shakspeare and the best dramatic art, the ablest members of the company, and of the profession, combined to lend him their hearty support; accepting greatly reduced salaries, and more than one agreeing to appear in parts much below their recognised position in the profession.

To undertake the conduct of such a theatre, loaded as it was with a too heavy rent, and damaged by many years of wretched management, was a venture of considerable risk. But Mr. Macready had every inducement to make it, quite apart from any wish he might have to raise the standard of his art. Drury Lane was closed to him, for it was still in Mr. Bunn's hands. Only there and at Covent Garden could the legitimate drama in those days be played, and if that theatre were shut up, he must have been thrown on the provincial theatres, where, for some time, his attraction had been waning. But by taking it, he at once secured the sympathies of the public, and was able to bring his powers, both as an actor and manager, before them with far more effect than he could have hoped to do in any other way.

He had, it is true, everything to cheer him in his arduous task. The Queen was a constant visitor at the theatre; the public were warm in their admiration; and such men as Bulwer, Knowles, Browning, and Talfourd, enabled him to sustain an interest in his management by a constant succession of new pieces. Stanfield painted for his first pantomime an exquisite moving diorama of many of the most picturesque scenes in Europe, and returned his cheque for 300*l.*, refusing to accept more than 150*l.*, which Mr. Macready records as 'one of the few noble instances of disinterested friendly conduct he had met with in his life!' The 'Lady of Lyons,' produced on the 15th of February, 1838, replenished his then failing exchequer; neither would its author hear of being paid for it. He, too, returns the manager's cheque for 210*l.* in a letter 'which is a recompense for much ill-requited labor and unrepaid suffering.' This play, like many other successful plays, did not attract at first. Macready, quickly dispirited, on the eighth or ninth night talked of withdrawing it. The curtain had just fallen on the exciting scene of the Fourth Act: 'Could you see,' said Mr. Bartley, who was playing Damas, 'what I see, as I stand at the back of the stage,

—the interest and the emotion of the people, you would not think of such a thing. It is sure to be a great success.' Mr. Macready took his advice; and the prediction was fully verified. 'King Lear,' with Shakspeare's text restored, was produced early in the season with great effect, Bulwer ministering incense of the most pungent kind by telling Mr. Macready that his performance of the old King was 'gigantic.' 'Coriolanus,' admirably acted and put upon the stage, soon followed. The house on the first night was bad, and Macready was in despair: 'I give up all hope,' are his words. Among the old stock pieces, 'The Two Foscari,' and Talfourd's feeble 'Athenian Captive,' came as novelties; and, towards the end of the season, Knowles's charming comedy of 'Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises,' charmingly acted, was also brought out.

In direct pounds, shillings, and pence, Mr. Macready was a loser by the season. So, at least, we understand him to put its results, where he says (3rd Aug., 1838): 'I find I managed to lose, as I first thought, judging from actual decrease of capital, and absence of profit by my labor, 2500*l.*, or, measuring my receipt by the previous year, 1850*l.*' But against this was to be set the positive increase of reputation and *prestige*, which secured him engagements, both in London and elsewhere, that, in the long run, far more than compensated this temporary loss. Moreover, the business of theatrical management, like every business, takes time to make, and practical men do not regard a deficit in the outset as an actual loss. Mr. Macready, no doubt, in his less desponding moods, took the same view, and having made a more favorable arrangement with his landlords, he took Covent Garden for another season, and opened a fresh campaign, with renewed vigor, on the 24th September, 1838.

Aided by a company of unusual and varied strength, he advanced still further the reputation already won by his Shakspearean revivals. 'The Tempest' and 'Henry V.' were produced with a completeness and a sense of the picturesque hitherto unknown. The public crowded to see them, and proved that no truly well-directed effort to make the theatre a place of high intellectual recreation will be made in vain. Mr. Macready notes, on the 20th June, 1839, as 'not a common event,' that 'The Tempest' was acted fifty-five

nights, to an average of 250*l.* a night. But these performances were distributed throughout the season. To have run this or any other piece, however successful, night after night, as we now see done, was a thing then undreamt of. A practice so fatal to the actors as artists, not to speak of the mere fatigue, is the result of the merely commercial spirit on which theatres are now conducted. The most successful plays were, in those days, alternated with others. Thus the actors, if they had not complete rest, had at least the rest of change. They came fresh to their work, instead of falling into mechanical routine. How much the public also gained by this it is needless to say. Play after play was brought before them, in which the performers were seen at their best. They learned to understand good acting; and this appreciation reacted beneficially on the actors, who felt that good and careful work was never thrown away. Bulwer again came to the help of his friend by writing '*Richelieu*,' where he fitted him with a part that gave scope for his best qualities of intensity, strong powers of contrast, and a certain grim humor. It proved one of the great successes of the season. Every character was in able hands. Elton, Diddear, Warde, Anderson, Vining, Phelps, George Bennett, Howe, and Miss Helen Faucit, all names of strength, appeared in the cast. Never was dramatist more fortunate than to be so interpreted. Never had manager such a staff.

The season passed off brilliantly; but Mr. Macready was dissatisfied with the money results. It seems to have left him 1200*l.* in pocket; certainly a most poor return for all the intellect and energy expended. Mr. Macready, at all events, thought he could not afford to persevere in the course he had so well begun, and he retired from the management at the end of the season. Of the warmth of the public he could not complain. On the last night (16th July, 1839) he notes:—

'My reception was so great from a house crowded in every part, that I was shaken by it. . . . The curtain fell amidst the loudest applauses, and when I had changed my dress I went before the curtain, and, amidst shoutings, and wavings of hats and handkerchiefs by the whole audience standing up, the stage was literally covered with wreaths, bouquets, and branches of laurel. . . . The cheering was renewed, as I bowed and left the stage; and

as I passed through the lane which the actors and people, crowding behind, made for me, they cheered me also. Forster came into my room, and was much affected; [W. J.] Fox was much shaken; Dickens, MacLise, Stanfield, T. Cooke, Blanchard, Lord Nugent (who had not been in the theatre), Bulwer, Hockley of Guildford, Browning, Serle, Wilmot came into my room; most of them asked for memorials from the baskets and heaps of flowers, chaplets, and laurels that were strewn upon the floor.'

The same enthusiasm was shown at a public dinner, four days later, given to him at the Freemasons' Tavern, and presided over by the Duke of Sussex. When he rose to speak, he says: 'I never witnessed such a scene, such wild enthusiasm, on any former occasion.' In the course of his speech he stated that his hope and intention had been—

'to have left in our theatre the complete series of Shakspeare's acting plays, his text purified from the gross interpolations that disfigure it and distort his characters; and the system of re-arrangement so perfected throughout them, that our stage would have presented, as it ought, one of the best illustrated editions of the poet's works. But,' he added, 'my poverty, and not my will, has compelled me to desist from the attempt.'

Much good had, however, been done, and the truth had been brought home to many minds—that, as Shakspeare wrote for the stage, and not for the closet, his plays to be thoroughly felt and understood, must be acted, not read.

All that Mr. Macready had lost at Covent Garden he soon retrieved by the increased value of his engagements elsewhere. Mr. Webster secured him for the Haymarket Theatre upon most liberal terms, engaging at the same time Miss Helen Faucit and several other members of the Covent Garden Company, who thus kept alive the interest in the higher drama which they had helped to create. Bulwer's '*Sea Captain*' and '*Money*,' Talfourd's '*Glencoe*,' Troughton's '*Nina Sforza*,' and other plays of mark, in addition to many of the older plays, were all produced by Mr. Webster with a finish no less complete—allowing for the size of the theatre—than had distinguished the recent performances at Covent Garden. Mr. Macready continued at the Haymarket, with slight interruptions, down to the end of 1841. While there, thoughts of resuming the managerial sceptre revived in his mind. Soon after, Drury Lane passed

out of Mr. Bunn's hands, and the temptation of reigning in his stead became irresistible. Mr. Macready took the theatre, and opened his season in 'The Merchant of Venice,' on 27th December, 1841, having again drawn round him a most powerful company.

His return to management was hailed with sincere pleasure by every lover of the drama. 'Acis and Galatea,' produced on 5th February, was his first great success. Those who remember what Stanfield did for the one scene of the piece, and the fine singing of Miss Romer, Miss Horton, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Phillips, will quite concur with Mr. Macready when he says of the performance, 'that he had never seen anything of the kind so perfectly beautiful.' Gerald Griffin's fine play of 'Gisippus,' in which we remember Mr. Anderson created a very powerful effect in one remarkable scene, was produced on 23rd February following. It had only a *succès d'estime*. Darley's 'Plighted Troth,' produced on 20th April, from which Mr. Macready to the last anticipated a brilliant success, proved 'a most unhappy failure.' The play was full of fine things. So, too, was William Smith's 'Athelwold,' produced on the 18th May; but not even the fine acting and more than one powerful scene could carry it beyond a second performance. 'Marino Faliero' followed on the 20th May, and two nights afterwards the season closed.

During this season, as well as during that which followed, success was chiefly assured either by the admirable style in which Shakspeare's best-known plays were presented or by plays of already established reputation. 'As You Like It,' 'King John,' 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Henry IV.,' and 'Catherine and Petruchio,' represented Shakspeare. 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Rivals,' 'The Way to Keep Him,' 'The Provoked Husband,' 'The Jealous Wife,' 'The Stranger,' 'The Road to Ruin,' 'Jane Shore,' 'Virginus,' 'Werner,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Marino Faliero,' and 'Acis and Galatea,' were also given, besides a number of minor pieces. Milton's 'Comus' was given in a way never to be forgotten; while among the new pieces of exceptional merit were Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter,' Brown-

ing's 'Blot on the Scutcheon,' Knowles's 'Secretary,' Planché's delightful Easter piece 'Fortunio,' and the opera of 'Sappho.' It is a splendid list, and the memory of the play-goer of those days naturally kindles as he reads it. In these Diaries, however, nothing will strike him as so noteworthy as Mr. Macready's total silence as to those by whose co-operation alone he was able to produce this magnificent series of performances. Of himself, and how he acted, and was called for, &c., &c., we hear more than enough; but no word appears of gratitude or recognition for loyal service rendered, and for first-rate ability applied by others, as it most certainly was, in sustaining the fame of his theatre with sincere artistic devotion.

In the midst of success apparently unclouded, and when it seemed as if a theatre were now likely to be established worthy of England and its drama, Mr. Macready suddenly threw up the reins, upon some difference with the proprietors of the Theatre about terms. All at once, upon a few days' notice, his fine Company found themselves once more adrift, and their hopes of seeing one high class National Theatre annihilated. The blow fell heavily upon them; and they had not even the consolation of being called to mind by their leader when he was receiving what he describes as the 'mad acclaim' of the public, on the last night of his management. Again the honors of a public dinner, with the Duke of Cambridge in the Chair, and the presentation of a magnificent piece of plate, were accorded to the retiring manager. His speech on the occasion is given in this book, but not even in it does he say one word about the very remarkable body of performers who had so ably seconded his efforts. His own sensitiveness to ingratitude, real or imagined, had not taught Mr. Macready to avoid the sin in his own person. Time does its work of oblivion quickly; and the readers of this generation should be reminded that there were actors and actresses in Mr. Macready's companies to whose assistance much of the great reputation of his management was due, for from these Diaries they will get no hint of the fact.

In the autumn of this year he went to America, with the glories of his Drury Lane management fresh upon him. They brought him a liberal return for all his pains. After a year spent in the States

he came home richer by 5500*l.* than he had gone there. No bad return for what it pleases him to call (22d April, 1848) 'the worst exercise of a man's intellect.' On arriving in Europe at the end of 1844, he played for a few nights in Paris, not greatly, it would appear, to his own satisfaction, and then entered upon a series of engagements in London and the provinces, which occupied him, with varying success, till his return to America in the end of 1848. This visit was, upon the whole, an unlucky one. It brought him into contact with some of the worst features of the 'rowdiness' by which the great Republic is afflicted. Mr. Forrest, a native and favorite actor, in resentment at some offence given or imagined, had apparently determined to make the land of freedom too hot to hold the English tragedian. When Mr. Macready, soon after his arrival, appeared in Philadelphia, hissing and catcalls greeted his entry as Macbeth. 'I went through the part,' he writes, 'cheerily and defyingly, pointing at the scoundrels such passages as "I dare do all, &c." No wonder that the discharge at the usurper first of a copper cent, and then of a rotten egg, followed this very undignified style of sending home his points. The better part of the audience supported Mr. Macready, and no further outbreak occurred. But when he returned to New York a few months afterwards, the Forrest movement assumed a more serious shape. The first night he appeared, copper cents, eggs, apples, a peck of potatoes, lemons, pieces of wood, a bottle of assafoetida, were thrown upon the stage. At last the missiles grew even more miscellaneous and dangerous. Chairs were thrown from the gallery on the stage, and the play had to be brought to a premature close. Two days afterwards another attempt at performance was made. But this time matters were more serious. Inside the theatre comparative quiet was maintained; but outside a complete bombardment of stones and missiles was carried on. Through all this riot Mr. Macready persevered, 'acting his very best,' as he says, 'and exciting the audience to a sympathy even with the glowing words of fiction, while dreadful deeds of real crime and outrage were roaring at intervals in our ears, and rising to madness all round us. The death of Macbeth was loudly cheered.' But, while he was changing his dress, he was startled

by volley on volley of musketry. The soldiers had been sent for, and were firing into the mob. Eighteen were killed, and many wounded. Macready was with difficulty got away from New York to Boston, where he embarked for England on 23rd May, 1849, effectually cured of his dream of settling in America.

On his return home he commenced a series of farewell engagements. Happily, for himself, he seems at this period to have viewed his own performances with something more than complacency. It is scarcely fair to let the world see the terms of high commendation with which he mentions his own Iago, Brutus, Lear, Hamlet, &c. But notwithstanding all this, he records (26th February, 1851) that, 'not one feeling of regret is intermingled with his satisfaction at bidding adieu to the occupation of his life.' That same evening saw him for the last time upon the stage. The play was 'Macbeth,' and the stage that of Drury Lane. 'I acted Macbeth,' he says: 'with a reality, a vigor, a truth, a dignity, that I never before threw into the delineation of this favorite character.' The audience were in no critical mood. They had come to do honor to one to whom they owed much pure pleasure from an art, which they, at least, did not despise, and they thought of little else. Such were the greeting and farewell they gave him, that he says: 'No actor has ever received such testimony of respect and regard in this country.' His triumph did not end here. Four days afterwards a public dinner, at which six hundred guests were assembled, was given to him. His constant friend, Sir E. L. Bulwer, presided, and around him were gathered many of the most distinguished men of the day. The Chairman pronounced a brilliant panegyric, and speaking generally was good. One speech appeared in the papers, and is here reprinted, which we well remember was not spoken. It had been prepared by the Chevalier Bunsen, and was by far the ablest of them all; but it came so late in the programme that Bunsen wisely substituted for it a very few words.

The curtain could not have fallen upon a more splendid close to an honorable career. Surely all these honors, these unreserved gratulations, might have made Mr. Macready forget his old apprehensions that he was looked down upon be-

cause he was an actor. But no, the same feeling remained; though with it comes the absurd conviction that, because he is an actor no longer, he 'can now look his fellow-men, whatever their station, in the face, and assert his equality' ('Diary,' 19th March, 1851). He quite forgets that, had he not been an actor, he would have been nobody. The applause, the 'salutations in the market-place,' so precious to a man of his temperament, would never have been his. The grandson of the Dublin upholsterer would have had no 'Reminiscences' to write, no name to be proud of, or to be carried down to generations beyond his own.

Mr. Macready survived his retirement from the stage more than twenty-two years, which he spent first at Sherborne, and afterwards at Cheltenham, where he died on the 27th April, 1873. It was his fate to see many of his 'dear ones laid in earth.' His wife, and most of his children, preceded him to the grave. He married most happily a second time in 1860. Removed from the stage and its jealousies, all his fine qualities had freer scope; and

we think now with pleasure of his venerable and noble head, as we saw it last in 1872, and of the sweet smile of his beautiful mouth, which spoke of the calm wisdom of a gentle and thoughtful old age. We have reason to know that he looked back with yearning fondness to the studies and pursuits which had made him famous. The fretful jealousies, the passionate wilfulness of the old times seemed to have faded into the dim past, and no longer marred the memory of kindness done, and loyal service rendered to him. He had done much good work in the sphere which Providence had assigned him, and we believe had learned to know that it was not for him to repine, if 'the Divinity that shapes our ends' had so shaped his, that his work was to be accomplished upon the stage. It is of the man as we then saw him, the man whom we had known as a highly cultivated and essentially kind-hearted gentleman, that we would rather think, than of the actor with all his weaknesses cruelly laid bare, whom these volumes have placed before us.—*Quarterly Review*.

SEA STUDIES.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

To a man of middle age whose occupations have long confined him to the unexciting atmosphere of a library, there is something unspeakably delightful in a sea voyage. Increasing years, if they bring little else that is agreeable with them, bring to some of us immunity from seasickness. The regularity of habit on board a ship, the absence of dinner parties, the exchange of the table in the close room for the open deck under an awning, and the ever-blowing breeze which the motion of the vessel forbids to sink into a calm, give vigor to the tired system, restore the conscious enjoyment of elastic health, and even mock us for the moment with the belief that age is an illusion, and that 'the wild freshness' of the morning of life has not yet passed away for ever. Above our heads is the arch of the sky, around us the ocean, rolling free and fresh as it rolled a million years ago, and our spirits catch a contagion from the elements. Our step on the boards recovers its buoyancy. We are rocked to rest at night by a gentle

movement which soothes us into the dreamless sleep of childhood, and we wake with the certainty that we are beyond the reach of the postman. We are shut off, as in a Catholic retreat, from the worries and anxieties of the world. No *Times* upon the breakfast-table calls our thoughts to the last news from Spain or St. Petersburg, or the vehemently expressed nothings of last night's debates in Parliament. Once, indeed, when we were crossing the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, the steward entered the saloon with a pile of fresh damp sheets under his arm. 'Has it come to this?' I said to myself. 'Has Yankee enterprise invaded even the ocean, and robbed us even of our ten days' respite from the leading article and the latest intelligence?' But the steward was but playing pleasantly with the spiritual appetite of the passengers. He had kept back half the stock which he had brought with him from Liverpool, and had preserved it between moistened blankets; if the reality was beyond our reach we might stay our

hunger with the imaginary substitute. This was the explanation of the mystery; the waste of waters was still unconquered, and such of us as prized our brief interval of tranquillity were left undisturbed.

We are speaking at present, however, not of the stormy passage across what the Americans call the herring pond, but of the delicious latitudes of the trades, where the water is sapphire blue, where soft airs breathe lightly on the surface, and the sharp jerk of the angry wave is never felt; where the flying fish spring from under the bows on either side the ship like lines of spreading foam, where you sleep with your doors and windows wide open, a sheet the heaviest covering which you can bear, and the air is sweet and cool as in that far distant land where Menelaus dwells because he was the son-in-law of Zeus:

Where never falls or rain, or hail, or snow,
And ever off the sea the whispering breezes
blow.

Here, newspapers, here letters even from those who are nearest to us are an intrusion into 'the session of sweet silent thought' which has been snatched out of the tumult of our ordinary existence. We enter the world alone, we leave it alone. There is always a part of our being into which those who are dearer to us far than our own lives are yet unable to enter. The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.

The mind, nevertheless, cannot steady itself by its single strength; we require companions—but companions which intrude upon us only when we invite them: we require books, and the choice is a serious one. Of novels in the cabin library there is always a liberal supply. Passengers provide themselves with shilling and sixpenny editions, which are strewed about the benches and the hatchways, and by those whose future is still a land of hope and uncertainty are greedily perused. As we grow old, however, the class of novels which we can read with interest rapidly diminishes. The love agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of such excitements for ourselves have set below our horizon. At the crisis of the lovers' fortunes we incline to the parental view of the situation, knowing as we do, by painful experience,

the realities of the weekly bills and the rent day. A novel which can amuse us after middle life must represent such sentiments, such actions, and such casualties as we encounter when we have cut our wise teeth, and have become ourselves actors in the practical drama of existence. The taste for romance is the first to disappear. The taste for caricature lasts longer, but eventually follows. Truth alone permanently pleases; and works of fiction which claim a place in literature must either introduce us to characters and situations which we recognise as familiar, and which would interest us if we fell in with them ourselves, or, like the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha, must play gracefully and humorously with the disappointed pursuit of those high ideals which the noblest natures follow longest, and which never lose their fascination for us, even when their ill success is most ridiculous.

But the best company at sea are the immortals, those on whom the endurance of their works has set the seal of excellence; which are read from age to age, from era to era, and prove, by the tenacity of their hold, their correspondence with the humanity which under all changes remains the same.

Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Horace, Virgil we never weary of, and in our later enjoyment of them we forgive and even bless the once unpleasant measures by which Greek and Latin were driven into us so indelibly. One or other of these had gone along with me over many a mile of land or ocean. When not long ago I was preparing for an expedition to South Africa I was considering which of them should accompany me on this occasion, when I bethought me of the third great Athenian tragedian, whom at college we had been taught to despise. At school I had read the statutory four plays and forgotten them, and had never looked into Euripides since. Aristophanes had sneered at him—deans and tutors disliked his tone, and taught us to prefer the more austere grandeur of his rivals. Deans and tutors were probably right. They knew, it is likely, no more of him than we did; but they had inherited a prejudice; and prejudice on large subjects is usually a conclusion formed in earlier times by men of real intellect.

Yet it was evident that Aristotle greatly admired Euripides. The most critical

audience that ever damned or immortalised a poet had given him a place as a dramatist on a level with the greatest masters of Athenian sculpture. To Goethe his merits as an artist appeared of the very highest order. I determined that this time I would take Euripides with me, and try to ascertain the qualities which had led at once to so marked neglect, and to an appreciation so emphatic from judges so well able to form an opinion.

On the first contact with a remarkable writer, we often exaggerate his relative magnitude. He is for the moment closer to us than others with whom we have been long familiar; and his light eclipses them because they are for the time more distant, as the moon, the petty satellite of an insignificant planet, quenches the brilliancy of the stars. For six weeks Euripides became an enchanter for me, and the Grecian world was raised from the dead into a moonlight visibility, with softest lights and shadows black as Erebus.

I could soon sympathise with Goethe's admiration. No great poet whose works have come down to us equals Euripides in the handling of Choric Metres. The arrangement of the words follows the thought as a musical accompaniment; now soft as the lowest breathing of an Æolian harp, now rising into a scream or leaping into the stately magnificence of a suddenly introduced hexameter. In the use of language as a musical instrument, Euripides ventured on liberties which offended the severer taste of the older school, but which, for the same reason, make his composition of peculiar interest to the modern artistic student.

The method, however, is but the result of a cause, the effects of which are broader and deeper. There is a peculiar correspondence between the tone and feeling with which the plays are penetrated, and the thought on analogous subjects of our own age.

The Greek mind ripened rapidly in a single century. Between the expulsion of Hippias and the death of Socrates, the Athenians passed through a series of political and spiritual changes, which modern Europe has scarcely accomplished in five hundred years. In the general conception of human life, in the nature of the problems with which men of intellect were occupied, Euripides is a curious interpreter of the elements which are now surrounding our-

selves. We are travelling fast on lines parallel to those on which he travelled, and he is probably nearer to us to-day than he was to our fathers forty years ago. We admire the plays of Æschylus as we admire the Prophecies of Isaiah, as something beyond ourselves, something with which we are in imperfect sympathy, which defies imitation, and was possible only under intellectual conditions which lie outside our own experience. With Euripides, on the other hand, we can scarcely read a page without pausing to say, how true, how subtle, how delicate! without experiencing the agreeable surprise of meeting forms of thought and feeling which we had imagined peculiar to ourselves, expressed in language of exquisite appropriateness. We are especially conscious of an emotion of this kind at the points where Euripides comes in contact with the established Greek Theology; and we read at these points with deeper attention, because we know that a Popular Dramatist is not representing to us his own thoughts alone, but is the interpreter of the prevailing sentiment of his age.

How far, to use an expression of Father Newman, the Greek traditional mythology was the subject of 'a real belief' among the contemporaries of Pericles, is a question to which, at this time of day, we can give no very certain answer. What is 'a real belief'? There was some belief, for an Athenian assembly voted the execution of Socrates for impiety. The sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius shows that Socrates himself considered it decent to follow the customs of his country. Sophocles, while he touches rarely on mythological details, is profoundly reverent to the gods. Pindar, though he was fully aware how deeply fable had tinged the accredited theogonies, though he admits that it would be sin to credit the stories popularly received, yet places his hand upon his lips as if to say the gods are in heaven and we on earth, therefore let our words be few. Pindar when he sung of the virtues of Athene, Phidias when he carved the ivory statue of the virgin goddess for the Parthenon, could neither of them have been distinctly conscious of direct incredulity. Creative genius is tamed as effectively by scepticism as a bird by a broken wing; and the tendency of high intellect to bow before the invisible powers which control the existence of the material uni-

verse is sufficient generally to resist the disposition to quarrel with difficulties in detail. Once only, so far as his works have come down to us, Æschylus breaks into revolt. The Zeus or Jove of the *Prometheus* is the 'tyrant' of Grecian politics. The supreme ruler of Olympus is represented as a malignant and cowardly usurper, trampling upon right and justice, owning no law but his own licentious passions, and careful only to keep his subjects in misery and degradation. Prometheus, a Titan of the elder generation of gods, retains the gentler feelings of the dethroned dynasty. In pity for the misery of mortals he teaches them the first rudiments of the arts, which will lift them above the level of the beasts. The jealous despot to whom the degradation of his creatures was a pleasure of which he did not choose to be deprived, rewards the enthusiast for humanity with an agony of endless ages. Prometheus is chained to the highest peak of Caucasus, the sport of sun and storm, the vulture gnawing at his breast. Yet even then, in the midst of his sufferings, he defies the demon who may torture but cannot destroy him. Though wrong is for the present triumphant, he holds steady to the conviction that right will conquer in the end, that there is a power in the universe stronger than Jove, and that at least, far off, yet on this side of eternity, justice is destined to prevail.

How a nation whose religious sensitiveness was so acute as to sentence Socrates to death could yet permit a drama like the *Prometheus* to be represented and applauded on an Athenian stage, is a problem of which no satisfactory solution has ever been offered. Professor Blackie has produced lately a theory peculiar to himself, that although Prometheus may appear admirable to us, who believe in progress and the rights of man, he might have been held in less esteem by an audience of a more conservative temperament, and that we must not make Æschylus responsible for our own impieties. The play was but one of a trilogy of which the remaining parts have perished. Professor Blackie conceives that if the whole had survived we should have seen Zeus vindicated and the Titan penitent upon his knees. To this argument there is no answer. We can but judge the situation with such notions of right and wrong as we possess in our present state of moral development.

We may regret that we are so far advanced upon the downhill road that we cannot help ourselves. The inversion of moral attributes is, however, to modern eyes, complete. Not a single trait is omitted in Prometheus himself, of all that to us appears the most disinterested goodness. Not a single glimpse is allowed to show itself of cloven foot or claw, while every quality which we most detest and despise is assigned with equal care to his oppressor. Every feature, we may add, is present which belonged to the tyrant of Greek tradition, the peculiar abhorrence of Republican Athens. For what purpose, save to make Zeus more hateful, was the wandering Io brought to the scene of the punishment of Prometheus? Io answers no purpose of the central play, and is connected with it by the loosest of threads. She appears only as the victim of Zeus' lust, and abandoned by him to the relentless vengeance of his no less hateful queen. It is not seriously possible to question Æschylus' real intention in this play. But it stands alone, and never afterwards, so far as we know, did he resume the defiant tone. Keble was nearer right than Professor Blackie, when he called the *Agamemnon* the *Palinodia* of the *Prometheus*. In the *Agamemnon*, as in all his remaining dramas, the tone of Æschylus is the tone of Pindar—a tone of lofty devotion which recognises in human existence the awful workings of an all-ruling Providence, supremely terrible, yet supremely just. Æschylus, like Goethe after him, had battled down his rebellious thoughts, content with giving one expression to them, and no longer kicked against the pricks. The truth when looked at steadily was not intolerable. It was no part of a gifted poet to destroy the faith of his fellow-citizens in the reality by tearing in pieces the traditionary costume in which it was popularly presented to them. Such an attitude a wise man will always preserve, so long as popular beliefs do more good than harm, and retain moral life in them.

But as a living genuine belief is the best of all possessions, so a dead putrefying creed is the most pernicious; and in the generation which succeeded Æschylus Greek theology had arrived at a condition when impassioned and genuine minds could no longer keep the peace with it. The traditionary mythology had grown

unconsciously out of the national intellect, natural phenomena and spiritual allegories combining and crystallising in supernatural narrative. Religions which assume a definite shape are composed almost invariably of the half-understood and corrupted legends of earlier ages. They are protected against criticism by superstition, and are thus often for long periods behind rather than in advance of the moral level of the time. Mystical or strained interpretations prevent the mischief which would arise from a literal acceptance of the dogma or tradition as it stands, and postpone the ultimately inevitable collision between reason and the creeds: but nothing can arrest the law which condemns bodies which have once been alive from corrupting when they are dead, or from spreading round them pernicious and poisonous vapors, so long as misplaced reverence persists in blinding itself to their true condition. A decaying religion is accompanied always by developments of superstition, absurd or cruel; because wise men cease to concern themselves with it, and make over the whole subject to cowards and fools, knaves and enthusiasts. Such a process had actively commenced in Greece in the intellectual ferment which followed the Persian war. It continued uninterruptedly till the completion of the Roman conquest, when Paganism had become a medley of licentious rites and ghastly incredulities. Mankind could then bear with it no more, and Christianity arose over its grave. The five centuries while the corruption was going forward witnessed a spiritual condition so intolerable that Lucretius was driven to denounce religion as the blackest curse which had ever afflicted humanity. Three hundred years before Lucretius composed those memorable lines, the incipient poison had evoked a dramatic protest from the latest of the great tragedians of Athens.

The Bacchic orgies were the grossest of the new ceremonies which were bred out of the corpse of the once pure faith of Greece. Dionysus is rarely mentioned by Homer. The worship of Dionysus was introduced into Europe from the East, and was at once ingrafted upon a Greek stem. Dionysus himself was represented as of Phœnicio-Grecian parentage. His mother was Semele, the daughter of Cadmus. She had the fate, like so many other ladies, of attracting the attention of the

Father of the Gods, and of becoming with child by him. He had come to her disguised. She had never seen the brightness of his real presence, and persisted in a desire to behold it. Her rashness destroyed her. She perished, and her divine infant, being not yet sufficiently matured for complete birth, was concealed in his father's thigh during the remainder of the period for which he ought to have been in his mother's womb. On this wild and extravagant story were grafted the licentious rites which towards the close of the first period of Greece were intruding themselves into the service of the gods. A legend more or less was of small consequence, and might have passed without remonstrance. It was less easy to sit quiet when drunkenness and lust were being sanctified under the name of mysteries.

The Play of the *Bacchæ* opens with a monologue from Dionysus himself, who has appeared at Thebes, his mother's city, and demanded to be adored as a god. The Thebans have hesitated to recognise his divinity. He has therefore turned the women's heads, filled them with the foulest passions, and sent them out into the forest with the queen at their head transformed into worse than beasts. The throne of Thebes is occupied by Pentheus, the impersonation of practical good sense. Pentheus hearing that a strange youth has appeared, driving women mad and calling himself a god, regards him either as some mischievous impostor or Asiatic conjuror—at any rate, as an immoral scoundrel whom it is his business as chief magistrate to arrest and punish. A being who shows his power in such fashion could not be God, nor anything like God. If he was, as he pretended, the son of Semele, the probability was that Semele had been no better than she should be, and had been deservedly burnt up for laying her bastard at Zeus's feet. He commands Dionysus to leave the state immediately under penalty of the gaol and the whip. The aged Cadmus is still living, and the prophet Teiresias also, who has supreme spiritual authority over the Theban people. These two in most approved fashion caution Pentheus against a hasty resolution. The youth might possibly be an impostor, but it was no bad thing to have it believed that a Theban princess had borne a son to Zeus. If he was not a god it might

be as well to call him so, and venture upon a pious fraud.*

An Athenian audience could not have missed the irony of such characteristic advice. But Pentheus is too upright to listen. He talks like an intelligent Home Secretary who is determined to repress rogues and protect public morals. Dionysus is arrested and sent to prison, but of course only to triumph. He is represented like a questionable genius out of the *Arabian Nights*, a glorious being of irresistible power without moral attributes of any kind. The rational Pentheus is mocked, played upon, made ridiculous, led through the streets with the Thyrsus above his head to be the scorn of the citizens, and the comedy concludes in horror. He is persuaded to go out into the forest. His mother and her attendant Mænads mistake him for a wild beast, fly upon him and rend him limb from limb; and the wretched woman brings his head in her lap to the palace to recover from her drunken frenzy and find that she has destroyed her son.

The mysteries of the Cyprian Venus corresponded to those of Dionysus, and the *Bacchæ* has its parallel in the *Hippolytus*. The *Bacchæ* opens with a speech from Dionysus; the Prologue of the *Hippolytus* is spoken by Kupris. She too informs us that she is a goddess, and that being a goddess she chooses to be honored.†

Theseus's son, Hippolytus, she tells us, has been wanting in respect for her, and she means to be revenged. Hippolytus, a brilliant beautiful youth, is pure in spirit as in body. No sensual emotion has ever clouded for a moment the unsullied mirror of his imagination. Artemis is the goddess whom he adores, and the virgin Artemis is of all her sister divinities the most odious to the Divinity of Lust. Kupris addresses herself to her work in characteristic fashion. She inspires Phædra, Hippolytus's stepmother, with an incestuous passion for her son. Phædra, who had been a true wife to Theseus till the fiend took possession of her, struggles against temptation, abhors herself, prelers

death to dishonor, and attempts self-destruction. A wicked old nurse persuades her that a sin is nothing so long as it is undiscovered, and is allowed to go in search of Hippolytus and bring him to her mistress's relief. Hippolytus, in dismayed surprise, bursts into expressions of indignation, which Phædra overhears; she hangs herself in rage and despair, and leaves a letter informing Theseus that Hippolytus had attempted her honor.

Posidon, Lord of the Sea, had for some previous service bestowed on Theseus the privilege of three curses. He, the God Posidon, who might be supposed to know whether the persons whom Theseus might name deserved a malediction, yet had undertaken without reserve to execute Theseus's pleasure, indifferent to desert or indeliberate. Theseus, in blind rage, refusing to listen to the protestations of Hippolytus, discharges one of the three bolts upon his son. Posidon, true to his engagement, comes up upon the strand in front of Hippolytus's chariot in the form of a hideous monster. The horses terrified plunge among the rocks. Hippolytus is thrown out and mortally hurt, and Theseus congratulates himself on the prompt execution of the divine revenge.

Too late for any useful purpose, Artemis now appears and explains the story to him. Hippolytus whom he had destroyed was innocent. Phædra, though in part guilty, had struggled to the best of her ability to be an honest woman, but had been driven mad. The mischief had been caused entirely by the machinations of Kupris. She would herself have interfered, but Zeus, for reasons of his own, chose to let Kupris have her way. Hippolytus is brought dying on the stage to expire in his father's arms; while Artemis flies away with a half apology that being a goddess she may not with propriety be present at a death scene.

Here, as in the *Bacchæ*, human virtue is overborne, human tenderness is rent in pieces, human life is turned to horror and mockery by the interference of the gods with it. Kupris, a malignant devil that chose to be complimented and resented indifference to her allurements, extends her revenge to those who had never offended her, to make it taste the sweeter. Zeus, the father of the gods, looks on approving or consenting. Artemis is forbidden to assist her own innocent votary;

* κ' εἰ μὴ γάρ ἔστιν ὁ θεὸς οὗτος· ὥς σὺ φῆς παρὰ σοὶ λεγέσθαι καὶ καταφύδου καλῶς— ὥς ἐστι, Σεμελὴ θ' ἵνα δικῇ θεὸν τέκεν

† ἐνεστι γὰρ δὴ καὶ ἐν θεῶν γένει τοδὲ τιμῶμενοι χαίουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὑπὸ.

while Posidon, one of the three supreme deities of the Pantheon, has bound himself to do the bidding of a blind mortal, and promptly fulfils his word, though aware that the curse will recoil on the person whose wishes he is gratifying.

Imagination can scarcely conceive a group of divine beings less deserving human reverence than the omnipotent demons who are thus described. The sentiment expressed with sad conviction by Herodotus, that the character most traceable in the gods was jealousy of human happiness, seemed to haunt Euripides as a dreadful certainty; or else he was aiming in these varied illustrations to hold them up to the incredulous detestation of his countrymen.

The same line of thought appears under a different aspect in the *Hercules Furens*. Hercules, compelled by fate, though son of Zeus, to obey the orders of Eurystheus, descends as the last of his twelve labors to Hades to bring up the dog Cerberus. He leaves his wife, Megara, with his children in the care of Creon, king of Thebes, Megara's father. Hercules is long absent. The Theban citizens rise in revolt for liberty, self-government, the rights of man, or some similar chimera. Creon is killed. The power is seized by Lycus, a vulgar demagogue who despises Hercules as an over-rated coward, supposes that he will never return, and threatens his family with destruction. The Chorus, which, with Æschylus and Sophocles, uniformly takes the pious side of things, is here less careful of its language, and observes that Zeus must be a most negligent god to beget children and leave them to such strange disasters as he has permitted to befall Hercules. Lycus persists in his evil purpose. Megara and her children are brought out robed in black, and are about to be slaughtered; when Hercules comes back at the critical moment, destroys Lycus, and delivers them. Here an old-fashioned, commonplace drama would naturally end. The crime is designed. The victims are in the power of the villain. The knife is lifted, and is about to fall when the savior appears; the tyrant is struck down, and the innocents are saved. Very different from this is the issue of the *Hercules Furens*. The rescue of the wife and children by the father is exquisitely tender; the Chorus becomingly moralises and concludes that

the gods are less unjust than they sometimes seem; but the light is only introduced to enhance the gloom which is to follow. Hercules and Megara and the little ones retire into their house. The stage is left clear, and Ino descends from the sky with Lutta or 'Madness' at her side. Her mistress Juno, so Ino intimates, regards Hercules with implacable hatred, because he was the offspring of one of the many amours of her husband. Fate had protected him till his last labor had been accomplished; but his work was finished. He had fulfilled his course; he had done the task which had been allotted to him. Her hand was now free. Zeus had delivered Hercules to her revenge, and he was to learn the consequence of having the Queen of the Gods for a foe. She Ino had been sent down with her horrible companion, and Hercules was to be made the victim of the genius of frenzy. Lutta, the impersonation of the most frightful spirit which distracts humanity, is herself moved with pity at the doom which she is ordered to execute. She remonstrates that Hercules has committed no crime; he has been distinguished always by piety towards the gods, and has been the best of benefactors to man. Lutta pleads in vain. Hercules has gone to the altar to offer a thanksgiving sacrifice for the preservation of his family. The madness seizes him. His eye-balls roll; his mouth foams; he believes that in his own little ones he sees before him the children of his foe Eurystheus; he snatches his bow and destroys them; he kills his children; he kills his wife. The arrow is on the string which is to kill the old Amphitryon, his mother's husband, when Pallas flings him into a swoon, from which he awakes restored to his senses to learn what he has done. He lies down in the dust, his mantle gathered over his head, in speechless agony. There Theseus finds him among the bleeding bodies, and the play ends in the unavailing efforts at consolation under a burden of misery from which no relief is thenceforth possible for ever.

Aristotle declares the object of tragedy to be δι' ἐλέους καὶ φόβου ἐκποιήσαι τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κἀθαρσιν. The words are usually taken to point to the sanitary influence of dramatic composition. The poet works upon the passions of 'pity' and 'terror' to produce a moral purification

of those and their kindred emotions. Goethe refuses to believe that Aristotle contemplated a purpose in tragedy so remote from the province of art. He understands him to mean that after the audience has been carried through scenes which strain passion and sentiment to the uttermost, the storm abates, the agitated water sinks to rest, and the mind is soothed with moderating reflections which restore it to calm and self-possession.

Either purpose is so little attained in these plays of Euripides that we must look further for his real aim. The one reflection left behind is a horrid consciousness that human life is the plaything of a set of hateful beings in comparison with whom the worst imaginable mortal is an angel of grace and benignity.

We turn next to the *Io*, which, if not perfect as a work of art, contains some of the most beautiful passages which are to be found in all the Greek poetry which survives. Here at last we find gods with some touch of conscience in them. They are still wanton and careless. They cause prolonged misery, and might have caused terrible crimes if accident had not interposed. Reflections upon their characters are scattered about the play, too keenly expressed to be less than the distinct conviction of Euripides' own mind, but the catastrophe restores them to some possibility of respect. When the curtain is lifted, they are discovered not to have been absolutely heedless of the consequence of their recklessness, and the *κάθαρσις* of which Goethe speaks is in this instance tolerably attained.

Creusa, daughter of Erechtheus, and heiress of the Athenian throne, has been violated by Apollo. She produces an infant boy, which she lays secretly in the cave to which Apollo had carried her, in the hope that his divine father will not neglect him. She returns to look for him, and he is gone. Years pass, and she can hear no tidings of him, and she concludes at last that the babe must have been devoured by vultures or beasts of prey. In time she marries Xuthus, who in her right succeeds her father on the throne. She has no second child, though she and her husband are passionately anxious for an heir. At length they go together to Apollo's temple at Delphi to consult the oracle, the lady with many curious thoughts, to which her husband, who is

ignorant of her previous misfortune, is not admitted.

Apollo, meanwhile, though he had not relieved the anxieties of his mistress, had not been as careless as she supposed. Hermes, at Apollo's desire, had carried the boy from the cave to Delphi, and had laid him at the door of the shrine, where he had been brought up by the priestess as a foundling cast on the charity of the god. Here, little guessing whom they are encountering, Creusa and Xuthus find him a beautiful youth, just passing into manhood, under the name of Ion. Xuthus enters the temple to learn his fate. Creusa remains under the portico, falls into a talk with Ion, and at last, she scarce knows why, tells him her own story, as of some third person, one of her friends.

It is Ion's first introduction into the tangled skein of life, and he forms not unnatural reflections on what Creusa has related to him. 'How can the gods give laws to man,' he asks, 'when they themselves do not observe the laws? Will ye, oh Phœbus, oh Zeus, oh Posidon, punish men for seducing women, when ye give the rein thus freely to your own licentiousness? How can men be evil when they tread in the steps of the gods? The guilt is in the gods,' who mark the track which men tread after them themselves.

While Ion is thus learning his first lesson in scepticism, the oracle has informed Xuthus that no further children will be born to him, but that he has a child already, though he knows it not, and that the first youth that he sees after he leaves the temple will be his own. Xuthus goes out, and at once falls in with Ion. He remembers an early indiscretion which makes the story possible. He embraces his supposed offspring; Ion accepts the parent who is thus preternaturally awarded to him, and they depart together to celebrate the occasion at a banquet.

This is well for Xuthus. For Creusa it is not so well: she learns that Apollo has given her husband all that he desired, while herself, though the cause of her misery, he has left to barrenness.

The Chorus suggests that Xuthus owes the Athenian throne to her. He will now neglect her. He will scheme that this new-found son shall be his successor. It is too likely, indeed, that, jealous of her influence in Athens, he will secretly destroy her. Ignorant, like all the world, of

her own misadventure, the Chorus advises her to anticipate her husband and make away with him and his brat, before they make away with her. Her passion then bursts out :

Shall I be silent still, or tell my shame ?
What now withholds me ? Not for me to
blame
My husband's fault, when my own thoughts
conceal
An equal sin I shuddered to reveal,
The guilty secret of my honor's stain,
My own lost babe so long bewailed in vain.

Must I lose all ? Ah, must I now see perish
The one last hope I ceased not still to
cherish,
And yet be patient ? Nay, by yon star-set
sphere,
By the pure margin of Tritonis's mere,
By Pallas' self, the world my wrongs shall
know,
I will no more endure this hidden load of
woe.

Oh Thou who doth from lifeless things distil
Sweet music, thou who dost the forest fill
With the clear bugle note, and from the string
The breathing soul of melody dost bring ;
Latona's son, Thee, Thee, I will arraign ;
Thee, Thee I charge as cause of all my pain.

I in my maiden innocence was straying,
Among the bright spring meadows idly play-
ing,
Gathering in my lap the saffron crocus
flowers ;
Thou camest glittering with thy golden hair ;
Thou caughtst me by the wrist, and held me
there.
And then thou led'st me to thy cavern bower.
'Mother,' I shrieked Ah, far away was she,
And I was left to Destiny and Thee.

The months went by ; at length I bore a boy,
Thy child and mine, and with an awful joy
I laid him in the cave on thy own bed,
Where I had lain beside thee. Sure, I said
That thou wast near, that thou wouldst hear
him cry,
And save and shield his helpless infancy.

Too fond illusion—not for those high spirits
To heed the woes which child of earth in-
herits :
His baby limbs became the wild beasts' food,
The eaglet's claws were reddened in his
blood ;
While through the azure air his shining sire
Was sounding pæans on his golden lyre.

The Chorus is properly compassionate, and delivers the moral reflection that the mixed offspring or men and gods rarely make a good end—but they persist in their advice to Creusa to take care of herself. She resolves in consequence to give Ion a dose of poison, and very narrowly

misses doing it. She is discovered, and Ion as nearly escapes having his mother executed for the crime she had failed to accomplish. The *dignus vindice nodus* had arrived. Only Apollo could now set matters straight. He still hesitates to appear in person, being afraid of the reproaches which Creusa would probably heap upon him.

μη τῶν πάροιθε μέμψις ἐξ μέσου μολῇ.

Athene, however, descends in his place. She explains to Ion and Creusa the mystery of their respective identities. She suggests that to spare Xuthus disappointment, they had better keep their secret to themselves, and she winds up the play with the pious observation that though the gods might seem for a time to act ambiguously, they contrived generally to bring matters to a wholesome issue in the end.

With these words this singular drama concludes. It is not a tragedy, for it closes with general satisfaction. It is not a comedy, for the passions worked upon are throughout too serious for laughter. It is an exhibition of the cherished objects of Athenian devotion, not in a light so wholly detestable as that in which they appear elsewhere, but as contrasted to the utmost disadvantage with the mortals whom they injured.

So it is throughout. Even in plays not especially directed against the popular creed, expressions are let fall as if by accident, which show how fast Euripides was travelling in the direction of secular intelligence. Helen, in the *Hecuba*, says Kupris or Aphrodite had compelled her to elope with Paris. Hecuba answers scornfully, 'A pretty jest! My son was fair to look on. The Kupris that compelled you was your own appetite. Aphrodite is mortals' folly, and so is fitly named from Aphrosune' (intemperance).

Again, in the *Helena* :—

Disgraceful is it to understand Divinity and
dogmatic truth,
And yet be ignorant of justice.

αἰσχρὸν μὲν σε θεῖα πάντ' ἐξεῖδέναι
τάτ' ὄντα καὶ μὴ τὰ δὲ δίκαια μὴ εἰδέναι.

Or again this passage, also from the *Helena*, on 'Divination.' In the *Helena* the Egyptian legend is preferred to the Homeric. The true Helen is supposed to have been snatched away from Sparta,

and carried to Memphis, to save her from Paris; while the Helen that fled with him to Troy was a phantom. Upon this Euripides speculates why none of the soothsayers in either Greece or Troy warned them to spare their trouble. Divination was an art still profoundly respected at Athens, yet Euripides says:—

Vain is the Seer's arts and full of lies,
No insight e'er was gained by sacrifice,
Foolish and fond the dream that things concealed

Can be in flight or note of birds revealed.
Had Calchas told the army 'twas betrayed,
Its chiefs were fighting, dying for a shade,
Their bones would not be bleaching on the sand,
And Ilium's towers would still unruined stand.

Will ye pretend the gods forbade him speak?
Why then with divination do ye seek
For unpermitted knowledge? Leave the fool
By Seers' arts his erring steps to rule;
Burnt offerings never filled the idler's store;
Knowledge and insight are the best diviners
—ask no more.

There remains another feature in the Greek creed, a form of superstition not apparently growing faint, but increasing in distinctness of recognition and gathering increasing hold on the imagination; which possessed for Euripides a terrible interest, and seemed to fascinate him with its horror. It was a superstition marvellous in itself, and more marvellous for the influence which it was destined to exert on the religious history of mankind. On the one hand, it is a manifestation of Satan under the most hideous of aspects; on the other, it is an expression and symbol of the most profound of spiritual truths.

Throughout human life, from the first relation of parent and child to the organisation of a nation or a church, in the daily intercourse of common life, in our loves and in our friendships, in our toils and in our amusements, in trades and in handicrafts, in sickness and in health, in pleasure and in pain, in war and in peace, at every point where one human soul comes in contact with another, there is to be found everywhere, as the condition of right conduct, the obligation to sacrifice self. Every act of man which can be called good is an act of sacrifice, an act which the doer of it would have left undone had he not preferred some other person's good to his own, or the excellence of the work on which he was

engaged to his personal pleasure or convenience. In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty. A soldier is bound to stand by his colors. Every one of us is bound to speak the truth, whatever the cost. But beyond the limits of positive enactment, the same road, and the same road only, leads up to the higher zones of character. The good servant prefers his employer to himself. The good employer considers the welfare of his servant more than his own profit. The artisan or the laborer, who has the sense in him of preferring right to wrong, will not be content with the perfunctory execution of the task allotted to him, but will do it as excellently as he can. From the sweeping of a floor to the governing of a country, from the baking of a loaf to the watching by the sick-bed of a friend, there is the same rule everywhere. It attends the man of business in the crowded world; it follows the artist and the poet into his solitary studio. Let the thought of self intrude, let the painter but pause to consider how much reward his work will bring to him, let him but warm himself with the prospects of the fame and the praise which is to come to him, and the cunning will forsake his hand, and the power of his genius will be gone from him. The upward sweep of excellence is proportioned with strictest accuracy, to oblivion of the self which is ascending.

From the time when men began first to reflect, this peculiar feature of their nature was observed. The law of animal life appears to be merely self-preservation; the law of man's life is self-annihilation; and only at times when men have allowed themselves to doubt whether they are really more than developed animals has self-interest ever been put forward as a guiding principle. Honesty may be the best policy, said Coleridge, but no honest man will act on that hypothesis. Sacrifice is the first element of religion, and resolves itself in theological language into the love of God.

Only those, however, who are themselves noble-minded can consciously apprehend a noble emotion. Truths are perceived and acknowledged, perhaps for a time are appropriately acted on. They pass on into common hands; like gold before it can be made available for a currency, they become alloyed with baser metal. The most beautiful feature in humanity,

the distinct recognition of which was the greatest step ever taken in the course of true progress, became, when made over to priests and theologians, the most hideous and most accursed of caricatures.

By the side of the law of sacrifice it was observed also from obvious experience that the fortunes of man were compassed with uncertainties over which he had no control. The owner of enormous wealth was brought to the dunghill, the prince to a dungeon. The best and the worst were alike the prey of accidents. Those who had risen highest in earthly distinction were those who seemed specially marked for the buffets of destiny. Those who could have endured with equanimity the loss of riches and power, could be reached through loss of honor, through the sufferings of family and friends, through the misgivings of their own hearts on the real nature of the spiritual powers by which the earth and universe are governed.

The arbitrary caprice displayed in these visitations of calamity naturally perplexed even the wisest. Conscious that they were in the hands of forces which it was impossible to resist, of beings whose wrath the most perfect virtue failed to avert, men inferred that the benevolence of the gods was crossed by a sportive malignity. They saw that all that was most excellent in human society was bought by the sacrifice of the few good to the many worthless. The self-devotion of those who were willing to forget themselves was exacted as the purchase-money of the welfare of the rest. The conclusion was that the gods envied mankind too complete enjoyment. They demanded of them from time to time the most precious thing which they possessed, and the most precious possession of any family or nation was the purest and most innocent member of it.

It was among the Semitic nations that the propitiatory immolation of a human being first became an institution. Homer knew nothing of it. The Trojan youths who were slaughtered at the pyre of Patroclus were the victims merely of the wrath of Achilles, and the massacre of them was the savage accompaniment of the funeral rites of his dead friend. By the Semitic nations of Palestine, the eldest born of man and beast was supposed to belong to the gods, and at any

moment might be claimed by them. The intended sacrifice of Isaac is an evident allusion to the customs from which the son of Abraham was miraculously redeemed. The deaths of the first-born in every house in Egypt on the night of the Passover, the story of Jephthah, the brief but expressive mention of the king of Moab, who, in distress, impaled his son on the wall of his city, the near escape of Jonathan, whom the lot had detected, as marked by the curse of his father, the Phœnician legend of the exposure of Andromeda to the sea monster, point all in the same direction. The Carthaginians, a colony from Tyre, at the crisis of their struggle with Rome, devoted to the anger of the gods four hundred of the sons of their principal nobles.

At some time in the interval between Homer and the Persian wars, this singular superstition was carried into Greece, and was at once incorporated in the received mythology. The great national story of the Trojan war was probably the first which it interpenetrated; and then sprung up in the midst of it the as yet unknown incident which has impressed so powerfully the imagination of mankind, the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis.

The name Iphigenia is probably Jephthagenia, a Grecised version of 'Jephthah's daughter,' and reveals the origin of the story. The 'idea' once accepted passed into other heroic traditions. Human sacrifice, symbolic or actual, was adopted into the religious ceremonials of Athens. It was a growing belief which spread through successive generations, and prepared the way in the end for the reception of the doctrine of the Christian Atonement. But before the key to the mystery was revealed, the frightful conception inspired the purest minds in Greece with a repugnance proportional to the fascination which it exercised on the multitude.

No less than six of the most important plays of Euripides revolve on this Semitic innovation on the creed of Homer; the two *Iphigenias*, in *Aulis* and in *Tauris*, the *Hecuba*, the *Alcestis*, the *Heraclidae*, and the *Phænissæ*.

The *Hecuba*, perhaps, marks a transition stage in which the Semitic notion of sacrifice to the gods is imperfectly blended with the earlier Greek necromancy. The scene of the play is the Thracian Cher-

sonese, where the Grecian fleet is detained by foul winds after the fall of Troy, as it was detained before at Aulis. The shade of Achilles appears, and intimates that the army will not be allowed to return till some young maiden is made over to him. The Ulysses of Homer, when he visits the realms of the dead, slaughters a heifer and a ram. The blood is collected in a trench, where the ghosts present themselves to drink, and in drinking obtain strength to speak. Achilles similarly requires blood to drink; but the stream which flows from the veins of an animal will not satisfy his thirst: he demands the blood of a human being.*

A victim is found in Polyxena, the last surviving daughter of Priam's queen who remains to her mother, after Cassandra had been appropriated by Agamemnon. The poetic ingenuity of Euripides is employed in its highest form to exhibit the piteousness of the selection, to excuse, so far as excuse is possible, the human instruments of so dark a deed, and to hold up to indignant hatred the fiends who compel it to be done. He shows us Hecuba, late the honored wife of the imperial Priam, on the pinnacle of earthly splendor, now husbandless, a wretched slave, with the terror of the sacked city and 'garments rolled in blood' fresh upon her soul. Her youngest son, Polydorus, who had been sent to Thrace for security, she believed to be still left to her; but Polydorus had been murdered by his guardian, and she must now see her innocent Polyxena offered up to the ferocity of a vampyre.

Polyxena, when she hears her fate, thinks only of her mother's desolation. The mother thinks only of her child, and prays that Achilles will be satisfied with her own wretched life in exchange. The hard-eyed warriors themselves are melted with the pity of the scene. The cause is pleaded before the council; Agamemnon, remembering his own agonies, feebly interposes. But Ulysses, in whom Euripides describes the object of his bitterest detestation, an Athenian demagogue, replies

that good service to the commonwealth must not be left unrewarded; Achilles must not have to complain of the ingratitude of his comrades, and Achilles requires a daintier morsel than a broken-down old woman.

It is decided that Achilles must have his will; yet while the chiefs insist upon the death and witness it, all other feelings are lost in admiration of the bravery of the Trojan maiden. She refuses to be bound, she bares her throat with her own hand and presents it to the knife. She arranges her modest dress that when she falls she shall fall decently:

κρύπτουσ' ἃ κρύπτειν ὄμματα' ἄρσένων χρέων.

She dies amidst cries of applauding pity, and the spectators bound forward to pay the last honors

τῇ περίσσο' εὐκαρδίῳ
ψυχῇντ' ἄριστῃ.

And what follows? We are to look now for the *κάθαρσις*, the soothing sense of final satisfaction or the moral elevation or purification; and what is it? The mother becomes a furious maniac. Talthybius, the herald who brings the news of her daughter's death to her, doubts whether the existence of God be not a dream of fools, and whether man is not the sport of blind fate or chance.

Oh God! what shall I say? That thou regard'st our deeds,
Or that the faith that there are gods at all
Is better than a visionary dream
And Chance alone is lord of human things?

The play is complicated by a double tragedy. Polyxena is sacrificed. Polydorus is murdered by his host to enhance the misery of the mother, and the attention is divided between the treachery of Polymnestor, and the necessity imposed upon the unwilling Grecian leaders by the religious sentiments of Greece. Not the least noticeable feature is the degradation of the heroes of the earlier tradition by the debasement of the popular creed. Achilles has become an Asiatic Ghoul. Ulysses has degenerated into the eloquent orator, the dexterous master of the arts of democratic persuasion, whose natural manliness is lost in the commonplace sentiments of the received beliefs of his age.

The Vampyre of the *Hecuba* becomes in the *Iphigenias* a goddess. In both

* Neoptolemus says at the altar:

ὦ παῖ Πηλεΐως πάτηρ δ' ἐμὴς,
Δέξαι χόας μοι τὰς δὲ κληλητήριον
νεκρῶν ἀγῶνας. ἔλθε δ' ὡς πύξ μελαν
κορὴς ἀκραφνὸς αἷμα· δ σοι δωρούμεθα
στράτος τε κύω.

these plays the virgin sacrifice is the sole motive of the action. In both the natural virtues of humanity are exhibited as endeavoring to avert the catastrophe. In both the virgin Artemis, the object of the pure devotion of Hippolytus, appears under the revolting aspect of an Indian idol.

As in the *Hecuba*, an unseen cause prevents the fleet from sailing out of Aulis. The Fates have noted that Troy must fall, but none the less the conditions must be fulfilled. Artemis requires, through the lips of the prophet Calchas, that the most beautiful damsel in Greece must die. Iphigenia, Agamemnon's daughter, possesses the unhappy pre-eminence, and the unanimous voice of the camp demands that she must suffer. Achilles, for whose bride she had been destined, would have saved her, but he declares sadly that his own myrmidons would be the first to turn upon him. Iphigenia is carried to the altar. Like Polyxena she stands there alone, her father weeping at her side, and the purpose is carried out till the knife is buried in her throat. Then only the popular feeling, not too utterly corrupted by sacerdotalism, to acquiesce without a pang, allows the dramatist to throw a cloud over the closing scene. Iphigenia disappears. A bleeding kid is seen upon the ground in her place: the grim goddess had snatched her, like another Isaac, from destruction. The intention is accepted for the act. But Iphigenia is reserved only for a fate to which death would have been preferable. She is carried by Artemis to the gloomy Tauric Chersonese, where the rites which in Greece were as yet but occasional, were the established custom of the Scythian savages. She becomes priestess at a shrine where every stranger is slaughtered who lands on that inhospitable shore. On Iphigenia falls the duty of preparing them for execution, and she discharges her horrid task without remorse or objection, till fate brings thither her brother Orestes and his friend. The frequency of the religious murders in which she has borne her part is indicated in a line which recalls the account of the block in the King's palace at Coomassie. The altar stone is daubed thick with yellow stains from the blood which has been shed upon it. Iphigenia, so long as she is ignorant that Orestes is her brother, com-

mences the preliminary rites with cold and scarcely felt compassion, and only when she discovers the truth, her objections as a priestess yield before the emotions of relationship. She consents to fly with her brother and his companion, carrying with her the image of the precious goddess to whose service she is still devoted. They are pursued, and would have been taken, when Athene takes command of the situation. Thoas, the king, is warned to let them go. Orestes is to return to Greece with his sister, and be purified at Athens for his mother's murder, while an altar is to be raised in Attica for Artemis; and that she shall not be robbed of her customary honors a festival is to be instituted, at which a priest shall annually shed the blood of some human victim.*

It might be doubted so far whether Euripides contemplated human sacrifices to the gods, as having been actually accomplished in Greece itself. Polyxena was an offering to the shade of a mortal; Iphigenia had been rescued at the moment of death; but three plays remain which leave no room for uncertainty: the *Alcestis*, the *Phænissa*, and the *Heraclida*. In the *Alcestis* the wife is sacrificed for her husband, in the *Phænissa* a Theban youth for his country, in the *Heraclida* a sister for her brothers. In each case there is no natural connection between the suffering of the victim and the advantages received from it. The occasion is merely the arbitrary pleasure of an omnipotent something that chose to make the death of an innocent human being the condition of his favors.

The *Alcestis* has lately been made familiar to English readers in the version of Mr. Browning. Excellent as Mr. Browning's workmanship invariably is, he will himself acknowledge that no English rendering can produce the effect of the original. English words carry with them English associations, and no modern language can generate the intellectual atmosphere in which the characters of a drama

* νόμον τε θες τὸνδ' ὅταν ἑορταῇ λῆως
τῆς σῆς σφαγῆς ἀποιν' ἐπισχέτω ξίφος
δερὴ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς αἱματ' ἐξανιέτω
ὄσιας ἑκατὶ, θεῖα θ' ὅπως τιμᾶς ἐχῇ.

Iphigenia in Aulis, ll. 1458-1461.

The words imply that the throat was to be pierced till the blood ran. Without shedding of blood there was no remission, but it need not have been absolutely the life's blood.

constructed on so extravagant an hypothesis can appear like breathing men and women. It is only in the speech of a people among whom this and its kindred superstitions entered into the ordinary belief, that the imagination can be brought into sympathy with the actors, or in which the motive can have sufficient verisimilitude for the purposes of dramatic illusion. A translation so recent, however, and so well known, makes it unnecessary to dwell in detail upon this play; and the more so, as even here also to some extent Euripides condescends to human weakness, and after Death has carried off his prey permits Hercules to tear it from him.

The *Phœnisæ* takes its name from the Phœnician women of whom the Chorus is composed; but the plot, the scene, and the actors are purely Greek; and Phœnicians were doubtless introduced into it, and the name was selected for the play, to indicate the source of the superstition against which it is so evidently directed. The subject is the legend of the House of Œdipus, the familiar and favorite ground of the Greek tragedian. The period of the story is the same which Æschylus selects for the *Seven against Thebes*, and Sophocles for the *Antigone*. Euripides, however, treats the subject in his own manner, and introduces incidents peculiar to himself.

He traces the original cause of the curse which had fallen on the Labdacidæ. Laius, the father of Œdipus, had fallen into the peculiar vice which dishonored Greek civilisation. Euripides hints that he was but imitating an example already set by Zeus, but a curse overtakes him notwithstanding. If he has a son he is to die by that son's hand. The son who kills him is to commit incest with his own mother, and to beget sons in turn who are destined to destroy one another. Two of the three catastrophes have been accomplished when the *Phœnisæ* opens. Œdipus, ignorant of his parentage, has killed his father and has married his mother Jocasta. On discovering what he has done he has torn out his eyes in despair. Eteocles and Polynices, the offspring of this incestuous connection, to escape the doom which threatens them, have agreed to reign in Thebes on alternate years, and never to be present there simultaneously. Eteocles, as the elder, takes the first turn, and when his year is out refuses to resign. Po-

lynices has married an Argive princess, and brings an Argive army with six Peloponnesian chiefs to compel his brother to fulfil his compact. Thus, in spite of precautions, the doom is made complete. The brothers meet in single combat and die as had been foretold. So far Euripides runs along the established lines; but within the largest circle he introduces his peculiar underplot. The fate of Eteocles and Polynices has been determined irreversibly by destiny. The fate of Thebes itself is still uncertain. Whether Thebes itself is to fall before the invaders, or whether the race sprung from the dragons' teeth are to hold inviolate the sacred city, hangs still unsettled in the balance of the gods. Thebes may be saved, but the gods require blood. A beautiful youth of the dragon's race must be sacrificed. One poor lad alone meets the required conditions—Menœceus, Jocasta's nephew, son of the aged Creon. As Hecuba would have died for Polyxena, and Pylades for Orestes, so Creon prays the gods to take him in the place of the boy whose life is all before him. The gods adhere to the daintier morsel. Creon in his misery prefers that Thebes should perish, and implores Menœceus to fly. Menœceus declares that while his companions are risking their lives in battle before the gates it shall not be said of him that he is careful of his own. He ascends the wall and drives the knife into his heart. The hosts of the Argives melt away, and Thebes is saved.

Heroic, it may be said—a noble example to the youth of Athens, whose country was now threatened by the Spartans. In part, perhaps, this was the poet's meaning, but the name of the play points to an ulterior object. His real purpose appears, where no mistake is possible, in the *Heraclide*.

After the death of Hercules, the persecution which he had endured from Eurystheus was extended to his surviving children, the Heraclidæ. They had fled from Argos with their grandmother Alcmena and their aged guardian Iolaus. Wherever they had taken refuge they had been followed by the messenger of Eurystheus to demand their surrender or expulsion. They had thus wandered from court to court till they arrived at Athens, and appealed to the generosity of Theseus. There, too, the Argive messenger appeared. Theseus replied to the imperious menace of

his master, that Eurystheus might do his worst. Eurystheus, in consequence, invades Attica, and the Athenian people resolve gallantly to protect their guests.

Brave men fighting on the side of justice might expect the gods to be on their side. The gods are willing, but the condition is insisted on as indispensable, that a maiden must be sacrificed, and Theseus, who is willing to meet Eurystheus in battle, yet cannot ask an Athenian citizen to surrender his daughter to a fate so horrible. If the Heraclidæ were given up they were to die, and Alcmena, who had borne Hercules to Zeus, was to suffer with them. Under such circumstances Zeus might have been expected to interpose to save his mistress and his grandchildren. Alcmena exclaims not unnaturally :

I may not reproach him,
But he does know if he deals justly by me.
But Zeus was at a banquet with the Æthiopians, or he was asleep, or toying with some new mistress. From Zeus there was no hope. If there was hope anywhere, it was from some generous human soul. Macaria, one of the Heraclidæ, and seemingly the only sister among them, is the most beautiful figure which Euripides has drawn. Her name, 'the blessed one,' indicates the delight with which he regarded his own invention. Macaria considers that if Theseus and his countrymen are ready to risk their lives in defence of her brothers, and if the gods make a maiden's blood the price of their support, she is herself the most appropriate victim. Iolaus in despair would rather die himself a hundred times ; but a hundred Iolaus's would not be accepted ; the gods must have a lamb without spot, and Macaria chooses her lot and sweetly and calmly resigns herself to it. She indulges in no illusions. Life is beautiful to her and death is terrible, and death may not be all. Theology had made the gods so hideous that the thought of a possible future brought no relief or consolation with it. The hope was rather that death at least was a limit to the dominion of beings so wanton in their cruelty. If another life lay before her, Macaria trusted that her voluntary self-immolation might pass to her credit. But no poet ever wrote lines more true to the real thoughts of sad and serious humanity than the passionate desire that the grave may be the end which he places in the lips of his dying heroine.

εἴη δὲ μὲντοι μῆδεν εἰ γὰρ ἔξομεν
κάκει μεριμνῶς οἱ θανονμένοι βροτῶν,
οὐκ ὁδὸν ὅποι τις τρέφεται· τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν
κακῶν μέγιστον φάρμακον νομίζεται.

Oh, that there may be nothing. If again
Beyond the grave we wake once more to pain,
What hope will then remain to us ? To die
Is of all ills the surest remedy.

Saddest aspiration to which in the darkest hour a suffering mortal can be driven ! Against so gloomy a background the sacrifice shines with more brilliant intensity—yet what better could Macaria ask or wish ? If we are to regard a life beyond the grave with hopeful expectation, we must believe that some just, wise, and good Being in the last resort presides over the universe. When, instead of a wise, good Being, mankind have created for themselves a power whose attributes, so far as they are recognisable on earth, resemble those of some malignant fiend, a Macaria can but exclaim, 'May there be nothing!' A Hamlet will say :

To die,—to sleep,—
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural ills
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

Iolaus shrieks against the sentence which Macaria has pronounced against himself. The Chorus, sadly knowing with how small a hope of recompense hereafter she was departing, rebukes his profitless impatience, knowing that, recompense or no recompense, the road of self-devotion is still the best to follow.

The tides of life uneven flow
And even betwixt weal and woe,
We drift and waver to and fro,
Because the gods will have it so.

I see the great ones prostrate lie,
I see the beggar lifted high,
And none his destined fate can fly,
And all in vain we strive or cry.

Fret not, old man, nor feebly rave,
For one thou canst not, must not save ;
The maid self-doomed and nobly brave,
For land and kindred meets the grave.

True daughter of a princely line,
Eternal glory shall be thine,
From age to age, with light divine,
The glow of this thy deed around thy name
shall shine.

All generations shall call thee 'Macaria' or 'Blessed.' Not thee, but one not wholly unlike. Not one who was herself the victim, but one through whose heart

the sword pierced as she sat under the Cross where these impassioned conceptions found at last their explanation and consummation.

The Epicurean philosophers, as religion waned, threw themselves into the study of natural phenomena. They believed that as man became acquainted with the physical laws of the universe, superstition would disappear, and a code of practical rules could be created on theories of expediency. Science might plume itself on its splendid discoveries; but human nature was stronger than science, and in spite of it, and by the side of it, witchcraft, magic, necromancy, with their attendant abominations, developed out of the putrescent corpse of Paganism. Lucretius would not have selected the sacrifice of Iphigenia as an illustration of the atrocities which could be provoked by religion, unless the spirit which had presided at Aulis had been still alive and active. Those who would draw the horoscope of the spiritual future of mankind from the progress of knowledge, will find their forecasts defeated by forces which they disdain to recognise. Far as they may extend the confines of discovery, the shoreless infinite of the unknown will still extend beyond them, and the hopes and fears of what may lie in that impenetrable region must ever have an influence stronger than reason on the spiritual convictions of humanity. Lucretius boasted that he had trampled religion under his feet, and that natural philosophy would sit henceforth triumphant

on the throne from which God had been deposed. The especial aspect of religion which had been chosen to illustrate its hatefulness, was on the eve of becoming the soul of a creed which was to remodel human society, and open a new era. The doctrine of human sacrifice, which had exerted so strange and glowing a fascination, was to lose its horrors while retaining its ennobling influence. The emotions and the conscience were reconciled when God himself became his own victim.

The events of history are a mocking commentary on the conclusions and expectations of the wisest of us. What to the Roman sages appeared an atrocious superstition in a few generations was to appear to all the civilised world as the most divine of truths, while the religion built upon it was to adopt for its supreme ceremonial observance a theory which Cicero had declared too ridiculous for the credulity of an idiot.

So strange are Cicero's words, that he might be thought, being Pontifex Maximus that year, to have prophesied, not knowing what he said :

Cum fruges Cererem, vinum Liberum dicimus, genere nos quidem sermonis utimur usitato. Sed equum tam amentem esse putas qui illud quo vescatur Deum credat esse ?—*De Naturâ Deorum*, lib. iii. c. 16.

When we speak of bread as Ceres or of wine as Liber, we use a customary form of expression; but who was ever so mad as to believe that the bread and wine on which he fed could be God?

Fraser's Magazine.

THE NEW ARMY OF FRANCE.

As we look back at the course of French history, we see how true was the remark of Burke—'States, like seas, have their ebbs and flows, and this especially holds good of France.' No nation in Europe of the first rank has suffered so many and great calamities; but none hitherto has so triumphed over misfortune, and so quickly advanced after trials which seemed, for the moment, crushing. How short a period divides the France of Agincourt from that of Louis XI.; how soon did the Power which, at the Peace of Ver-
vins, seemed almost blotted out, shine forth in the splendor of the day of Richelieu; how rapidly were 1793 and 1799 succeeded by the Treaties of Amiens

and Luneville! Yet of all the recoveries made by France in her chequered annals, the most speedy and surprising, perhaps, is that which is now going on before us after the fatal war of 1870-1. Four years ago it was generally thought that German invaders would remain encamped on French territory for an indefinite time, and that the conquered State would succumb beneath the enormous burdens imposed upon it; and the frantic excesses and crimes of the Commune seemed but the precursors of a long era of disorder and weakness for an afflicted people. But within a few months the soil of France was liberated from her amazed foes; the indemnity that appeared overwhelming

was paid; and if Lorraine and Alsace are gone, and the rule of MacMahon is a mere makeshift, France has given most extraordinary proof of her inherent strength and abundant resources. Yet even these signs of restored vigor are less striking than the resuscitation of the military power of the country, which, notwithstanding appalling reverses, unparalleled, perhaps, in authentic history, is being steadily and surely accomplished. At this moment the French army is very far from a contemptible force; it will soon be more powerful in every respect than it was before the outbreak of the war; and though it could not as yet cope in the field, on equal terms, with the German hosts, it would almost certainly even now, in the event of a struggle, escape defeats like those of Metz and Sedan. What, however, in this matter deserves attention is the military strength of France in the future, when it shall have attained its intended proportions, not as it exists at the present time, almost on the morrow of frightful disasters.

One of the first labors of the National Assembly, after the disastrous Peace of 1871, was the reorganisation of the national forces; and a committee of distinguished general officers have for many months been engaged in the task of restoring the power of France for war, and completely recasting her military system. Independently of what they have already done, the results of what they intend to accomplish appear in two very able Reports on 'the recruiting and organisation of the French army;' and it is to these we must look if we desire to know what, before very many years shall have passed, will be the military resources of France, their extent, character, and probable value. Judging from the facts and figures the Committee adduce, the plans they propose appear feasible. No doubt can exist that, in the present temper of the nation, ample means will be found for carrying out their designs to the full; and, should their projects be even nearly realised, France must before long become again one of the most formidable of the Powers of Europe. In fact, this scheme of military organisation will make her forces more vast and imposing, more ready for war and better prepared, than they have been at any preceding time; and possibly even now her late exulting conquerors

think uneasily of the tale of Samnium and Rome, when they mark how the State which they believed to be crushed, is rapidly overcoming the effects of a defeat more ruinous than that of the pass of Caudium.

The Reports we have mentioned naturally keep the forces of Germany ever in view, and dwell at length on the various causes of the collapse of France in 1870-1. The issue of events was in an unusual degree due to strategy, and also greatly affected by influence not strictly military. The swift and fearful defeats of the French must be mainly attributed to the indecision of Napoleon III., to the wavering of Bazaine and the weakness of Frossard, and, generally, to the interference of politics with war. The memorable campaign of 1814 entitles us to say that had the First Napoleon commanded the ill-fated army of the Rhine, he would at least have kept the Germans at bay for months, and probably gained more than one victory. It is untrue to ascribe the results to the inherent superiority of the German soldier, or to the degeneracy of the French as a race. We are not so far from Auerstadt and Jena as to be misled by such shallow judgments; and the troops which, at Gravelotte and Woerth, fought for hours against twofold and threefold odds, and long held the balance of fate in suspense, were not unworthy of those of Austerlitz. The main military causes of the success of the Germans were an immense preponderance of force on their side, and an excellence of organisation which made their armies much better prepared than those of their foes, and sent them into the field much sooner; and these advantages were so decisive that no efforts of military skill and valor could perhaps have prevented their final triumph. It is necessary to bear this clearly in mind, if we wish thoroughly to comprehend the project of the new military system of France. The standing army, even of united Germany, was not much more numerous than that of the French; and, notwithstanding all that has been said, it was not without the defects that belong to an army chiefly composed of young troops. But the principle of general military service gave the Germans an enormous trained reserve made up wholly of good soldiers; the system of organisation for war, by which the German armies are ever held in a state of immedi-

ate readiness for the field, and are 'mobilised' with extraordinary speed, assured Von Moltke's success at the outset; and as France had very little to oppose to the momentum which was thus attained, her ultimate defeat was all but certain. On the other hand, the standing army of France was, in many respects, a magnificent force; but as its supports were feeble and bad, and a time comparatively long was needed to bring it wholly together, and to make it fit for active operations, it was, from the first moment, utterly overmatched by its antagonist.

The causes of these shortcomings must be distinctly noted, for to remove them is the principal object of the proposed plan of French Army Reform. In the first place, France had abandoned for years the principle of general military service, of which she had set the example to Europe; whole classes had, in different ways, exempted themselves from the Conscription Laws; and thus even her standing army was not adequate to her lofty pretensions. In the second place, a very large proportion of the recruits which the conscription yielded were never mustered or trained at all, and the result was that the French army had nothing like a real reserve, the *Garde Mobile*, decreed in 1862 to supply this want, being, in 1870, a paper fiction. And thirdly, and most important of all, the French army was in time of peace a mere collection of military elements, dispersed over all parts of the country; it was not concentrated in prepared groups, ready, at a moment's notice, to move and fight; and, accordingly, its 'mobilisation' was slow, and weeks were required to place it in line. As before mentioned, the consequence was that, in numbers, power, and real efficiency, it was not to be compared with its mighty foe; and these Reports hit the exact truth when they say 'we were beaten for want of preparation, organisation, and direction, and by the weakness of our effective rather than by the arms of our enemies.'

The objects of the intended reform are, as we have said, to remedy these defects; and it is evidently meant that the new army of France shall rival the German hosts in strength, and shall be at least as good an instrument of war. To obtain these ends the whole system of French military organisation is to be changed, and a new system is to be framed in its stead,

in part fashioned on the German model, but in part essentially French in its character. We shall first glance at the leading principles on which the projected scheme is based, and which, if carried out, must ultimately, we repeat, and perhaps ere long, make the resources of France for war prodigious. In order to assure the French army an ample and constant supply of recruits, and gradually to expand it to the full strength which it is to possess in the course of time, the law of general military service—the conscription, in a word—of the First Republic is to be restored in its fullest vigor; all permanent exemptions are to be abolished; and, subject only to dispensations of a temporary kind and strictly determined, every Frenchman capable of bearing arms, is to be liable to serve in the ranks, for periods deemed sufficient to make the national forces of adequate power. The elements of an enormous military array will, by such means, be fully secured; and care is taken that these shall form the component parts of a finished product, not rude and almost worthless material. For this purpose the liability to serve is to be real in all cases. Every Frenchman who is enrolled as a soldier is to join the army for a specified time, depending on certain and fixed rules; and all those who have left the ranks are to be held in readiness to return to them during the whole time of their prescribed service. In this way two of the worst vices of the old French system are to be got rid of; the whole mass of the forces of France will be composed in the main of trained men, and an immense reserve will be formed by degrees made up of troops nearly all efficient. Finally, the methods are to be definitively given up by which the French army was marshalled for war; it is no longer to have its elements scattered, and therefore slowly collected and moved; it is to be kept together in organised units, at all times prepared for speedy action, and capable of being quickly enlarged to their fullest strength; and its whole mechanism is to be so contrived that celerity of 'mobilisation' and readiness for the field shall be a certain and easy result.

Let us now see how these leading principles are to be embodied in actual facts. The rule of general military service, the conscription without lasting exemptions, will give France every year a contingent

of about 150,000 young men, without counting the 'dispensed-with' class, liable to be called out on important occasions. Every man enrolled in each yearly contingent will be obliged to serve for twelve months at least, omitting certain exceptions made in favor of aptitude and education; and a large number, to be selected by lot, will have to serve a much longer time, in order to supply the special arms—artillery, engineers, and cavalry—which require a long professional training. The yearly contingents, so distributed, will be liable to serve for five years, in the first main Divisions of the Armies of France; and though the period of actual service for great part of the men will, as a rule, be shorter, they will be all held ready to join the ranks at a summons from the Minister of War. When the term of five years shall have passed, each contingent will fall into the first reserve; and here every man will again be liable to serve a further period of four years, and to be recalled to the army at a moment's notice. After an actual or potential service, for the two terms of five and four years, each contingent will be drafted in turn to the second reserve of the national forces; and it will be held to service for five and six years—that is, during eleven years—in the two divisions of what is meant to be the last great support of the French army. Each contingent will thus, in different ways, be subject to serve for twenty years; and, consequently, at the end of that full period, the forces of France raised by conscription, will amount to the immense aggregate of twenty contingents of 150,000 men each, all, or nearly so, trained and effective soldiers—with deductions, of course, for deaths and casualties—and even in ten years they will be formidable in no mean degree. The age of service, it should be added, will be from 20 to 40; and thus the flower of the youth and manhood of France will be all enrolled in the national ranks.

This immense mass of military forces will not, however, represent the whole of the power and resources of France for war. In addition to the conscription levies, she will have a 'permanent army' of 120,000 men, composed of 'officers, staff, administrative corps, gendarmes, veteran and re-engaged soldiers;' and besides these, of the 'foreign auxiliaries,' the *legion étrangère*, and similar bodies, who have

often added to the renown of her arms. This permanent army, we need not say, will be an extremely valuable force; it will largely contain the most precious and important elements of military strength; it will be animated by a high professional feeling; and it will give consistency and force to the arrays of contingents. Taken altogether, the forces of France, after making allowance for all losses and non-effectives of various kinds, would ultimately, under the intended scheme, reach the enormous total of 2,500,000 men, according to calculations by no means sanguine; and far the greater part of this warlike multitude would, we repeat, be expert soldiers, not worthless recruits, or troops on paper. Let us now consider how it is proposed to combine and generally distribute this colossal whole, the most formidable organization for war which has ever been designed by a vanquished nation. The permanent army and the first nine contingents—that is, those of five and four years' service—would, it is believed, yield without difficulty about 1,350,000 men; and these are to form the active army, composed of a first line and a first reserve. The active army is, in time of peace, to have a strength of 480,000 only—men present with the colors and in the ranks; for a considerable portion of each contingent, though liable to serve, would be sent on furlough when it should have been sufficiently drilled; but, on a declaration of war, it would quickly expand into a force of 780,000 men, by calling in at once the mass of the trained contingents belonging to the first line and the first reserve, these contingents being eight, it should be observed, in number; for the ninth contingent, that of the existing year, would, it might be assumed, be, as a rule, unformed. The 780,000 men would thus immediately form an imposing army, made up, without exception, of excellent troops; but this would be only the first front of war which France would possess the means to present. Over and above the 780,000 men, the eight trained contingents would in a short time be able to yield nearly 300,000 more; to these should be added the ninth contingent, about 150,000 strong, and the 'dispensed with' class, which it is supposed would reach 141,000 men; and thus a second army, which, though composed to a considerable extent of raw levies—the untrained ninth contingent and the 'dis-

pensed with' class—would be from 500,000 to 600,000 in number, would stand in the rear of the first army, and afford it a very powerful support. Nor are even these the limits of the force which, in the event of a protracted struggle, France would be able to place in the field. The eleven last contingents, that is, those of the later five and six years' service, are, as we have seen, to form a second great reserve; and this array, which it is supposed would amount to 1,000,000, or 1,200,000 men, is to constitute the territorial army, the supplement of its active associate. This force is to be arranged into two main parts, the first more ready to move than the second. Its duties, speaking generally, would be to protect and defend the territory of France, to garrison fortresses, hold strong points, and set the active army free for field operations; but occasionally it would join that army, and co-operate with it in the shock of battle, and it is to be linked with it in the closest manner. It is superfluous to add that it is intended to provide the most complete material and equipment of all kinds for these immense arrays, which, we say it again, would, when fully developed, amount to 2,500,000 men, real soldiers by far the greater number of them. In all these arrangements an imitation of the German system manifestly appears, but there are some very marked differences.

We have next to see how the huge masses of the new forces of France are to be organised, that is, marshalled into separate units in times of peace and of war. The distribution of the armed force of the State into individual *corps d'armée*, that is, into distinct bodies, each an independent army in itself, was a French invention of the age of Napoleon; and it contributed in a certain measure to the wonderful success of that great commander. But under the French system, up to and after the late war, the corps was formed only when the war broke out; its component parts in peace were in a state of dispersion, and the troops and *matériel* were not brought together till the summons to the field went forth. The results were want of cohesion, mistakes, and delays; and the French *corps d'armée*, compared with their foes in the trial of 1870-1, showed various defects of hasty formation and of imperfect arrangement in many particulars, and were besides, but slowly equipped

and arrayed. All this is now to be thoroughly changed; and the organisation of the reformed French army is, in the main, to follow the German model, though, as we have said, with peculiarities of its own.

The *corps d'armée*, like the German army corps, is naturally to remain the principal unit of the active military force of the State; but, in peace and war alike, it is ever to be a regularly formed and connected army; its men and other appliances are to be kept together in certain proportions on a peace footing, its reserves are to be close at hand, and it is to be developed to its full war strength, and to be 'mobilised' and sent into the field, as soon as hostilities shall be declared, in a way we shall hereafter notice. This, then, being the type of the *corps d'armée*, the active army is to be divided into nineteen of these great units; and thus the first main division of the national forces will consist of that number of complete corps, each a regular and distinct army. Eighteen of the nineteen corps are to be stationed in France, one being reserved for Algerian service; and, with the exception of the Algerian corps, which is to follow a somewhat different pattern, they are all to have the same constitution, each consisting of two divisions of foot, with the other arms, in each, in the same proportions. The whole nineteen corps would in time of peace absorb the 480,000 men who are to be the peace strength of the active army; in war each of these bodies is meant to be about 40,000 strong; and, consequently, they would engross collectively the 780,000 men of the active army, its force, we have seen, on a war footing, while they could gradually call in to repair their losses, the 500,000 or 600,000 men, who could soon be placed in a second line. With reference to the territorial army, it is not to be organised into *corps d'armée*, but it is to have divisions, brigades, and regiments analogous to those of the active army; and though it is to be essentially an auxiliary force, and generally to operate as a local reserve, it is to be always fit to appear in the field. Thus, in the event of a long struggle, of a serious reverse, or of any great emergency, the various elements of this veteran array would be incorporated in the different *corps d'armée*, and there is no reason to doubt that, on some occasions, it could itself be formed into separate corps.

This organisation will largely contribute to that preparation and readiness for the field which are absolutely essential in modern war. Let us next see how it is proposed to officer the active and territorial armies, compose and distribute their highest commands, and to provide for their administrative service, a subject of the very greatest importance. In this department the German system is imitated in almost all its parts, but the result may possibly improve upon it, at least in points of no little moment. To find officers in sufficient numbers for the large masses of modern armies must ever be a matter of extreme difficulty, for there always ought to be officers enough for the troops even at their full strength; and notwithstanding repeated efforts, the Germans have imperfectly solved the problem. In the new French project the German experiment of yearly volunteers is to be adopted; that is, young men of the educated class, who will serve at their own charge for a year, and then show sufficient proficiency, are to be entitled to rank as sub-officers, and this plan, it is hoped, will bring thousands of youths annually into the service who will be able to form and direct soldiers. The permanent army of 120,000 men, and the great military colleges and schools will also, it is expected, yield a large and increasing supply of officers; and as these institutions will be maintained on a scale permitted by the wealth of France, it is by no means improbable that her new army will be more amply officered than that of Germany. With reference to the higher commands, a complete revolution is designed and Germany is to be all but exactly copied. Under the old military organisation of France, the Minister of War was the head of everything, no general held a permanent command, and when armies were formed out of scattered regiments, they were placed under the direction of chiefs, who saw their troops perhaps for the first time. This system had advantages of its own, for it gave the State the means of selecting men of special aptitude at any moment; but it prevented that association of a leader with his men, which contributes to military power and efficiency, and it lessened his responsibility for the well-being and discipline of the force he commanded. In the new French scheme, as the army is to be largely composed of great standing units,

the higher commands are to follow this plan; the nineteen corps of the active army are to have nineteen commanders-in-chief, who, as a rule, will continually be at their head; and in peace, even the territorial army is to be under the control of these officers, aided by a separate territorial staff, the case, however, being in war time different. The chiefs of the several *corps d'armée* are to be almost absolute in their own commands; each is to have supreme and universal power in the management and direction of his own corps, in controlling the officers and training the men; and each will be responsible in all respects for the condition of the body entrusted to him. By these means the important objects of identifying generals closely with their commands, of making them masters of their various duties, and answerable for every default and shortcoming will, it is believed, be greatly furthered; each chief it is said will 'before France have the opportunity of winning honor or disgrace;' and the result, it is hoped, will be to strengthen and more firmly compact the military machine. It should be added that, to prevent decentralisation from going too far, and to detect incapacity in the commanders of corps, the Minister of War is still to possess a general superintending control; and a staff of inspectors is to report to him on the state of the different *corps d'armée* and of all the other forces of the State.

With respect to the administration of the army, a great change also is to be effected. Here again the commander of each *corps d'armée* is to be its administrator of the highest grade; the War Office is not, as heretofore, to be answerable for supplies and stores; the providing of what is needed for troops is not to be delegated to its officials, often at cross-purposes with military leaders and independent of them in a perilous degree; and a general in chief is, at once, to order what his corps may require, in peace and war, and to be responsible for the orders he gives. The execution, however, of these directions is properly to be committed to subordinates—the commissariat and kindred services, and for this they are to be held accountable. This arrangement would, probably, greatly improve the administration of the French army—a point in which it has often failed.

We have now to examine the all-import-

tant subject of the 'mobilisation' of the forces of France,—the mode by which they are to be placed in line, in the event of a declaration of war. The successes of Prussia in 1866 and 1870 are largely due to her skill in solving this problem; and many of the reforms we have already noticed have had this end in view for the French army. The scheme before us proposes to adopt German principles to a certain extent, but with modifications of extreme importance, which, it is supposed, will be great improvements. 'Mobilisation' in France, under the old system, was difficult and, comparatively speaking, slow. Not only, as we have seen, were *corps d'armée* fashioned out of scattered and distant elements, not only were regiments, brigades, and divisions not kept together in time of peace; but the method by which an army was raised to its war strength and sent into the field, was faulty and cumbersome in many respects. The extreme centralisation, which was the result of the ubiquitous power of the War Office, threw on the Minister of War almost the whole task of 'mobilising' and arranging *corps d'armée*; a single official and his subordinates had to despatch orders over the whole country, and to manage nearly everything from a bureau in Paris; and mistakes, disorder, and long delays were frequently the disastrous consequence. Again, centralisation caused the impedimenta and supplies not in actual use to be aggregated in a few great establishments; guns, carriages, and stores were heaped in masses in the capital, at Lyons, and one or two other centres; and the charge of unloading this immense *matériel*, and distributing it among a variety of corps, was a complicated and a tedious process. Finally, as there was no organization of corps in peace, so the reserves of corps for war were dispersed everywhere; the reserve men of a corps to be formed at Lyons might be drawn from Brittany, Provence, and Champagne; and there was this additional source of confusion, that reserve men before joining their regiments were first obliged to go to the regimental depôts, perhaps at a great distance from the regimental stations, this again occasioning loss of time and trouble. The general result was, to quote Napoleon III., that the 'armed force of France, under this faulty system, resembled a magnificent machine, the parts of which were kept so

detached and distinct that weeks were required to put them together before it could be made fit to work; and the evil effects were conspicuously seen in the disastrous campaign of 1870-1. In that campaign less than 200,000 Frenchmen out of a standing army of nearly 400,000 were marshalled for war within the period in which more than 350,000 Germans, of a somewhat more powerful standing army, were placed in line on the Lauter and the Saar, and the enormous reserves were, besides, arrayed to which France had so little to oppose.

How the German system of 'mobilisation' was so much more effective than that of France, must be known generally to our readers. Not only are the army corps of Germany kept together in peace on a peace footing; but the whole organization of the German forces has celerity of 'mobilisation' ever in view. With the exception of the Royal Guard of Prussia, all the army corps of the German armies are essentially local and fixed units, raised, recruited, officered, and commanded on the spot; and they are permanently stationed in the several provinces in which they have, so to speak, their domicile. There is but little centralisation under such a system; each corps forms a distinct group, kept in readiness for the field, and with its requirements at hand; and on a declaration of war it finds its *matériel*, its stores, and its reserves within easy reach, and it quickly expands to its full war strength. By these means the delays and confusion of the old French system are largely avoided; the German corps, to quote again Napoleon III., each resembles 'a completed military machine which a few touches can set at once a-going;' and celerity of 'mobilisation' is the natural result. Notwithstanding, however, this great advantage, the organization of the German forces is not free from very serious defects in the opinion of many competent judges. It is doubtful whether the local system could bear the strain of a heavy reverse; and if an army corps from a separate province were to suffer suddenly great losses, it might be difficult to recruit it from its proper centre, while other provinces could not well contribute. Again, the system of provincial corps might make them of very unequal value; and conceivably—though this did not appear in the national struggle of 1870-1

—the men of the Rhineland and of Bavaria might fight very differently in certain quarrels from the Brandenburgers or the Saxon contingent. Finally, the permanent associations of the local system are supposed to weaken the military spirit, to impair discipline, and to be often dangerous; for instance, troops from Alsace and Posen, if kept together in a single corps, could hardly be expected to prove trustworthy in the event of a struggle between France and Prussia. It may be admitted, therefore, that the organisation of the German armies has its defective points, though unquestionably it produces that rapidity and facility of 'mobilisation' for the field which must be aimed at in modern war.

The French project seeks to attain the excellencies of the German system, and yet to avoid its supposed defects. Several of the provisions we have already mentioned—the formation of separate *corps d'armée*, the keeping them together in time of peace, and the localising the powers of the commanders of corps—would tend to quickness in 'mobilisation'; but more is required to solve the problem. The object of the French is to secure the rapidity and precision of their late foes, but to have their army free from what are thought to be the dangers of the provincial scheme; and the means they propose are very ingenious. For this purpose the entire reserves of the active and territorial armies are to be held in readiness, throughout the country, to join the colors on a summons to the field; they are to assemble in fractions at many points, and to be mustered there without further delay; and the reserve required for immediate service is to be at once despatched to the corps nearest at hand, and as soon as possible to be embodied in it. In the same way the supplies needed for the army, when on a war footing, are to be stored in a number of district magazines, distributed in many parts of France; and on a declaration of war they are to be directed to the *corps d'armée* in the immediate neighborhood, and thenceforward to belong to it. By these means reserve men and *matériel* ought to be incorporated in as short a time as is possible under the local system; by throwing them, so to speak, into a common fund, and allotting them to the nearest organised mass, delay presumably would be avoided; and celerity of 'mobil-

isation,' equal to that of the Germans would, it is believed, be obtained. The French project, on the other hand, makes a wide departure from the German plan in almost every other point of importance. In time of peace, every *corps d'armée* is to be recruited from the different parts of France, not as in Germany, each from distinct districts; a corps may have soldiers from Languedoc and Picardy, from Gascony and Anjou in the same regiments; and corps may be moved from place to place, may be sent from the Garonne to the Moselle, not, like the Germans, kept each in its own province. In this way those parts of the French army which are most permanent, and have the greatest influence, would be made homogeneous, and completely freed from local associations and their supposed mischiefs; and the strong military spirit which, it is assumed, would fill them, would be communicated to the large masses which would be added to them in the event of war.

But, as we have seen, the supports of all the corps would be sent off to each, as it was nearest at hand, whenever hostilities should be proclaimed, for rapidity of 'mobilisation' is the one great object, and everything should be done to attain it. In fact, the principle of the French scheme is a non-local system for the army in peace, and a local system of reserves and supplies prepared for a number of non-local units; and by these means celerity and readiness for the field would, it is hoped, be combined with the force and efficiency not attainable by the organisation of the Germans.

Such is this complex but well-considered plan for the 'mobilisation' of the new forces of France. It must be added, to complete the picture of military organisation we have tried to draw, that there is to be a head-quarters' staff, resembling the Prussian, the duty of which would be to study the theory and practice of the art of war, and in every way to prepare for the field; and the system of German manoeuvres in peace, and of requisitions, is to be adopted. It is, of course, obvious that the various *corps d'armée* would in war unite into larger armies, each under separate generals-in-chief, and, perhaps, all depending on a supreme leader; and a great scheme of fortresses and entrenched camps to strengthen and support the

armies in the field, is also designed and is to be gradually completed.

Let us glance at the results of this prodigious system of military preparation, assuming it to be brought to perfection. In a space of time but short in the life of a State the restored national forces of France would be 2,500,000 men, for the most part real and effective soldiers; and even in the course of a few years, their strength would be extremely imposing. This gigantic array, as is the case in Germany, would be the nation in arms, composed of all that is most vital in it; and it would contain elements of military power such as France has never before possessed. In peace it would form a standing army 480,000 strong, and kept in a state of the highest efficiency; and at an outbreak of war it would at once increase that army to 780,000 men, all, without exception, experienced troops; while it would supply a second line of half a million of men, and an ultimate reserve of more than a million. The first, or active part of this force, would be organised into nineteen units, each a distinct and complete army; it would rest immediately on the second line, and it could be sustained, in the last resort, by the veteran territorial army, an enormous body of trained soldiers placed in the closest relations with it. Each of the corps of the active army would be continually kept in readiness for the field; they would be so composed as to give them all an homogeneous and national character, and to banish from all the provincial spirit; and they would be emphatically moveable armies detached from local ties and dependence, and animated by the professional sentiment which knows no home but the camp and the colors. Yet they would, it is thought, be raised to their full war strength as quickly as those of the German armies, and increased efficiency would be combined in them with the rapidity of 'mobilisation,' which is at all times a chief secret of decisive success. As for the territorial army, it would, for the most part, form a local reserve of the greatest value; but it could be linked with the army in the field, and so enormously augment its strength.

This project of restoring the French

army has caused wild debates in the Assembly at Versailles; but they are merely the froth on the wave; and Frenchmen can be determined as well as ardent. A good estimate of the value of the plan appears in the conduct of German statesmen, who, not content with the huge masses of the regular army and the Landwehr, have lately resolved to make the Landsturm more effective than at any previous time.

This reform, should it be carried out, would raise the collective arrays of Germany to nearly 2,800,000 men—that is 300,000 more than the forces of France under the system we have briefly described; and the Germans would have, besides, the advantage of the *prestige* of extraordinary success, and of an organisation matured and proved, while the French would be wanting in these particulars. Yet the scheme of the French is, in some respects, superior to that which exists in Germany; the term of service in the active army of France being longer than that in the German armies, ought to produce more trained and experienced soldiers; the supply of officers under the French plan ought to be ampler than under the German system. Besides, the active and territorial armies of France ought to be more homogeneous and better united than the combined armies of her late adversary; for—not to speak of religious discords—wide differences divide the regular army of Germany from the Landwehr and Landsturm; and the aristocratic and exclusive institutions of Prussia are here sources of strife and dissension. For these reasons it is far from improbable that the new army of France, when fully developed, could, though perhaps inferior in numbers, successfully cope with the German hosts. We shall not, however, attempt to forecast the issue of the gigantic contest which almost certainly will, at some future day, break out on the Rhine, for it is vain to suppose that France will submit to the loss of two of her finest provinces without striking a blow to regain them. Our purpose will be attained if we shall have thrown some light on the means by which France intends to rebuild the edifice of her military power.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

FROM leafy England far away,
 His bones are laid;
 Not where the lark salutes the day,
 Nor where white lambs in meadows play,
 In the green shade.

He lies within a leafless land,
 In the cold snow;
 Where no kind foot or kindlier hand
 Can visit him, or weave a band
 To soften woe.

The white drift whirling all around
 On sea and shore,
 They took him from the ship ice-bound,
 And laid him gently in the ground
 For evermore.

And though no English larks shall throng
 Above his grave,
 To soothe his slumber with their song,
 He lies secure from mortal wrong—
 O sweet and brave!

The secret of the Polar Sea
 Is yet concealed;
 But to thy vision, pure and free,
 The secret of eternity
 Has been revealed!

Evening Hours.

THE ART OF FURNISHING.

THE Art of Furnishing is a term the meaning of which has recently undergone a very great change. Down to a few years ago it referred, in its natural and ordinary application, to the upholsterer. Persons who had an eye to cheapness, or who thought themselves clever at making bargains, attended sales, or bought second-hand goods. But if saving money was not a primary object, or if those who wished to economise distrusted their own ability to economise wisely, the upholsterer had things his own way. Those were the days of drawing-room "suits" and dining-room "sets," of "centre" and "loo" tables, of "lounging," "easy," and "occasional" chairs, and of many other phrases still enshrined in cabinet-makers' catalogues. Pieces of furniture were not thought of as separate objects. Each had its place in a little army, and was put as far as possible into the same uniform as its fellow-soldiers. Over an orderly system such as this the upholsterer was necessarily supreme. He surveyed the field of battle, ascertained the length of his employer's purse, and uttered the magical words, "damask," "satin," or "rep." In the new sense of the term, the art of furnishing is scarcely applied to the upholsterer at all. Houses are furnished by their owners. They represent the taste, not of such and such a firm, but of those who have to live in them. No doubt

these amateur furnishers are still in a minority, but it is a minority which is constantly growing, and which meanwhile makes up for its smallness by the unceasing activity of its proselytism. Its members are all missionaries, for it may be safely said that whenever a house is furnished in this new fashion, all the friends and acquaintance of the owner are sure to hear of it. The cabinet or the secretary may have been bought by stealth, but the happy purchaser rarely blushes to find it fame. At all events, be the minority large or small, it is of this minority that I propose to speak. I shall not maintain that its taste is always good, or that the importance of the subject is always equal to the enthusiasm of those who talk about it. The indiscriminating admiration expressed for old furniture is called forth by its faults as well as by its merits; and a mysterious sanctity is sometimes attached to the name of Queen Anne which the intrinsic loveliness of the object which is supposed to have come down from that golden age scarcely justifies. Even at its best furnishing can claim but a modest place among the arts; and it would be well if young converts to the pursuit would bear this more constantly in mind. Still it is important that it should not be altogether banished from that glorious company. The complacent acquiescence in avoidable ugliness which

characterized the first half of the present century beyond all preceding periods had its influence on men of greater mark than the upholsterer. The bad pre-eminence of that time was as visible in the architecture of houses as in their furniture, in the pictures which hung upon the walls as in the chairs and tables which filled the rooms. In a country like England, in which so much of life is passed at home, furniture plays a more important part than it does in countries where people live a great deal out of doors. The objects which surround them in their houses are to many persons the objects which have most to do with giving pleasure to the eye. For one man who has a beautiful landscape or a fine building within view of his windows, there are thousands who, for any enjoyment to be derived from the prospect, need never carry their eyes beyond the four walls of the room in which they are sitting. In spite of the feelings incident to a pursuit which has suddenly become fashionable, it is a gain to such men that they should have something pleasanter to look at than the contents of an ordinary furniture shop. If the crusade against the upholsterers has given a new attraction to home, and added one more to the too narrow list of interests which lie beyond the range of business life, it is a further and appreciable advantage.

The reaction against the intolerable ugliness of modern furniture was in part identical with the earlier movement against classical architecture and stuccoed houses. But it was long before the improvement in taste passed from architecture to furniture. The architectural renaissance of thirty years ago was essentially a Gothic renaissance, and the study of Gothic art was not, in the first instance, calculated to do much towards improving taste in furniture. The few pieces that have come down from the middle ages are mostly of greater dimensions than can be easily fitted to the requirements of a modern house. The furniture which became a baronial hall could hardly be got into a London dining-room, and, when there, would be altogether incongruous with the walls and the ceiling. Very large rooms, on the building of which much money was spent, had naturally a large amount of structural ornamentation. The sides were panelled, the roof was supported by massive beams and connecting arches, all

carved or colored. Rooms of this kind might be called furnished the moment they had left the architect's hands, and the pieces of necessary furniture that were afterwards added were naturally of a grandeur and massiveness appropriate to the rooms in which they were meant to stand. Such old oak furniture as has been successfully introduced into modern rooms of moderate size has mostly been taken from cottages, where at all times there was very little space to spare. By-and-by, as the Gothic reaction lost some of its early force, people began to ask themselves whether the ages of greatest excellence in Church decoration were necessarily the ages of greatest excellence in house decoration. This inquiry was closely connected with the feeling which has of late been growing up in favor of the despised eighteenth century. When objects that had been unregarded or condemned so long as no merit was recognized in anything later than the fourteenth century came to be compared with contemporary furniture, it was found that the gulf between the chairs and tables of 1850 and those of a century before was proportionably as great as that between Westminster Hall and the National Gallery. It was inevitable that this discovery should be made by amateurs. Even if it had been made by the upholsterers in the first instance, it must have remained without fruit so long as there was no public ready to accept it. Furniture is made to sell, and there is no room in the upholstery trade for that passionate devotion to art which leads a painter to choose to keep his pictures unsold rather than lower them to the popular level. A man who loves art with this disinterestedness will hardly devote himself to a branch of it in which so many things besides beauty have to be considered. If the present liking for good furniture lasts, the art of furnishing will in time fall once more into the hands of professionals. Cabinet-makers will be driven—are already indeed being driven—to follow the change of taste, and will devote themselves with greater or less success, first to copying, and then to continuing the furniture of a better period. For the present, however, it may be assumed almost universally that wherever there has been unusual success, or even unusual effort, in furnishing, it expresses the taste or the aims of the owner

rather than of the upholsterer. It is A who has furnished his house, not Messrs. B and C who have furnished it for him.

The first question which presents itself in dealing with this subject is the precise relation between the furnisher and the collector. For reasons to be explained directly the art of furnishing must for the present be closely connected with the judicious buying of old furniture. Yet if the two ideas are not carefully kept distinct, the result will certainly be a failure from the furnisher's point of view. The common association of rarity and ugliness, though unfortunately not absolutely true, since some of the ugliest things are also the commonest, has an element of truth in it. The collector has always an eye to the ultimate money value of the objects he collects. He may have no intention of selling them, but the price that they will fetch is the standard of comparison by which he weighs his own collection against others. In the last resort it is inevitable that it should be so. This picture-gallery may be richer and that poorer in the works of a particular school, but when all allowances have been made the balance between the contents of the two must be struck by what they would respectively fetch in the auction-room. Consequently the collector as such will prefer rarity to beauty if the latter happens to be so common as to carry with it no special value. But as between objects of equal or nearly equal rarity, it is their beauty that determines their relative worth in the collector's eyes, and as a general rule the objects which he hankers after are more pleasing in themselves than those which he is supposed to despise because they are common. The china collector, for example, is sometimes accused of hanging his drawing-room with "kitchen" plates. The answer to this charge is that the blue-and-white porcelain of Nankin is happier in its arrangement of color, and more successful because more restrained in its designs, than most European wares of the same kind. There is as much difference between a fine blue-and-white plate and a printed willow-pattern plate taken from the kitchen as there is between a fine water-color drawing and a coarse chromolithograph. It is true that a piece of European china, which is in many respects inferior to the Oriental piece, will often fetch more money. But the reason of

this is partly that the taste of the collecting public, like that of all other publics, is not uniformly good, partly that the European piece may have some special merits, as fineness of paste or delicacy of decoration, and partly that when a class of generally beautiful objects is collected particular links in it may become interesting, which, if they had stood by themselves, would have attracted no notice. When this much has been said in defence of collectors, it must be repeated that collecting and furnishing must be kept strictly separate. The motives which determine a collector to a purchase are beauty—beauty, that is, in regard to the class of objects which he collects—and rarity. In furnishing, rarity must be struck out altogether, while even beauty must be treated as secondary. The point to be chiefly considered is the effect of the furniture in the particular room in which it is to stand, and every one knows how difficult it is to decide whether this effect will be bad or good by merely looking at furniture in a dealer's shop. You are struck with the color or the delicacy of marquetry, or with the simplicity or sharpness of carving, or with some undecipherable grace of design or happy employment of material; and you at once feel sure that the object in which these merits are enshrined is exactly what is wanted for this corner or for that recess. When the desire of your eyes is brought home, you perhaps persuade yourself for a few days that it is all you thought it would be; after that, this height of self-deception proves unattainable, and by degrees you acknowledge to yourself that the only thing to be done is get it back to the dealer's. The corner or the recess remains unfilled perhaps for some time, until at length you feel the need of putting something there for mere use's sake. You seize upon the first decent bit of old furniture that you come across, and it at once proves to be the very ideal object you have been looking for. Seen by itself, it has no remarkable merit; seen in that particular place and with those particular surroundings, it has very great merit indeed. Of course it is not possible in all cases to see furniture in its place before deciding on buying it. Indeed, pushed to extremes, the process would necessarily result in buying nothing unless everything could be bought at the same time, and all stand

on trial together. But the moral holds good to this extent, that the position and surroundings of furniture are of more importance than the furniture itself. It must be a very large house that will allow of much furniture being bought on the principle of seeing if you can find a place for it. The buyer must carry in his head the space which the table or the cabinet is to occupy when he is at the dealer's, and carry back with him when he goes home the size and shape and character of the table or the cabinet which he wishes to put into the vacant space.

Well then, it may be said, why should furnishing and collecting go together in any way? What did you mean when you said just now that for the present the art of furnishing must be closely connected with the judicious buying of old furniture? Why not have all furniture made to fit the places and to suit the character of the rooms in which it is to stand? In answering these questions there are three things to be considered: the special characteristics of old furniture; the special faults observable in new furniture of an artistic or decorative kind; and the difficulties which stand in the way of reproducing the characteristics of old furniture on anything like a large scale. One eminent merit of old furniture is implied in the mere statement that it is old. If any collector in the latter part of the twentieth century should be so hopelessly lunatic as to wish to surround himself with furniture made in the middle of the nineteenth century, he will probably have to be content with fragments. Very little of it will have survived in its integrity. By the side of a great deal of modern furniture old furniture may at once be known by the superiority of its workmanship. The tables stand more steadily, the drawers open more smoothly, more care has been given to all the details. It is true that there are particular classes of furniture in which new requirements or new inventions have given birth to real improvements. For example, the easy-chairs and sofas of modern times are more comfortable though less beautiful than the easy chairs and sofas of a century ago. Whether we lounge more than our grandfathers, or whether the art of stuffing has been carried to greater perfection, new stuffed furniture, when it is good, is better than old. But the instances in which the comparison

yields a similar result might be told on one hand. For the most part the furniture of the eighteenth and even of the seventeenth century was far more nicely adapted to its object than furniture made to answer the same purpose since. Look at the "davenport" which has so generally superseded the "bureau" or "secretary" at which ladies wrote their letters and reckoned up their accounts a hundred years back. It resembles its predecessor in being intended for serious work as well as for the mere scribbling of a note, and therefore it is properly fitted up with receptacles for papers and memoranda of all kinds. But to get at these the writer must either raise up the desk on which her blotting-book rests, or reach round to drawers at the side—neither of which methods are very convenient in practice. In the old-fashioned "secretary" her papers and account-books were arranged in drawers and pigeon-holes that faced her as she wrote, and she could get at the contents of all or any of them without deranging the desk in front of her or changing her position except to raise her arm. Another merit of the best old work is its simplicity. The leg of a modern table is usually covered at intervals with a kind of wooden goitres answering no useful end, and giving no pleasure to the eye. The only object in introducing them seems to have been to show how many strange excrescences can be created by the turning-lathe. The leg of an old table goes straight down to the ground, either as a square or as a circle, and if anything not needed for support is introduced, it is done so quietly and with so little pretension that the idea of support remains the leading idea. In old furniture, if you ask yourself why such and such a feature is present, you can almost always see that the workman had a purpose in what he did. He meant the addition either to increase the usefulness of his work or to make it ornamental as well as useful. The modern cabinet-maker seems seldom to have any end in view beyond doing what he himself and everybody round him have been doing all their working lives, or else doing something different solely for the sake of change. His idea of ornamentation alternates between extravagant eccentricities of outline and equally extravagant juxtapositions of colors, or, if he goes beyond this, it is usually in the direction of additional costli-

ness of material. All that he does is done because he has a vague feeling that he must do something, not, as was the case with the old workman, with an intention of doing a particular thing for a particular purpose. It is obvious that this latter quality was far more calculated to lead to good workmanship than the former. The one implies thought, the other implies nothing more than a kind of despairing inability to think. The man who knew why he made the legs of his chairs and tables in one shape and not in another, and why he used ornamentation of a particular kind and applied it in a particular way, would be likely to know that the function of a drawer is to slide in and out easily, and it is not enough that a piece of furniture should convey the promise of solidity to the eye if the promise is broken when it comes to wear and tear. It is not meant of course that there is no such thing as well-made modern furniture. But soundness of construction is a rare merit now-a-days, and it is a merit that has to be paid for. Even after the reaction that has of late years set in in favor of old furniture, it can still be bought more cheaply than equally strong modern furniture.

Supposing that these merits of sound workmanship, simplicity of design and cheapness of cost, could be secured in new furniture, would it then be equal to old furniture? It is plain that if it will not be equal, at all events in essentials, the art of furnishing must by-and-by come to an end. There is a limit to the amount of old furniture that can be brought into the market, and at the rate at which it is now being hunted out the supply will be virtually exhausted before many years have passed. Fortunately, however, there is no need to place old furniture upon this pinnacle of unapproachable merit. Centuries may roll away without giving birth to another John Bellini or seeing a cathedral built which shall rival Amiens or Ely, but the humble achievements of the carpenter are not beyond the reach of common men. The causes which have made the furniture of the nineteenth century so unsatisfactory can be pointed out and in themselves are not past remedy. There is no necessity that chairs and tables should be pretentious or badly made or covered with ornament which is only valued because it cost a great deal of money. These are faults which would

soon disappear if the furnishing public came to see that they are faults. It does not need an expert's eye to detect whether a table stands firmly on its legs or a drawer moves smoothly in its groove. It is true that an ingenious tradesman will contrive to conceal some facts which are exceedingly material to the permanence of furniture. There may be no means of determining whether wood is seasoned or unseasoned, except by waiting to see whether the furniture in which it has been used gets warped by use. But, in proportion as cabinet-makers found their work more accurately judged and appreciated, they would set greater store by their own reputation, and be more loth to risk loss of customers in the race after immediate profits. Indeed, it is only fair to say that this error has never been universal. Even in the times when taste was at its worst there have been upholsterers who have sent out good work, and have set their faces steadily against the general disposition to scamp everything which is not seen, and to think that a piece of furniture has lasted long enough if it has looked well while it has stood in the shop and has survived by a decent interval the passage from the shop to the purchaser's house. As regards cheapness, the prospect is less hopeful. When the greater cost alike of material and of labor is taken into account, it is hard to see how furniture as good as the old can be made anything like as cheaply. It may be objected that very many new materials have been brought into use during the present century, and that the facilities for bringing materials from all countries have been greatly increased. But these new materials are mostly substitutes for those formerly in use, and it is seldom that for artistic purposes the substitute proves as valuable as the original. There are instances to the contrary, as the displacement of the softer and cheaper woods which were employed by carvers in the last century by oak, but, as a rule, the new material will not lend itself to the purposes of the cabinet-maker as readily as the old one. No wood, for example, has taken the place of mahogany, and the difficulty of getting really fine mahogany increases every day. The increased cost of material is trifling, however, compared with the increased cost of labor. This increase is of two kinds, one arising from the general rise in wages in all trades,

the other arising from the separation which has grown up between the ordinary and the art workman. In the last century there was a great deal of original work done by ordinary carpenters. In his very interesting catalogue of the ancient and modern woodwork in the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Pollen says that the pupils of Gibbons were the founders of an "admirable school of architectural carvers to whom we owe the ornamental mouldings so common in the old London of the eighteenth century." They worked in soft woods, so that no great expenditure of time was needed, and if the result was a failure no serious loss was incurred. Mr. Pollen gives the following description of a chimney-piece front carved in lime-wood, probably by the father of Sir Humphry Davy, which is now in the furniture-court in the Museum. "The cornice mouldings are covered with delicate surface carving, and the lower member is a small pierced battlement in the manner of Chippendale. *Æsop's* fable of the Stork and the Fox is the subject of the centre panel; the stork is returning the trick of the fox, by giving him nothing but a long-necked vase, out of which she is eating, while the fox is reduced to licking the lip of the jar for his share. Little panels filled with such subjects, or with *Apollo*, the *Muses*, and similar classical compositions, continued to the end of the century to form the centres of chimney-piece ornament in London houses." It would be impossible to get work of this kind done now, except by artists of much higher mark than the carvers of the last century, many of whom were probably little, if at all, superior to ordinary carpenters. The gulf between the artist and the workman has become too wide to be often crossed, and in the rare cases when it is crossed the carpenter in becoming an artist usually ceases to be a carpenter. What is wanted is such a diffusion of taste as shall once more bring the simpler forms of artistic workmanship within the reach of common workmen.

The chief cause which has placed it beyond their reach is the extension of machinery. It is not worth the while of a cabinet-maker to employ workmen to carve the slight ornamentation which is all that is commonly given to a chair or a table, when a machine will give him more showy results in less time and at less cost. But machine-made ornament is destitute

of the incommunicable charm which belongs to handwork, and unfortunately this is the one charm which makes ornament worth having. Ornament is only beautiful in so far as it expresses the mind of the workman. It may be objected that if there were no machinery workmen would still be employed in copying the same design over and over again, and that if machinery saves them this labor it really prevents them from becoming no better than machines themselves. If the experiment had never been tried, this plea might have been accepted, but, as a matter of fact, it has been tried, and we know with what results. The workman, released from the necessity of copying the designs of others, has not become a designer on his own account: he has simply ceased to possess even that skill of hand which copying demanded. So long as he had no choice but to acquire this, he had, at all events, the opportunity of developing any latent faculty of design which might happen to be in him. The power of copying other men's work is with every artist the necessary prelude to doing original work. Machinery has made this power unattainable by the great majority of furniture-makers. Compare, for example, the training which a so-called "carver and gilder" now receives with the training of the workman who went by the same name a century ago. A carver and gilder now-a-days is probably unable to carve anything; but the absence of the faculty is no inconvenience to him, because modern frames are not carved at all; they are made of putty, moulded to represent carving. When a frame is ordered, the carver and gilder's business is simply to choose, or ask his customer to choose, between the various patterns with which the frame merchant has supplied him, and to see that as many feet of the composition as are needed are strongly fastened together and covered with the proper amount of gold-leaf. Whatever originality there once was in the man's work has altogether disappeared. He no longer carves a frame out of the raw material before him, either following strictly the copy before him or introducing such modifications in it as experience or fancy may suggest to him. He merely takes the moulded strips which are furnished to him, mechanically fastens them together, and then gilds them. It needs no explanation

to show how little calculated this latter process is to bring out any artistic capacity that there may be in the man. If he were really a carver in fact as well as in name he might, no doubt, remain a mere copyist all his life, but if there were any faculty in him of becoming something more than a mere copyist, it could hardly fail to show itself. As he became more perfect in his work he would see more clearly the imperfections of his predecessors' work, and from seeing them it would be but a short step to supplying them. Where the example before him was itself a copy, he would come still closer to the original; where it was the offspring of the workman's own fancy, he would make the reproduction more spirited or more graceful. What is true of picture-frames and mirror-frames is true, more or less, of all furniture in which ornamentation enters. Everywhere the workman has been displaced either by the inanimate or the animate machine, and as the first condition of making modern furniture as effective as the furniture of the last century is to give the workman his old place, it is scarcely possible that good furniture can ever be cheap.

The third merit attributed to old furniture, simplicity, ought to be more within our reach. The introduction of machinery has been exceedingly injurious in this respect also. The ornamental parts of furniture have been made in large quantities, and, being ready to hand, they have naturally been applied to various pieces of furniture without much regard to harmony or appropriateness. Place a Chippendale chair by the side of an ordinary ornamented modern chair and the truth of this will at once be seen. The maker of the one has had the general idea of the chair in his head from the first, and such ornament as is introduced has grown naturally out of the needs and opportunities of the design. The maker of the other has simply picked out from the produce of the turning-lathe the ornaments which lend themselves most readily to his purpose, and has then had them fastened together. This latter process is obviously inconsistent with simplicity, because it is inconsistent with the appropriateness of part to part and of the whole to its purpose, which is a chief element of simplicity. There is another characteristic of modern upholstery which is equally injurious to this cardinal virtue in furniture. This is its exaggerated eclecti-

cism. There is no age or country which is not laid under tribute by some of our art furnishers. Pompeian houses, French castles, and Italian palaces may all be ransacked to supply designs for a London drawing-room. The upholsterer never stops to consider how the coloring which looks so pleasantly cool under the sun of Southern Italy will suit the fog and smoke of an English winter; how the sideboard which seemed in its place on the dais of a vast hall will become the modest limits to which London builders are necessarily restricted, or how the huge pier-glasses which were in place in rooms which contained but little other furniture will look amidst that crowd of objects, serving neither for use nor pleasure, with which people who have more money than taste are so fond of surrounding themselves. It may be objected that eclecticism is not necessarily incompatible with simplicity, inasmuch as each individual object imitated may be well conceived for its own purpose. This might be true if the style from which the upholsterer has to make his choice were suited to similar social conditions. But, as was said some way back, furniture in the middle ages was mostly intended for very large rooms, and the same thing holds good of the furniture of the Renaissance. Consequently, in order to adapt a Gothic or a Cinque-cento design to the use of the nineteenth century, it becomes necessary to reduce it in size, and when this has been done many of the parts may appear quite out of keeping with the scale on which they now have to be made. A so-called Gothic table, measuring perhaps eighteen inches across, will have its legs composed of base, shaft, and richly carved capital. The mouse which runs under them may possibly be as much impressed by them as we are by the mighty columns which support a cathedral roof, but a man cannot hope to put himself into this frame of mind unless he first goes down on all fours. A real mediæval coffee-table would be such a table as the men and women who lived in the middle ages would have made to hold a cup of coffee, supposing that they had had coffee to drink, or cups to drink it out of. But all that we know of the immense fertility and adaptiveness of Gothic invention makes it in the highest degree improbable that such a table would have borne any resemblance to a miniature section of a cathedral nave.

It appears, then, first, that old furniture is at present superior to modern furniture; next, that the qualities which make it so are not likely to be soon reproduced in modern furniture; and, thirdly, that as the quantity of old furniture is necessarily limited, the future of the art of furnishing mainly depends on the degree in which the taste of upholsterers and of their customers admits of improvement. For the present, therefore, the judicious furnisher will, as has been said, resort chiefly, though not exclusively, to the shops of dealers in old furniture. By so doing he will exercise a better influence on upholsterers than by buying the new furniture which they offer him. So soon as the trade discover that the present passion for old furniture is not a mere caprice, that it is quite distinct from the taste for collecting antiquities, and has its root in a genuine preference for certain types of furniture which were made a century ago and are not made now, they will begin to consider whether they cannot supply these types as well as their predecessors. It has been seen that there are many obstacles in the way of their succeeding in such an attempt, but some of them, at all events, are not insurmountable, and if they are got over it will probably be by the agency of trade enterprise.

There are two principal exceptions to this rule of preferring old furniture to new. Furniture is meant for use and comfort in the first instance, and there are some modern needs which no furniture made in the last century will supply. Washing-apparatus is one of these. The little enclosed washstands which our grandfathers used are much better suited for jugs and basins of the dimensions still met with abroad than for the larger vessels which satisfy contemporary English notions in the matter of soap and water. Stuffed furniture is another case in point. A really comfortable easy-chair is a thing of recent invention, and to forego the use of it because our forefathers were not so fortunate as to possess it would show an entire want of comprehension of the reasons which ought as a rule to lead to the purchase of old rather than of modern furniture. The other exception is when you are fortunate enough to find a carpenter who can copy old furniture and adapt his designs to the particular requirements of his customers. Before mo-

dern workmen can improve upon old furniture they must be able to reproduce it, so that every copy which is honestly produced is a step towards the formation of a really good school of artistic cabinet-makers. I say every copy which is honestly produced, because there is an immense quantity of dishonest imitation in the old furniture trade. There is more than one fashionable dealer in old furniture in the west of London who habitually sells as old furniture a great part of which is new. The framework usually is what it professes to be, because as yet it pays better to buy old sideboards or secretaries made originally in plain wood, and add the inlaying or the carving of which they were not thought worthy, than to make the whole thing new from the foundation. Some of the results of this "enriching" process—to use the trade term—are quite equal to old work. At present they are degraded by the dishonest use to which the dealer puts them, and any one who encourages the production of really good marquetry or carved furniture is helping the workman to emancipate himself from a system which denies him his proper credit in order to enable the dealer to meet the demand for old furniture without the trouble of hunting or the delay of waiting for it.

At this point it will probably be objected that I have said nothing to guide a purchaser through the labyrinth of a curiosity-shop. The buyer of modern furniture is in no difficulties on this head. He puts himself into an upholsterer's hands, and thenceforward has only to decide between suggestions which chiefly differ in the length of purse required to carry them out. But amateur furnishing is assumed to be the work of individual preference; and if those who undertake it have no knowledge to guide them their rooms may easily become an incongruous medley in which age will be expected to cover every conceivable sin against taste. Unfortunately no formula can be devised that will at once ensure a buyer of old furniture against making mistakes. He must learn how to spend his money wisely, and—as in most other studies—the lessons that do him most benefit will be those gained from his own blunders. Only a few very general hints can here be given by way of starting him on the right path. And first, is he to buy any description of old furni-

ture that pleases his fancy, or ought he to choose a particular style and stick to it? There is a tendency occasionally visible to make modern rooms a needlessly precise reproduction not merely of a particular century, but of a particular decade in a century. The owner seems to have aimed at making his friends believe that everything they see was made for an ancestor in the year 1710 or in the year 1770. The development of styles in furniture was not so rapid as this effort would imply. There is no necessary incongruity between chairs made in the reign of Queen Anne and tables made in the reign of George III. Each period did some things better than others, and neither was infallibly preserved against faults of taste. If a room is furnished entirely in the first-named style, it may look heavy; if it is furnished entirely in the former style, it may look too slight and fanciful. Much the same thing may be said as regards different countries. If the furniture is exclusively of English origin, the coloring may be too sombre; if it is exclusively French or Dutch it may want repose. Still there are certain broad divisions of styles between which a choice must be made. No room would look satisfactory if mediæval, renaissance, and eighteenth-century furniture were mingled in equal proportions. Occasionally, a piece of furniture belonging to one of these periods may successfully be introduced into a room furnished, for the most part, in the style of another period, but the experiment always involves some risk. To which of these three periods the furniture of a house should, for the most part, belong, is not a matter that admits of question. Whatever may be the abstract merits of eighteenth-century art, it has one quality which gives it an overwhelming claim to be the starting-point of a furniture revival. The eighteenth century was the first really domestic century—the first period in which life, especially life in towns, was subjected to the conditions with which we are ourselves familiar. It was to be expected, therefore, that whatever there was of artistic feeling in this century should largely express itself in furniture. If we only knew the age by the graceful women and the quaint charming children who survive in Reynolds's pictures, we might infer that the appointments of their houses had been as dainty

and refined as their own faces and dresses. If other periods had had the same wants to meet, they might have met them equally well. As regards the middle ages, Gothic art was probably capable of suiting itself to every possible variety of circumstance and of furnishing a room twelve feet square as appropriately as the dining-hall of a feudal castle or the presence-chamber of a royal palace. But Gothic art was never given the room twelve feet square to try its hand on, and the contemporary artists who have made the attempt have only succeeded in proving that they are most successful when they copy the actual work of their predecessors. If ever domestic Gothic becomes a living and progressive style, it may win as conspicuous triumphs in the region of furniture as in the region of architecture. But at present it is wiser to go no further back than an age in which the artistic succession had not come actually to an end, and there were still men who took a genuine pleasure in the objects they produced, even though those objects were of no more dignity than a table or a sideboard.

It is open to us to improve upon eighteenth-century furniture, whether that improvement take the shape of a return to a yet earlier period or of a wholly new development. But let us first learn to rival the eighteenth century, to make furniture as good as was made then, with as little pretension, with as little exaggeration, with the same directness of aim, with as constant a sense that the subordination of beauty to use does not forbid the workman to give beauty a place in his design. Nor need there be any fear that the choice of the eighteenth century will unduly limit the freedom of those who wish to make the furnishing of their houses a reflection of their own taste and not a mere antiquarian exercise. The reigns of Anne and the three first Georges in England, of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. in France, and of the corresponding period in Holland, give ample opportunity for the exercise of individual preference. The carved mahogany of Chippendale, the combination of mahogany and satin-wood which succeeded to it, the inlaid arabesque which was especially affected in England, the rich coloring and floral patterns of the best school of Dutch marquetry, the subdued tints and graceful designs which are associated with French marquetry, may

be combined in endless diversities of arrangement. I cannot warrant the reader against making mistakes, but I can assure him that, if he uses his eyes and his brain

properly, his mistakes need not be numerous, while the pleasure of detecting them for himself will be almost worth the money that they have cost.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE MARRIAGE OF MOIRA FERGUS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

HABET!

ABOUT one o'clock of the day on which Moira Fergus was married, her father returned home from the curing-house for his dinner. He was surprised to find no one inside the small cottage. There were the usual preparations, certainly—a loaf of bread and a jug of milk on the side-table, and the big black pot hung high over the smouldering peats. He was angry that she should not be there; but he had no thought of what had occurred.

In a sullen mood he proceeded to get for himself his dinner. He lowered the black pot and raked up the peats; then, when the steam began to rise, he helped himself, and sate down to the small table. Moira should pay for this.

But by-and-by, as the time passed, and there was no Moira, he began to be suspicious; and he had not well finished his dinner when he started off, with a dark look on his face, for the cottage in which Angus M'Eachran lived. There was an old woman there who acted in some measure the part of cook and housekeeper for Angus—a bent, shrivelled old woman, more sulky even than John Fergus himself.

"Is Angus M'Eachran in the house?" said he, in the Gaelic.

"And it is a foolish man you are to ask such a question!" the old woman said. "As if a young man will be in the house in the middle of the day, when all the young men will be at the fishing."

With a petulant oath, Fergus went past her and walked into the cottage. There was no one inside.

Then, with his suspicions growing momentarily stronger, he walked away from Ardtilleach, until, at one point of the coast, he reached the school which did service for the whole of the island. He went inside and spoke to the schoolmaster, Alister Lewis; and Moira's younger sisters

were called aside and questioned. They knew nothing of her.

Then he went back to Ardtilleach, and by this time there was a great commotion in the village, for it was known that Moira Fergus could not be found, and that her father was seeking everywhere for her. The old women came out of the hovels, and the old men came in from the potato-fields, and the small children listened, wondering, but understanding nothing.

"Ay, ay, it iss a ferry angry man he iss, and the young lass will hef many a hard word from him; and if she will go away, what iss the reason of it that she should not go away?" said one.

"Ay, ay," said one old man, coming up with an armful of smoke-saturated roofing, which he was about to carry to one of the small fields, "and iss it known that Angus M'Eachran will not go out with the poat this morning, and young Tonald Neil he will go out with the poat, and that wass what I will see myself when I wass coming from Harrabost."

This was news indeed, and it was made the basis of a thousand conjectures. Moira Fergus and Angus M'Eachran had gone away from Darroch, and caught up one of the schooners making for the Lewis. They were on their way to Stornoway; and from Stornoway they would go to Glasgow or America; and John Fergus would see his daughter Moira no more.

When John Fergus made his appearance, these gossipers were silent, for there was anger on his face, and they feared him.

"You hef not seen Moira?" said he.

"No," answered one and all.

"Hef you seen Angus M'Eachran then?"

"This iss what I will tell you, John Fergus," said the old man, who had laid down his bundle of black straw. "It wass Tonald Neil he will be for going out this morning in the poat, and Angus M'Eachran he wass not in the poat,

and it iss many a one will say now that if Angus M'Eachran and Moira hef gone away to Styornoway——"

"They hef not gone to Styornoway!" exclaimed Fergus. "It iss a fool that you are, Peter Taggart, to speak of Styornoway!"

But at this moment the group of idlers was moved by a new surprise; for who should appear at the further end of the village than the daughter of Mr. Mackenzie, the king of the far island of Borva, and she was coming along on horseback, with her husband, a tall young Englishman, by her side. What could this wonderful portent mean? Were they on their way to visit Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, who was a clever man and a travelled man, and had been to Stornoway, and Glasgow, and other distant places?

They saw her, while as yet she was some distance off, dismount from the horse, and then her husband led the animal until he found a post to which he tied the bridle. Then these two came along together, and the village people thought she resembled a queen, and had the dress of a queen, and the air of a queen.

"And where is the house of John Fergus?" said she, when she came up, to an old woman.

The old woman was rather taken aback by this great honor, and she hurriedly dropped a curtsy, and exclaimed,—

"Ay, iss it John Fergus? And here is John Fergus himself!"

Moira's father was standing apart, with sullen brows. He had a dim suspicion that this unexpected visit had something to do with the disappearance of his daughter.

"Mr. Fergus," said Sheila, going forward to him, and speaking to him in a low voice, "I am going to ask you to be a kind man and a reasonable man this day. And it is a very simple thing I hef to tell you. It was last week that Mr. MacDonald, the minister, came to Borva, and he was saying that Angus M'Eachran and your daughter Moira, they would like to be married, and that you were against it——"

"Iss it against it you will say?" he broke in, fiercely. "I would like to see——"

"Let me speak to you, Mr. Fergus," said the young lady gently. "Well, An-

gus and Moira did not see any use in waiting, for they knew you would never consent, and I believe they had determined to run away from Darroch and go to Glasgow——"

"And hef they gone to Glasgow?" demanded Fergus, in a voice that was heard even by the neighbors, who had remained at a respectful distance.

"No, they hef not. The minister thought, and I thought, that would be a very bad thing. I said you were a reasonable man, Mr. Fergus, and I would go to you to speak with you, and you would listen to it, and you would understand that a young girl does no wrong in thinking of getting married——"

"Where iss Moira?" said he, suddenly. "You—you hef taken her away—ay, that iss it—it iss a ferry grand laty you are, but if you hef taken away Moira Fergus——"

"Mr. Fergus," said Sheila's husband, stepping forward, "I'd strongly advise you to be a little more civil."

"And you!" said he, turning fiercely on this new assailant, "what iss it to you that I will hef command ofer my own house? And what iss it to you to come and touch such things? And I say to you, where iss Moira?"

Mr. Lavender would have replied, and, doubtless, with injudicious vehemence, but Sheila interposed.

"I will tell you where she is, Mr. Fergus," she said quietly. "Now you will be a reasonable man, and you will see how it is better to make the best of what is done; and Moira is a good lass, and—and—she is coming now to Ardtilleach, and Angus too, and it was over at Mr. MacDonald's manse to-day they were—and you will be a reasonable man, Mr. Fergus——"

"At the manse!" he cried, seeing the whole thing. "And they were married?"

"Well, yes, indeed, Mr. Fergus——"

At this confirmation of his suspicions his rage became quite uncontrollable, and he suddenly broke upon Sheila with a flood of vituperation in Gaelic. Her husband could not understand a word, but he saw the girl retreat a step, with her face pale.

He sprang forward.

"Speak English, you hound, or I'll kick you down to the shore and back again!" he cried.

"Iss it English!" Fergus shouted in his rage. "Iss it English! Ay, it iss the English thieves coming about the islands to steal when the door is left open! And it iss you, Sheila Mackenzie, it iss you that will answer for this——"

In his ungovernable passion he had raised his clenched fist in the air, and inadvertently he advanced a step. Probably he had not the least intention in the world of striking Sheila, but the threatening gesture was quite enough for her husband; so that, quick as lightning, he dealt John Fergus a blow right on the forehead which sent him staggering backward until he tripped and fell heavily. There was a scream from the old women, who came running forward to the prostrate man. Mr. Lavender turned to his wife, his face a trifle pale.

"Are your nerves fluttered, Sheila?" he said. "Come over to this bench here, and sit down. Will you have a drop of whiskey?"

Sheila was indeed trembling; she suffered herself to be led to the wooden bench, and there she sate down.

"Have you hurt him?" she said, in a low voice.

"Certainly," said he. "I have hurt him, and my own knuckles as well. But he'll come to, all right. Don't you mind him."

Mr. Lavender walked back to the group of people. John Fergus was sitting up in the middle of the road, looking considerably dazed.

"Here, some of you folks, get me a drop of whiskey, and a clean glass, and some water."

The request was attended to at once.

"Well, John Fergus," said Mr. Lavender, "you'll keep a more civil tongue in your head next time I pay you a visit."

He went back to his wife and prevailed on her to take a little whiskey and water to steady her nerves.

"It is a bad thing you hef done," she said, sadly. "He will never forgive them now."

"He never would have forgiven them," replied the husband. "I saw that at once. Your appeals were only making him more frantic. Besides, do you think I would allow, in any case, a cantankerous old fool like that to swear at you in his beast of a language?"

"And what shall we do now?"

"Why, go back again—that's all. We shall meet the younger folks on the road."

"We cannot go away till you see how John Fergus is."

"Oh, John Fergus is right enough—see, there he goes, slinking off to one of the cottages, probably his own. A little rest will do him good, and let his temper cool. Now, Sheila, pull yourself together; you've got to entertain a distinguished guest on board the yacht this evening, and we must not lose time."

Sheila rose and took her husband's arm. As they walked along to the post where the horse was tied, the villagers came up to them, and more than one said,—

"Ay, ay, sir, it wass ferry well done, and a ferry goot thing whateffer, that you will teach John Fergus to keep a civil tongue, and he is a ferry coorse man, and no one will dare to say anything to him. Ay, and to think that he would speak like that to Miss Sheila Mackenzie—it wass well done, ay, and ferry well done."

"But he is not hurt?" Sheila said.

"Well, he iss hurt, ay, and he iss not hurt; but he will be going to lie down, and when he gets up again, then there will be nothing; but he iss ferry wake on the legs, and there iss no more anger in his speech—no, there will be no more anger now for the rest of this day whateffer."

So Mr. and Mrs. Lavender went away from Ardtillach, the latter rather downhearted over the failure of her enterprise, the former endeavoring to convince her that that might have been expected, and that no great harm had been done. Indeed, when in crossing the lonely moorland road, they saw Angus M'Eachran and Moira Fergus at a great distance, coming toward them, Sheila "lifted up her voice and wept," and it was in vain that her husband tried to comfort her. She dismounted from the saddle, and sate down on a block of silver grey granite by the roadside, to await Moira's coming; and, when the young Highland girl came up, she could scarcely speak to her. Moira was infinitely perturbed to see this great lady grieved because of her, and, when she heard all that had happened, she said, sadly,—

"But that iss what I hef expected, and there wass no other thing that I hef expected. If there wass any chance of

getting a smooth word from my father, do you think, Mrs. Laffenter, that Angus M'Eachran and me we would be for going away to Glasgow?"

"It is a bad home-coming after the wedding that you will hef," said her friend.

"Yes, indeed, but we hef looked for that; and it iss a great thing you hef done for us, Mrs. Laffenter, in coming all the way from Borva to the wedding; but we will not forget that; and it will be remembered in the island for many a day. And now you will be for going on to the manse, Mrs. Laffenter."

"Moir," said her friend, "we are going away to London in a day or two now, and I would like to hef a word from you, and you or Angus will send me a letter, to tell me what is going on in Darroch."

"Indeed, yes," said Angus, "and they will know you ferry well in London if we send the letter, or iss there more ass one of the same name in London?"

"You must have the address," said Mr. Lavender, getting out a card.

He looked at the card as if it were some strange talisman; then he put it in his pocket; there was a little hand-shaking, and the bride and bridegroom went on their way.

"Moir!" Mrs. Lavender called out, suddenly.

The girl turned and came back; she was met half way by her friend, who had a great sympathy and sadness in her eyes.

"It is ferry sorry for you I am this day," said Sheila, in a low voice, "and there is not anything I would not do to hef got for you a better home-coming. And you will speak to your father, Moira—not now, when he is in his anger—but afterwards, and perhaps he will see that what is done is done, and he will be friends with you."

"I will try that, Mrs. Laffenter," said the girl.

"And you will send me a letter to London?"

"Oh, ay, I will send you the letter to London, and it will be a proud day for me the day that I will send you a letter; and you will not say a word of it to any one, Mrs. Laffenter, if there iss not the ferry goot English in the letter, for it iss Angus he can write the goot English petter ass me."

"Your English will be good enough, Moira," said her friend. "Good-bye."

So again they parted; and that was the last these two saw of each other for many long days and months.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

It was well on in the afternoon when Angus M'Eachran and his young wife reached Ardtilleach; and by that time one or two of the boats had come in from the ling fishing; so that there were a good many people about. And there was a great commotion in the place over the news of what had happened—a commotion such as had not shaken Ardtilleach since the foundering of the French schooner on Harrabost Head. Moreover, two or three of the young fellows took solemn oath in the Gaelic that they would not allow Angus M'Eachran's wedding to pass over without a dance and a dram, whatever was thought of it by John Fergus, who remained sullen, sour, and ashamed in his own home.

There was a great deal of hand-shaking when the bride and bridegroom arrived; and many were the good wishes expressed by the old women about the future of Moira. The young girl was grateful; but her eyes kept wandering about the place, apparently seeking for her father.

There was no time to organize a great entertainment, as was done when Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, married Ailasa MacDonald, a young lass from Killeena; but one of the curers—the very curer, indeed, who was John Fergus's master—came forward in a handsome manner, and said that if two or three of the young fellows would begin and roll some barrels aside, he would tender the use of his curing-house, so that some frugal supper and a dance might be possible. This was done in due time, and Angus's companions set to work to hold some little feast in his honor. One went away, declaring that he would himself, as sure as he was a living man, bring six gallons of whiskey to the curing-house. Another, a famous musician, went off for his fiddle. Another declared that it would be a shame, and a very great shame, if Alister Lewis were not told of the approaching celebration, and immediately set out for the school-house. Then the boys about obtained permission from old Donald Neil to gather the potato-shaws out of his field, and these

they brought to the point of the shore outside the curing-house, so that, when night came, a mighty bonfire and beacon should tell even the ships out at sea that great doings were going on on land.

Angus M'Eachran was very proud of all this, and very glad to be among his own people again. The ceremony over there at the Free Church Manse had rather frightened him; now he felt at home; and, having drunk a glass or two, he was as anxious for a dance as any one. But with Moira the case was very different. Of all the crowd, she was the only one who was anxious, sad, and preoccupied. She had none of the quick laughter of a bride.

"Ay, and what iss the matter with you, Moira?" said her husband.

"There iss nothing the matter with me, Angus," she replied; but the wistful and anxious look did not depart from her face.

Well, there was not much of a supper that night, and, indeed, many did not go into the curing-house at all, but remained outside, where dancing had already begun on a rocky plateau, covered with short sea-grass. It was a lovely night—the wonderful glow of the northern twilight shining over the dark heavens, and the stars gradually becoming more distinct on the smooth surface of the sea. There was a fresher air out here on the rocks than in the heated curing-house, and the whiskey was as good outside as in.

Then a great shout arose, for the boys had put a light to the bonfire, and presently the long, lithe tongues of fire began to leap up, while the young men took to performing feats of jumping through the flames. In the excitement of the moment the curer, who had had a glass, became reckless, and ordered the boys to bring a heap of driftwood from the curing-house. Then, indeed, there was a bonfire—such a bonfire as the shores of Darroch and Killeena had never seen before. There was a great noise and confusion, of course, friend calling to friend, and the old women trying to prevent the boys from springing through the flames.

In the midst of all this noise Moira slipped away from the side of her husband. She had been inside the curing-house, and there her health and the health of her husband had been loyally drunk, and she had gone round the whole company, shaking hands with each, while she said

"Shlainte!" and put her lips to the whiskey. The cry of "The fire!" of course called everyone out, and in the crowd she was separated from her husband. She seized this opportunity.

The great red glare was shining athwart the hollows in the rocks, and even lighting up palely the fronts of the cottages of Ardtilleach, so that she had not much fear for her footing as she passed over to the road. There seemed to be no one left in Ardtilleach. There was not a sound to be heard—nothing but the distant voices of the people calling to each other round the bonfire. All the fishermen, and the young women, and the old folks, and the children had gone out to the point.

Moira went rapidly along the cottages till she came to her father's, her heart beating hurriedly. When she reached the door a cry of fright had nearly escaped her, for there was her father—his face partly lit up by the reflection of the red light—sternly regarding her. He did not move to let her pass into the house. He did not say a word to her; he only looked at her as if she were a dog, a boat, a piece of stone. Rather than this terrible reception, she would have had him break out into a fury of rage.

She was not prepared for it; and after the first wild look of entreaty, she turned her eyes to the ground, and stood there, trembling and speechless.

"Hef you no word for me?" she said at length.

"None!" he answered.

He seemed to be regarding the distant bonfire, its long shoots of flame into the black night, and the alternate dusky and red figures moving round it.

"It wass many a time," she began, in desperation, hoping to make some excuse; "it wass many a time, I will say to you——"

"Do you hear what I hef told you?" said he, fiercely. "I hef no word to speak to you—no, not if you wass to lif in Ardtilleach for sixty years. To-morrow you will be to me as if you wass dead; to-morrow, and the next day, and all the years after that. You hef gone away, ay, and you shall stay away, Moira Fergus! I hef no more speaking for you, nor for Angus M'Eachran; and it iss a foolish man Angus M'Eachran will be if he comes near me or my house."

"Father—only this——"

"I tell you, Moira Fergus, to go away; or, by Kott, I will tek you, and I will trag you out to the curing-house, and put you among your trunken frients! That iss what I will do, by Kott!"

His vehemence frightened her; she went back a step, and then she looked at him. He turned and went inside the cottage. Then there was nothing for the girl but to go back to her friends, whose shouts still resounded through the silence of the night.

"Ay, and where hef you been, Moira?" her husband said, he alone having noticed her absence.

"I wass down to my father's house," she answered, sadly.

"And what will he say to you?"

"He hass no word for me. To-morrow, and the next day, and all the time after that, I will be just as one that iss dead to him; ay, ay, sure enough."

"And what of that?" her husband said. "Tit you not know that pefore? And what iss the harm of it? It iss a ferry goot thing indeed and mirover that you will be away from a coorse man, that wass ferry terrible to you and to all his neighbors. And it iss ferry little you hef to complain apout, Moira; and now you will come and hef a tance."

"It iss not any tance I will be thinking about," said the girl.

He became a little impatient.

"In the name of Kott, what iss it you will want, Moira! It iss a strange thing to hef a young lass going apout ferry sorrowful on the tay of her wedding. And it iss many a one will say that you are not ferry glad of the wedding."

That was true enough. It was remarked that, whereas everybody was ready for a dance and a song, only Moira seemed to care nothing for the dance and the song. But the old women knew the reason of it; and one said to the other—

"Ay, ay, it iss a hard thing for a young lass to go away from her own home to get marriet, and it iss ferry strange she will be for a time, and then she will heed that no more. But Moira Fergus, it iss ferry pad for Moira Fergus that her father iss a coorse and a wild man, and she will hef no chance of being frients with him any more; and the young lass—well, she is a young lass—and that will trouple a young lass, indeed and mirover."

But these shrewd experiences had no

hold of Angus M'Eachran. His quick Celtic temperament resented the affront put upon him, on his very wedding day, by the girl whom he had married. The neighbors saw she was anything but glad; and the young man had it in his heart to say, "Moira, if you are sorry for the wedding, I am too; and sorrier still that I cannot go and have it undone." He moved away from her.

By this time the tumult round the bonfire had subsided, for now nothing but smouldering ashes were left, and the people had formed again into dancing groups, and talking groups, and drinking groups—perhaps the first two ought to be included in the third. Angus M'Eachran would not dance at all; but he had recovered his temper, and once or twice he went and said a friendly word to Moira, who was standing with some of the old women looking on at the reels. But what had fired this other young fellow to call out:—

"Hey! there iss one man not here this day, and, by Kott, he ought to be here this day. And he iss a foolish man and a madman that will stay at home when his own daughter is being married!"

"Ay, ay!" said two or three.

"And this iss what I say," continued the fisherman, who had evidently had a glass. "I am going ofer to John Fergus's house!"

"Ay, and me too," responded one or two of his companions.

"And we will hef a joke with him," cried one.

"Ay, ay, and we will hef him out!" cried another.

"We will put a light to his thatch!" cried a third. "And you will see if John Fergus will not come out to his daughter's wedding!"

At this, Moira darted forward before them.

"If there iss one of you," she said in an excited way, "if there iss one of you will go near to my father's house this night, this iss what I will do—I will go and jump ofer the rock there into the water."

"Ay, ay," said her husband, coming forward rather gloomily, "it iss no use the having a joke with John Fergus. Let John Fergus alone. If he will not come out to his daughter's wedding, that is nothing to any one—it iss a ferry goot thing there are others that hef come to the wedding, and

ass for John Fergus, he will be ferry welcome to stay at home this night, or the next night, or the next five hundred years, and tam him!"

So that matter passed over, and the merrymaking was resumed—the fiddler having illimitable calls on him, and the very oldest determined to show that they had not altogether lost the use of toe and heel. There was no lack of whiskey; and altogether the improvised entertainment in honor of the wedding of Moira Fergus became a notable and memorable thing. But there were two or three present who remarked that Moira looked very sorrowful; and that Angus M'Eachran was not so well pleased with her as a husband should be with his newly-married wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INTERMEDDLER.

JOHN FERGUS kept his word: his daughter was as one dead to him. When he passed her in the village, he had neither look nor speech for her; and then she went home with a heavy heart. At first her husband tried to reason with her about her unavailing silence and sadness; but he soon got tired of that, and impatient, and glad to be out with his companions in the boat, or on the beach, where a laugh and a joke was possible.

"What, in the name of Kott, iss the use of it, Moira?" he would say to her, when he was near losing his temper. "Hef you not known all along that your father, John Fergus, would hef no word for you if you wass to go and get married? Hef I not told you that? And it wass many a time you will say to me, 'Angus, I cannot stay longer in the house with my father;' and then I hef said to you, 'Moira, it will be a ferry tifferent thing when you hef a house to yourself, and you will be the mistress of the house and no one will speak a coorse word to you.' And now you hef no more thought of that—you hef no more thought of anything but your father—and this iss what I will say to you, Moira, that no man hass the patience with a wife who iss discontented from the morning to the night, and it iss many's the time I hef wished you could go back to your father—and tam him!"

In due course of time, and in fulfilment of her promise, Moira sate down one day and wrote a letter to Mrs. Lavender, who

was still in London. This letter she brought to her husband, asking him to address it for her, and hinting that he might look through it, for she was better at spelling the Gaelic than the English. Angus got a pen and sate down.

He had not read far when an angry light came to his eyes. Moira's letter to her friend was not the letter which a young wife might be expected to write. It was very sad and mournful; and it was all about her father, and the impossibility of conciliating him. There was not a word in it of her husband, or of his project of building a cottage with a slate roof, or of the recent state of the fishing around the coast. It was all her father, and her father, and her father; and the young fisherman's face grew dark. Finding that she had gone outside, he got another piece of paper and wrote as follows:—

"This is what Moira haz to tell to you, Mrs. Laffenter, and this is all she haz to tell to you, and it is not ferra much whatever. But there is another word I would say to you that Moira haz not said, and when a man marries a wife, it is not to be trifen out of the house that he will marry a wife, and this is what haz come to us, that Moira she will think of nothing from the morning to the night but the quarrel with John Fergus, and it is not any other thing she will think of, and there is no man will haf the patience with that. And that is how we are, Mrs. Laffenter, and you will not trouble yourself to say a word of it to Moira, for I haf said a great many things to her; but it is no use there is in them, and all the day she will haf no word for me, and no laugh or a joke like a young lass, and it is the Gott's mercy there will be one or two young men about or I would go away to Glassgow indeed and mirover. And you waz ferra kind to us, Mrs. Laffenter, and it is no great gladness I haf in telling you the story, but I waz thinking if you got Moira's letter you would be for writing to John Fergus, and there will be no use in that at all. And I am your obedient servant to command, Angus M'Eachran. The feshen haz been ferra good round about Darroch since you waz here, but a man haz no heart to go to the feshen when he comes back to a discontented house."

He did not show Moira that second letter—he knew that remonstrance was of no avail; he merely inclosed it in the same

envelope and addressed that to Mrs. Lavender in London.

A day or two afterwards Mr. MacDonald, the minister, came over to Ardtilleach, and he was a short distance from the village when, to his great surprise, he saw Angus M'Eachran sitting out on the rocks over the sea, in the company of old Donald Neil, and both of them making very merry indeed, as he heard from their laughing. The minister crossed over to them. They were seated on the dry turf of the rocks; and there was a black bottle and a single glass between them.

"And are you ferry well, Angus?" said the minister. "And you, Donald Neil? And it wass no thought of seeing you, Angus, that I had this tay. You are not at the fishing?"

"No," said the young man, with some embarrassment. "A man cannot always be going to the fishing."

"I do not think," said the minister, "no, I do not think, Angus M'Eachran, there iss any young man but yourself in the whole of Ardtilleach this tay—except the young men in the curing-houses."

"Well, well!" said Angus shortly; "iss there any one of the young men hass been so often to the fishing ass I hef been, and where iss the one that hass ass much money in the bank at Styornoway?"

"Ay, ay," said the minister, "that iss a goot thing, and a ferry goot thing, mirover; and you will find the goot of the money when you will begin to puil the cottage with the slate roof. But the money will not get any the bigger, Angus M'Eachran, if you will stay at home on the fine tays for the fishing, ay, and if you will sit out on the rocks trinking whiskey in the middle of the tay!"

The minister had grown a trifle vehement.

"There iss no harm in a glass," said Angus M'Eachran, gloomily.

"There iss no harm in a glass!" retorted Mr. MacDonald, with impatience. "There iss no harm in a glass—ay, I know there iss no great harm in a glass if you will meet with a frient, and when the work iss tone, and then there iss no harm in a glass. But there iss a harm, and a ferry great harm, in it, Angus M'Eachran, if a young man will gif up his work, and tek to trinking in the middle of the tay—and not a glass, no, but a bottle—and it iss too much whiskey you hef trank this tay, Angus M'Eachran."

The young man made no protestation, no excuse. He sate moodily contemplating the rocks before him. His companion, the father of the young man who had taken Angus's place in the boat, was uncomfortably conscious of guilt, and remained silent.

"I do not know," Angus said at length, "I do not know, Mr. MacDonald, that I will go any more to the fishing."

"Hey!" cried the minister, "and iss it a madman you are, Angus M'Eachran? And what will you do, then, that you will go no more to the fishing?"

"I do not know," he said, gloomily. "It iss not anything I hef the heart to do, unless it will be to go away to Glassgow; there iss not anything else I hef the heart to do."

"To Glassgow!" cried the minister, in angry excitement; "you, Angus M'Eachran! Ay, it iss once before I will stop you from going to Glassgow!"

"And that wass ferry well done!" said the young fisherman, with a bitter laugh, "and there wass much goot came of it, that we did not go away to Glassgow. Well, Mr. MacDonald, I will say nothing against you for that. It iss no fault to you that Moira and me—well, it iss not any use the speaking of it."

The minister turned to the old man.

"Tonald Neil, get up on your feet, and go away ofer to the road there. It iss a few words I hef to say to Angus M'Eachran."

The old man rose with some difficulty, and hobbled away over the rocks. No sooner had he gone than the minister, with an angry look in his face, caught up the black bottle, and dashed it down on the rocks below, where the remaining whiskey spurted about in all directions.

"The tefle—and tam him!—tek effery drop of the whiskey you will trink in the tays when you should be at the fishing, Angus M'Eachran, and you with a young wife—"

"A young wife!" cried the fisherman bitterly (paying no attention to the destruction of the whiskey); "it iss no young wife I hef, Mr. MacDonald. It iss a young lass I hef marriet—yes, that iss true enough whateffer—but it iss a young lass that hass no thought for her husband, and hass no laugh or a joke at any time, and that sits by herself all the day, with her crying and her tiscontent, and will say no

word when you reason with her; and iss that a young wife? No, py Kott, Mr. MacDonald, that iss no young wife—and why should I go to the fishing?”

“Ay, ay, Angus M’Eachran,” said the minister, “this iss a ferry pad story you hef told me this day, and it wass no thought of this I had when you were married ofer at the manse; and when Mrs. Laffenter will come back in the evening, and when she was ferry sorry that John Fergus wass an angry man, I will be saying to her, ‘Mrs. Laffenter, it wass effery one knew that pefore; and it wass no shame to you, and no fault to you, that he wass still a foolish man. And Moira Fergus, she will be petter, ay, and ferry much petter, to go and lif with Angus M’Eachran than with John Fergus, and it iss a ferry goot thing you hef done this tay, and it iss ferry kind of you to come all the way from Borva.’”

“Ay, ay,” said Angus, “that wass well said, Mr. MacDonald; for who could hef told that this would come out of it?”

“But you must hef patience with the lass, Angus,” the minister said, “and you will say a word to her——”

“I will say a word to her!” exclaimed Angus, with a flash of fire in his eyes. “Iss it one word, or fife huntret tousant words I hef said to her? No, I will say no more words to her—there hass been too much of that mirover. It iss to Glassgow I am going, and then she will go back to her father—and tam him!”

“Then you will be a wicket man, Angus M’Eachran!” exclaimed the minister, “ay, a foolish and a wicket man, to think of such things! And what will you do in Glassgow?”

“I do not know.”

“No, you do not know! You will take to the whiskey, that iss what you will do in Glassgow. Angus M’Eachran, I tell you to put that out of your head; and when I come back from the school-house, ay, I will go and see Moira, and I will say a word to her, but not any word of your going to Glassgow, which iss a foolish thing for a young man to think of.”

He did as he had promised; and on his entering Angus M’Eachran’s house he found Moira alone.

“Well, well,” he said to her, “it iss a goot thing for a young wife to be tiligent, and look after the house; but there iss more ass that that iss wanted of a young

wife—and I hef just seen Angus M’Eachran, Moira.”

“Ay,” said the girl, rather indifferently; “and hass he not gone out to the fishing?”

“No, he hass not gone out to the fishing; and this iss what I hef to say to you, Moira, that unless you take care, ay, and ferry great care, ay, he will go out to the fishing not any more.”

She looked up quickly, and in fear.

“Is Angus ill?”

“Ill! Ay, he iss ill; but it iss not in his pody that he iss ill. He iss a fine, strong young man, and there iss many a young lass would hef been glad to hef Angus M’Eachran for her husband; and now that he iss marriet, it wass you, Moira, that should be a good wife to him. And do you know why he iss not at the fishing? It iss bekass he hass no heart to go to the fishing. And why should a young man hef no care for his work and his house?—unless this, Moira, that the house iss not agreaple to him.”

The girl sighed.

“I know that, Mr. MacDonald,” she said. “It iss many’s the time Angus will say that to me.”

“And in Kott’s name then, Moira,” said the minister, indignantly, “why will you not mek the house lighter for him? Iss it nothing to you that your husband will hef a dull house, ay, and a house that will trife him into idleness such as no young man in Ardtileach would speak of? Iss it nothing to you, Moira?”

The girl turned to him with her eyes full of tears.

“Iss it nothing to me, Mr. MacDonald? Ay, it iss a great teal to me. And it iss many the time I will say to myself that I will heed no more the quarrel with my father, and that if he will go by in the fillage without a look or a word, that will be nothing to me. But it iss ferry easy, Mr. MacDonald, to say such things to yourself; and it iss not so ferry easy for a young lass to hef a quarrel with her father, and that all the neighbors will see there iss a quarrel, and not a look or a word between them not any more ass if they wass stranchers to each other. Ay, ay, that iss no light thing for a young lass——”

“Well, I hef no patience with you, Moira,” said the minister. “Wass not all this pefore you when you wass getting marriet?”

"Ay," said the girl, with another sigh, "that iss a true word. But there are many things that you will expect, and you will not know what they are until they hef come to you, Mr. MacDonald,—and—and——"

"Well, well, well!" said the minister, rather testily, "now that it hass come to you, Moira, what iss the use of fretting, and fretting, and fretting——?"

"There iss not any use in it, Mr. MacDonald," she said, simply. "But it iss not effery one will be able to put such things out of the mind—no, that iss not easy to do."

He stood about for a minute or two, impatient, angry, and conscious that all his reasoning and arguments were of no avail.

"I will go ofer to the curing-house," said he, "and hef a word with your father."

"Mr. MacDonald, you will hef the trouble for nothing. What will you do when Miss Sheila Mackenzie will not be able to do anything? And it iss many a one in the fillage hass gone to my father—and it iss always the same—he will hear no word of me; and if they hef been anxious and ferry anxious, then he will get ferry angry, and they hef come away more afraid of him than effer. No, that iss no use, Mr. MacDonald, the going to my father at the curing-house."

"Then it iss a last word I hef to say to you, Moira," said the minister in an altered tone, as he stepped forward and took her hand. "You are a good lass, and you are not willing to do harm to any one. It iss a great harm you are doing to Angus M'Eachran—ay, indeed, Moira, you hef goot cause to wonder—but that iss true, and it iss a great harm you are doing to yourself. For if there iss no lightness in the house, a young man will not stay in the house, and if his wife iss always fretting and hass no laugh for him when he comes home, he will hef it in his heart not to come to the house at all, and that iss ferry pad for a young man. And you must try, Moira, to get rid of your fretting; or you will be ferry sorry one day that you tit not get rid of your fretting. Now, good-bye, Moira; and mind what I hef said to you this day."

So the minister left, not in a very hopeful or happy mood. As he passed the house of John Fergus, he frowned;

and then he remembered that he had not checked Angus M'Eachran for using a certain phrase about John Fergus.

"Well, well," thought Mr. MacDonald, "it is no great matter; and if I was Angus M'Eachran perhaps it is the same words I would be for using, whether the minister was there or no."

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE DEEPS.

THINGS went from bad to worse, and that rapidly. Moira knew but little of what was going on, for the neighbors were slow to tell her. But every one in Ardtilleach was aware that Angus M'Eachran had sold his share in the boat to young Donald Neil; and that, while this ready money lasted, he had done no work at all, but merely lounged about until he could get hold of one or two companions to go off on a drinking frolic. Moira saw him go out each day; she did not know but that he was gone to the fishing. When he returned late at night, she sometimes saw that he had been having a glass, and she was a little perturbed. But Angus had a strong head; and he managed to conceal from her for a long time the fashion in which he was spending his life.

He did not deliberately set to work to drink himself and his young wife out of house and home. He had fits of remorse, and always was about to turn over a new leaf—next day; but the next day came, and Moira was silent and sad, and then he would go out to get a cheerful word with some companions, and a glass. Moreover, the savings of a fisherman either increase or decrease; they never stand still. When the motive was taken away for the steady addition to the little hoard in the bank at Stornoway, that fund itself was in danger. And at length it became known in Ardtilleach that Angus M'Eachran had squandered that also, and that now, if he wanted money, he must go into debt with one of the curers, and hire himself out for one of the curers' boats.

The appearance of the man altered too. He had been rather a smart young fellow, careful of his clothes, and cleanly in his habits; now, as Moira noticed, he paid less attention to these things, and heeded her not when she remonstrated.

One night, Angus M'Eachran came

home, and staggered into the cottage. Moira regarded him with affright. He sate down on a wooden stool by the peat-fire.

"Now there iss an end of it," said he, gloomily.

"An end of what, Angus?" said she, in great alarm.

"An end of you, and of me, and of Ardtilleach; and it iss not in Ardtilleach I can lif any more, but it iss to Glassgow that I am going."

"To Glassgow!" she cried.

"Ay," said he, "this iss no longer any place for me. I hef no share in the poat. I hef no money in the pank. It iss all gone away—in the tammed whiskey—and it iss not a farthing of money I can get from any one—and what iss to become of you, Moira?"

She did not cry aloud, nor were her eyes wet with tears, but she sate with a white face, trying to comprehend the ruin that had befallen them.

"Angus, Angus!" she cried, "you will stay in Ardtilleach! You will not go to Glassgow! It iss many another poat that will be glad to hef you, and there iss no one can mek so much at the fishing ass you——"

"And what iss the goot of it," he said "that a man will mek money, and hef to lif a hard life to mek money, and when he comes home, then it iss not like coming home to him at all? What I hef done that wass bad enough; what you have done, Moira Fergus, well it iss something of this that you hef done."

She dared not answer—some strange consciousness oppressed her. She went away from him, and sate in a corner and cried bitterly. He spoke no more to her that night.

Next morning he was in a very different humor; he was discontented, quarrelsome, and for the first time of their married life spoke rudely and tauntingly to her. The knowledge that he was now a beggar—that the neighbors regarded him as an outcast—that his old companions in the boat were away at their work, leaving him a despicable idler to consort with the old men about—seemed to drive him to desperation. Hitherto he had always said, in answer to friendly remonstrances, that there were more fish in the sea than ever came out of it; and that by-and-by he would set to work again. Now it seemed to have oc-

curred to him that his former companions were rather shy of him; and that he had a bad name throughout the island.

"Yes," said he, angrily, to her, "when I go to Glassgow, then you can go to your father, and you can ask him to tek you back to his house. It wass my house that wass not goot enough for you; and from the morning to the night it wass neffer a smile or a laugh wass on your face; and now when I will go away to Glassgow, you will be a great deal petter, ay, and ferry much petter, in the house of your father John Fergus—and tam him!"

She said not a word in reply, for her heart was full; but she put a shawl round her shoulders and walked away over to the curing-house, where her father was. Angus M'Eachran was mad with rage. Was she already taking him at his word; and seeking to return to her father's house? With a wild feeling of vengeance at his heart, he determined there and then to leave the place; and as he set out from Ardtilleach without a word of good-bye to any one in it, the last thing that he saw was John Fergus coming out to the door of the curing-house to speak to Moira. With many an angry and silent imprecation, he strode along the rough road, and then he began to bethink himself how a penniless man was to make his way to distant Stornoway and to Glassgow.

The purpose of Moira Fergus was quite different from that which her husband had imagined.

"What will you want with me?" said her father, coldly, when he came out in response to her message. "I hef told you, Moira Fergus, that it iss no word I hef for you. You hef gone to another house; you will stay there—ay, if you wass to lif in Ardtilleach for sixty years."

"It iss Angus M'Eachran," she said, with tears in her eyes, "and—and—he iss going away to Glassgow if he cannot go to the fishing—and—if you would speak a word to Mr. Maclean——"

"Ay, he iss going to Glassgow?" said John Fergus, with an angry flash in his eyes. "And the teflle only knows that he iss fit for nothing but the going to Glassgow. Ay, ay, Moira Fergus, and it wass a prout tay for you, the tay you were married to Angus M'Eachran; but it iss not a prout tay any more, that you are married to a man that iss a peggar and a trunkard, and hass not a penny in ta whole world;

no, it iss not any longer a prout tay for you that you marriet Angus M'Eachran!"

With that he turned and went into the curing-house, slamming the door after him.

"And it iss a hard man you are," said Moira, sadly.

She walked back to her own little cottage, almost fearing that her husband might be inside. He was not; so she entered, and sat down to contemplate the miserable future that lay before her, and to consider what she could do to induce Angus M'Eachran to remain in Ardtileach, and take to the fishing and sober ways again.

First of all she thought of writing to her friends in London; but Angus had the address, and she dared not ask him for it. Then she thought of making a pilgrimage all the way to Borva to beg of the great Mr. Mackenzie there to bring his influence to bear on her husband and on Mr. Maclean the curer, so that some arrangement might be made between them. But how could she, all by herself, make her way to Borva? And where might Angus M'Eachran be by the time she came back?

Meanwhile Angus was not about the village, nor yet out on the rocks, nor yet down in the little harbor; so, with a sad heart enough, she prepared her frugal mid-day meal, and sate down to that by herself. She had no great desire for food, for she was crying most of the time.

Late that evening a neighbor came in, who said she had just returned from Harrabost.

"Ay, Moira," said she, "and what iss wrong now, that Angus M'Eachran will be for going away from Ardtilleach?"

Moira stared at her.

"I do not know what you mean, Mrs. Cameron," she said.

"You do not know, then? You hef not heard the news, that Angus M'Eachran will be away to Glassgow?"

Moira started up with a quick cry. Her first thought was to rush out of the house to overtake him and turn him back; but how was that possible?

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron, what iss it you tell me this tay! And where tit you see Angus? And are you quite sure?"

"Well, well, Moira," said the old woman, "it iss not any great matter the going to Glassgow; and if you will sit down now, I will tell you."

The girl sate down, silently, and crossed her hands on her lap. There was no more crying now; the last blow had fallen, and despair had supervened.

"You know, Moira, my son that lifs round at the pack of Harrabost, and I wass ofer to see him, and all wass ferry well, and his wife hass got ferry well through her trouple. And when I wass for coming away, it wass Angus M'Eachran will come running up to the house, and ferry wild he wass in the look of him. 'Duncan Cameron,' says he, 'will you gif me your poat for two minutes or for three minutes, for I am told that this is the M'Alisters' poat that iss coming along, and they are going to Taransay.' You know the M'Alisters' poat, Moira, that they pought at Styornoway?"

Moira nodded assent.

"Well, you know, Moira, that Duncan wass always a good frient to Angus M'Eachran; and he said, 'Yes, Angus M'Eachran, you may hef the poat, and she is down at the shore, and you can run her out yourself, for the oars and the thole-pins are in her.' But Angus M'Eachran he says, 'Duncan, you will come with me to pring pack the poat, for I will ask the M'Alisters to tek me with them to Taransay; for it iss to Taransay I am going.'"

"Ay, to Taransay!" said Moira, eagerly. "And it wass only to Taransay?"

"I will tell you that, Moira," the old woman continued, who would narrate the story in her own way. "Well, well, I went to him, and I said, 'What iss it that takes you to Taransay, Angus M'Eachran, and when will you be coming pack from Taransay?' 'Mrs. Cameron,' says he, 'I do not know when I will be coming pack from Taransay, for it iss to Glassgow I am going; and it iss perhaps that I will neffer see Ardtilleach any more.'"

"No, no, no," the girl moaned; "he did not say that, Mrs. Cameron!"

"And I said to him, 'It iss a foolish man you are, Angus M'Eachran, to speak such things, and you with a young wife in Ardtilleach.' 'Ay,' said he, 'Mrs. Cameron, and if there wass no young wife it iss perhaps that I would be in Ardtilleach now, and hef my money, and the share in the poat; but it iss a pad tay the tay that a young man marries a lass that is tiscontented and hass no heart in the house, and that iss it that I am going away from Ardtilleach; and Moira—well,

Moira hass her father in Ardtilleach.' Ay, that iss what he said to me, Moira, ass Duncan and him they were putting out the poat from the shore."

"My father!" the girl murmured, "I hef not any father now—no, and not any husband—it iss the two that I hef lost. Ay, and Angus M'Eachran hass gone away to Glassgow."

There was no bitter wailing and lamentation; only the hands in her lap were more tightly clenched. The red peats flickered up in the dusk; and her face seemed drawn and haggard.

"Ay, and they pulled out to the M'Alisters' poat when she came by, and I wass looking at them all the time from the shore, and Angus M'Eachran, when the M'Alisters put their poat apout, he got apoard of her, and there wass not much talking between them. And Duncan, I could hear him cry out, 'Good-pye to you this tay, Angus M'Eachran!' And Angus he cried out, 'Good-pye to you, Duncan Cameron!' And when Duncan he came back to the shore, he will tell me that the M'Alisters were going down to the ferry pig poat that iss at Taransay and that hass come round from Lochnamaddy, and Angus M'Eachran he wass saying he would know some of the sailors in her, and the captain would tek him to Glassgow if he worked the passage. Ay, ay, Moira, I can see it iss not the good news I hef prought to you this night; and it iss a pad thing for a young lass when her husband goes away to Glassgow; but you do not know yet that he will stay in Glassgow, and you will write a line to him, Moira——"

"How can I write a line to him, Mrs. Cameron?" the girl said; "there iss more people in Glassgow ass there iss in Styornoway, and the Lewis, and Harris all put together; and how will they know which of them iss Angus M'Eachran?"

"Then you will send the letter to Styornoway, and you will gif it to the captain of the great poat, the *Clansman*; and iss there any one in Glassgow that he will not know?"

"A letter," Moira said, wistfully. "There iss no letter that will bring Angus M'Eachran pack, not now that he hass gone away from Ardtilleach. And I will say good-night to you, now, Mrs. Cameron. It iss a little tired I am."

"You are not ferry well, the night, Moira," said the old woman, looking at her.

"I do not know that I will leaf you by yourself the night."

"But I will ferry much rather be by myself, Mrs. Cameron—ay, ay, I hef many things to think ofer; and it iss in the morning I will come to see you, Mrs. Cameron, for I am thinking of going to Glassgow."

"Ay, you will come to me in the morning, like a good lass," said Mrs. Cameron, "and then you will think no more of going to Glassgow, which would be a foolish thing for a young lass, and it iss not yet, no, nor to-morrow, nor any time we will let you do such a foolish thing, and go away from Ardtilleach."

CHAPTER X.

A PROCLAMATION.

MOIRA did not go to Glassgow; she remained by herself in Ardtilleach, in the small cottage all by herself, whither one or two of the neighbors, having a great pity for her condition, came to her, and occasionally brought her a little present of tea or sugar. How she managed to live at all, no one knew; but she was very proud, and maintained to those who visited her that she was well off and content. She was very clever with her needle, and in this way requited her friends for any little kindness they showed her.

So the days and the weeks went by, and nothing was heard of Angus M'Eachran. Mr. MacDonald made inquiries of the men who had gone with him to Taransay; and they said he had undertaken to work his passage to Glassgow in a boat that was going round the island for salt-fish. That was all they knew.

Well, Mr. MacDonald was not a rich man, and he had a small house; but his heart was touched by the mute misery of this poor lass who was living in the cottage all by herself, as one widowed, or an out-cast from her neighbors. So he went to her and asked her to come over to the manse and stay there until something should be heard of her husband.

"It is a ferry goot man you are, Mr. MacDonald," she said, "and a ferry kind man you hef been, always and now too, to me; but I cannot go with you to the manse."

"Kott pless me!" he cried, impatiently. "How can you lif all by yourself? It iss

not goot for a young lass to lif all by herself."

"Ay, ay, Mr. MacDonald, and sometimes it is ferry goot; for she will begin to go back ofer what hass passed, and she will know where she wass wrong, and if there iss punishment for that, she will take the punishment to herself."

"And where should the punishment be coming," said he, warmly, "if not to the young man who would go away to Glassgow and leaf a young wife without money, without anything, after he has trank all the money?"

"You do not know—you do not know, Mr. MacDonald," she said, sadly, and shaking her head. Then she added, almost wildly, "Ay, Mr. MacDonald, and you hef no word against the young wife that will trife her husband into the trinking, and trife him away from his own house and the place he was porn, and all his frients, and the poat that he had, and will trife him away to Glassgow—and you hef no word against that, Mr. MacDonald?"

"Well, it iss all ofer, Moira," said he, gently. "And what iss the use now of your lifing here by yourself; and when your peats are finished, who will go out and cut the peats for you?"

"I can cut the peats for myself, Mr. MacDonald," said she, simply; "and it iss one or two of the neighbors they will cut some peats for me, for on the warm tays it iss little I hef to do, and I can go out and turn their peats for them."

"You will be better ofer at the manse, Moira."

"It iss ferry kind you are, Mr. MacDonald; but I will not go ofer to the manse."

In his dire perplexity Mr. MacDonald went away back to the manse; and spent a portion of the evening in writing a long and beautifully-worded letter to Mrs. Lavender, the young married lady who had been present at Moira's wedding, and who was now in London. If Mr. MacDonald's spoken English was peculiar in pronunciation, his written English was accurate enough; and to add a grace to it, and show that he was not merely an undisciplined islander, he introduced into it a scrap or two of Latin. He treated the story of Moira and her husband from a high literary point of view. He invited the attention of the great lady in London to this incident in the humble annals of the poor. She would doubtless remember,

amid the gaities of the world of fashion, and in the thousand distractions of the vast metropolis, the simple ceremony of which she had been a spectator in the distant islands, which, if they were not the *nitentes Cycladas* of the Roman bard—and so forth. Mr. MacDonald was proud of this composition. He sealed it up with great care, and addressed it to "The Hon. Mrs. Lavender" at her house in London.

An answer came with surprising swiftness. Mr. MacDonald was besought to convoy Moira forthwith to the island of Borva, where the wife of Mr. Mackenzie's keeper would give her something to do about Mrs. Lavender's house. Mr. and Mrs. Lavender would be back in the Hebrides in about three weeks. If the rains had been heavy, Moira was to keep fires in all the rooms of the house, especially the bed-rooms, incessantly. And Mrs. Lavender charged Mr. MacDonald with the fulfilment of these her commands. He was in no wise to fail to have Moira M'Eachran removed from her solitary cottage to the spacious house at Borva.

The minister was a proud man the day he went over to Ardtilleach with this warrant in his hand. Would Moira withstand him now? Indeed, the girl yielded to all this show of authority; and humbly, and gratefully, and silently she set to work to put together the few things she possessed, so that she might leave the village in which she was born. Indeed, she went away from Ardtilleach with little regret. Her life there had not been happy. She went round to a few of the cottages to bid good-bye to her neighbors; and when it became known to John Fergus that his daughter was going away to Borva, he instantly departed for Killeena, on some mission or another, and remained there the whole day, so that she should not see him before leaving.

She remained a couple of days at the manse, waiting for a boat; and then, when the chance served, the minister himself went with her to Borva, and took her up to the house of Mr. Mackenzie, who was called the king of that island. After a few friendly words from the great man—who then took Mr. MacDonald away with him, that they might have a talk over the designs of Prussia, the new bridge on the road to the Butt of Lewis, and other matters of great public importance—Moira

was handed over to the keeper's wife, who was housekeeper there. She did not know what she had done to be received with so much friendliness and kindness; she was not aware, indeed, that a letter from London had preceded her arrival.

She slept in Mr. Mackenzie's house, and she had her meals there, but most of the day she spent in the empty house to which Mr. and Mrs. Lavender were shortly coming. What she could do in the way of preparing the place for their reception she did right willingly. There was never a more devoted servant; and her gratitude towards those who befriended her was on many occasions too much for her English—she had to escape from its constraint into the Gaelic.

Then there was a great stir throughout the island, for everyone knew that Mr. and Mrs. Lavender were on their way from London; and the wonderful waggonette—which was in effect a boat placed on wheels, with oars and everything complete—that Mr. Lavender had built for himself, was, one morning, taken down Loch Roag, and landed at Callernish, and driven across to Stornoway. The *Clansman* was coming in that day.

It was in the dusk of the evening that the party from London—there were one or two strangers—arrived in the little bay underneath Mrs. Lavender's house, and walked up the steep incline, the luggage following on the shoulders of the sailors. And the very first words that Mrs. Lavender uttered on entering the house were—

"Where is Moira Fergus?"

The girl was greatly afraid to find herself in the presence of all these people; and Mrs. Lavender, seeing that, quickly took her aside, into a room where they were by themselves. Moira was crying.

"And you have not heard anything more of him, Moira?" she asked.

"No, I hev heard no word at all," the girl said, "and I do not look for that now, not any more. I hef lost effery one now, both my father and my husband, and it iss myself that hass done it; and when I think of it all, I will say to myself that neffer any one wass alive that hass done as I hef done——"

"No, no, no, Moira," her friend said. "It is not so bad as that. Mr. MacDonald wrote to me that you fretted a great deal, and that Angus was very impatient, and he does not know what made him go

away to Glasgow, for how could that make it any better? But we will find him for you, Moira."

"You will find him," the girl said sadly; "and what if you will find him? He will neffer come back to Ardtilleach. You do not know all about it, Mrs. Laffenter—no, I am sure Mr. MacDonald is a ferry kind man, and he would not tell you all about it. And this is why Angus M'Eachran will go away to Glassgow—that he had trank all the money there wass in the bank at Styornoway, and he had no more a share in the pòat, and he wass ashamed to go apout Ardtilleach. And all that wass my doing—indeed it wass——"

"Well, well, you must give up fretting about it, Moira, and we will get Angus back to Ardtilleach, or back to Borva——"

"But you do not know, Mrs. Laffenter," the girl said, in an excited and despairing way; "you do not know the harm that wass done to Angus M'Eachran! And will he effer get back from that—from the trinking, and the trinking, and I myself with ferry little thought of it at Ardtilleach? And where iss he now? And what iss he doing? It wass no more care for his life that he had when he went away from Ardtilleach!"

"Well, well, Moira," said her friend, soothingly, "if you were to blame for part of it all, you have suffered a great deal; and so has he, for it is not a happy thing for a man to go away from a young wife, and go away among strangers, without any friend, or occupation, or money. You seem to have got into a bad plight at Ardtilleach—perhaps it was better to have it broken up like that. It was certainly a great pity that you did not discover all you know now before things came to their worst; but if they are at their worst, they must mend you know. So you must not give up hope just yet."

Moira suddenly recollected herself.

"I am keeping you from your frients, Mrs. Laffenter," said she; "and it iss ferry kind of you, but I do not wish that you will be troupled apout me and Angus M'Eachran. And I hef not thanked you for sending me here; and I do not know how to do that; but it iss not bekass I hef no feeling apout it that I cannot thank you, Mrs. Laffenter."

She was a servant in the house; she would not shake hands with Mrs. Lavender. But her mistress took her hand, and

said, with a great kindness in her face,—

"I will say good-night to you now, Moira, for I may not see you again to night. And to-morrow morning, you will come to me, and I will tell you what can be done about Angus M'Eachran."

That evening, after dinner, Mrs. Lavender told the story to her guests from London; and she was obviously greatly distressed about it; but her husband said,—

"The young fellow had no money, he is bound to be in Glasgow. We can easily get at him by advertising in the papers; and if you can persuade him to come to Borva, we shall have plenty of work for him, for he is a clever carpenter. But if he has enlisted——"

"I propose," said one of the guests, a young American lady, recently married, "I propose that, if he has enlisted, we who are here now subscribe to buy him out."

Her husband, a less impulsive and more practical person, got a piece of paper, and wrote these words on it:—

Should this meet the eye of Angus M'Eachran, of Ardtilleach, in the island of Darroch, he will hear of something to his advantage by communicating at once with Mrs. Lavender, Sea-view, island of Borva, Hebrides.

CHAPTER XI.

A PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

It would have been strange, indeed, if Angus M'Eachran had missed seeing this advertisement, for it was in all the Glasgow newspapers, morning after morning. It happened that, late one night, he was in a miserable little public-house near the Broomielaw, with two or three companions. He was now a very different man from the smart young fisherman who had lived at Ardtilleach. The ravages of drink were everywhere visible, in his face, in his shabby dress, in his trembling hand. He was at the moment sullen and silent, though his companions, who were Highlanders employed about the harbor, were talking excitedly enough, in their native tongue.

M'Eachran had also got occasional work about the ships; but he stuck to it only until he had earned a few shillings, and then he went off on a fresh drinking-bout. There were always plenty of "loafers" about to join him; he became a

familiar figure in all the small public-houses about; and in garrulous moments he had told his companions something of his history, so that both himself and the circumstances of his leaving his native place were widely known.

On this evening the landlord of the public-house came into the den in which the Highlandmen were drinking, and said, pointing to a portion of the newspaper he held in his hands—

"Is this no you, M'Eachran?"

Angus M'Eachran took the newspaper, and read the lines pointed out.

"Ay, it iss me," he said, gloomily.

"Man, there's something there for ye!" the publican said. "Canna ye read it? They've gotten some money for ye, as sure as ye're a leevin sinner!"

"It iss no money they hef for me," said M'Eachran; "it is these ferry grand people, and they will want me to go pack to Ardtilleach. No, I hef had enough, and plenty, and more ass that of Ardtilleach. The teflle will tek the tay that I go pack to Ardtilleach!"

"Ye're a fulish cratur, man. Do ye think they wud gang to the awfu' expense o' advertisin' in the newspapers if there wasna something gran' waitin' for ye?"

"Go and tam you, John Jameson, and go and pring me another mutchkin of your pad whiskey, that iss not fit to be put before swines."

The landlord did not care to quarrel with a good customer. He went off to get the whiskey, merely saying, in an undertone,—

"They Hielanmen, they've nae mair manners than a stot; but they're the deevils to swallow whiskey."

He took no notice of the advertisement; he did not even care to speculate on what it might mean. Had Angus M'Eachran parted from his wife merely through some fierce quarrel, and had he resolved to go to Glasgow merely as a measure of revenge, the prospect of a reconciliation might have been welcome. But it was not so. He had left Ardtilleach simply out of sheer despair. He had drank all his money; he had disgraced himself in the eyes of his neighbors; he had long ago abandoned any notion of having any real companionship with his wife. Besides, by this time he had acquired the drunkard's craving; and in Glasgow, provided he could get any sort

of work, he would be able to do as he pleased with his money. When he got to Glasgow, he abandoned himself to drinking without any remorse. His chances in life were gone; there remained but this. He had no boat, no home, no relatives; his society was in the public-house; the one enjoyable experience of the day was the sensation of beatific stupor rising into his head after drinking repeated doses of whiskey. If he was ill and surly next morning, there was but little sense of shame mingled with his moods. Nor did he consider himself a very ill-used person, whose wrongs ought to excite compassion. He simply was what he was, as the natural result of what had gone before; and he looked neither to the past nor to the future. It was enough if he had the wherewithal in his pocket to pay for another dram; and he did not care to ask whether, in the bygone time, he was the injuring or the injured party.

But it became more difficult for him to get those odd jobs about the quays, for his unsteady habits were notorious, and no one could depend on his remaining sober for a single day. He became shabbier and shabbier in appearance; and now the winter was coming on, and many a day he shivered with the cold as he walked aimlessly about the streets. When he could get no work, and when he had no money with which to go into a public-house, he would often wander idly along the inner thoroughfares of the town, perhaps with some vague hope of meeting an acquaintance who would give him a glass. He was not afraid of meeting any of his old friends from Ardtileach; they could not have recognized him.

One night he was going up Candle-riggs Street in this aimless fashion, and a bitterly cold night it was. A north-east wind was blowing down the thoroughfares, driving a stinging sleet before it; even the hardiest were glad to escape indoors from such weather. Angus M'Eachran was not proof against cold and wet as he had been in former days. He shivered like a reed in the wind; his limbs were chilled; if he had not been in the semi-bemused state of the confirmed drunkard he would have crept back to his miserable lodging. As it was, his only thought at the moment was to get a little shelter from the bitter wind.

He came to the entrance into the City

Hall, and here was an open space, the light of which promised something of warmth. There were a great many people going in; and "Free Admission" stared every one in the face. M'Eachran crept into a corner, glad to be out of the cold for a moment.

The mere going by of people seemed to have a fascination for him. His head was dazed. When a friendly old gentleman in passing said, "Weel, ma man, are ye no comin' in? I dinna think you could do better," he answered, vaguely, "Yes," and joined the stream. There was a great crush; he was borne into the hall. So dense was the crowd that no one seemed to notice his shabby clothes. He got no seat, but he was well propped up; and the heat of the great assembly began to thaw his frozen limbs.

And who was this maniac and mountebank on the platform—this short, stout, ungainly man, with lank yellow hair, prominent front teeth, and exceedingly long arms which he flung about as he stamped up and down and ranted? Truly, he was a ridiculous-looking person; and it was no wonder that highly cultivated people, who read the reviews, and went into mild frenzy over blue and white china, and were agitated about the eastern position, should refuse to go and hear this stump-orator who was lecturing on temperance all over the country. The stories told of his *ad captandum* vulgarity and his irreverence were shocking. Jokes were made about the wild fashion in which he dealt with his *h*'s; although being a Yorkshireman of inferior education, he never added an *h*, he simply ignored the letter altogether, and was profoundly unconscious of doing so. He spoke with a strong north-country accent; he marched up and down the platform, with perspiration on his unlovely face; he sawed the air with his arms, and was by turns angry with a screeching anger and pathetic with a theatrical effusiveness. A person of refined taste could not approve of Mr. Robert J. Davis and his oratory. The exhibition was altogether too absurd. And yet there are in this country at present thousands of human beings whom this man rescued from ruin; there are thousands of homes which he restored to peace and happiness, after that seemed impossible; there are thousands of women who cannot utter that commonplace name without tears

of gratitude. And these people never thought the less of R. J. Davis because he ill-treated the letter *h*.

"Yes, my friends," this uncouth creature was saying, or rather bawling, "you see that miserable drunkard crawling along the street, dirt on his clothes, idiocy in his face, his eyes turned away for shame—and you despise him—and are you not right in despising him? Perhaps you don't know. Well, I'll tell you. That skulking creature, that reptile of the gutter, was once the heir of all the ages; and when he was born he came into a wonderful heritage that had been stored up for him through centuries and centuries. Great statesmen had spent their lives in making laws for him; patriots had shed their blood for him; men of science had made bridges, and railways, and steamships for him; discoverers and great merchants had gone over all the earth, and there was sugar coming from one place, and cotton from another, and tea from another—from all parts of the world these things were coming. And for all this, and for far more than that, what was expected of him?—only that he should grow up a respectable citizen, and enjoy the freedom and the laws that his forefathers fought for, and do his duty towards God, and the State, and the friends whose anxious care had guided him through all the perils of childhood. What was his gratitude? What has he done?—what but throw shame on the name of the mother who bore him, making himself a curse to society and a disgrace to friends who now avoid him. Has he a wife?—think of her! Has he children?—think of them! Good God, think of the young girl going from her father's home, and trusting all her life to this new guidance, and looking forward to the years of old age, and the gentle going out of an honorable and peaceful life. And this is the guidance—this is the protection—that she sits up in the night-time, with her eyes red with weeping, and she listens for the drunken stagger of an inhuman ruffian, and she prays that God would in his mercy send some swift disease upon her, and hurry her out of her grief and her shame. That is the return that the drunkard makes for all the love and care that have been lavished on him—and you despise him—yes, he despises himself as he crawls along the pavement—his home broken up and ruined, his

wife and children sent shivering to the almshouse——"

There was a sharp, quick cry at this moment; and the lecturer stopped. The people near Angus M'Eachran turned round; and there was the young fisherman, with his eyes fixed and glazed, and his arm uplifted as if appealing to the lecturer.

"The man is mad," said one; "take him out."

But they could not take him out, for the crowd was too dense; but as some one at the door seemed to have fancied that a woman had fainted, a tumbler of water was fetched and quickly handed over. M'Eachran drank some of the water.

"No," said he, seeing they were trying to make way for him; "I am for staying here."

And there he did stay, until the end of the lecture, which was not a long one. But that was only part of the proceedings. Winding up with a passionate appeal to the people before him to come forward and sign the abstention pledge—for the sake of their friends, if not of themselves—the lecturer stepped down to a space in front of the platform which had been kept clear, and there opened two large volumes which were placed on a narrow wooden table.

The people began to pour out of the different doorways; those who wished to stay and put down their names were gradually left behind. Among the latter was a young man who kept in the background, and was about the very last to sign; when he went up to the table, his face was pale, his lips quite firm, his hand tremulous. This was what he wrote:—"Name, *Angus M'Eachran*; age 24; occupation, *fisherman*; born, *island of Darroch*; resides, *Glasgow*." Mr. R. J. Davis looked at this young man rather curiously—perhaps only guessing, but not quite knowing what he had done that night.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was a terrible struggle. The thirst for drink had a grip of him that was an incessant torture: then there was the crushing difficulty of obtaining work for a man of his appearance. First of all, he left Glasgow and his associates there; and went to Greenock—the fare by the steam-

boat was only sixpence. He went down to the quays there, and hung about; and at last his Highland tongue won him the favor of the captain of a small vessel that was being repaired in dock. He got M'Eachran some little bit of work to do; and the first thing to which the young man devoted his earnings was the purchase of some second-hand clothes. He was now in a better position to go and ask for work.

If a man can keep sober in Greenock, which is one of the most dingy and rainy towns in this or any other country, he will keep sober anywhere. Not only did M'Eachran keep sober; but his sobriety, his industry, and his versatility—in Darroch he was famous for being able to turn his hand to anything—were speedily recognized by the foreman, and ended by his securing permanent employment. Then wages were high—such wages as had never been heard of in the Hebrides; and his wants were few. It was a strange thing to see the dogged industry of the Norseman fight with the impatience of the Celt; all day he would patiently and diligently get through his work, and then at night he would fret and vex his heart because he could not accomplish impossibilities. Nevertheless his companions knew that Angus M'Eachran was amassing money; for he earned much and spent little.

Time went by; he heard no news from Darroch or Killeena; and yet he would not write. Not only had he no hope of living again with Moira, but he had no wish for it. The recollection of bygone times was too gloomy. It was with quite another purpose that he was working hard and saving money.

One evening, going home from his work, and almost at the threshold of his own lodgings, he ran against a withered old Highlander named Connill, who was an under-keeper in Harris, and was acquainted with some of the Darroch people.

"Kott pless me, iss it you, Angus M'Eachran?" the old man cried. "Ay, it iss many a tay since I will see you. And now you will come and hef a tram and a word or two together."

"If you will come into the house, Duncan Connill," said Angus, "and we are just at the house, I will gif you a tram; but I hef not touched the whiskey myself

not for more ass fourteen months I pef-
lied. And are you ferry well, Duncan
Connill; and when wass you ofer in Dar-
roch?"

They went in to the younger man's lodgings, and in front of the cheerful fire they had a chat together, and M'Eachran told his old acquaintance all that had recently happened to him.

"And now you will go pack to Darroch," said the old Highlandman. "Ay, and it iss ferry prout Moira Fergus will be to see you looking so well, and hafing such good clothes, and more ass two pound fife a week."

"Well, I am not going pack to Darroch, and, yes, I am going pack to Darroch," said Angus; "but it iss not to stay in Darroch that I am going pack. Moira she will be with her father; and I will not tek her away from her father—it wass enough there wass of that pefore; but I will mek the arranchement to gif her some money from one week to the next week, ass a man would gif his wife, and then I will come pack to Greenock, and she will stay with John Fergus—and tam John Fergus!"

"Ay, ay," said the old Highlandman, "and that iss ferry well said, Angus M'Eachran; and if the lass will stay with her father, in the name of Kott let her stay with her father!—but if I wass you, Angus M'Eachran, it iss not much of the money I would gif a lass that would stay with her father, and her a marriet wife—no; I would not gif her much of the money, Angus."

"Well," said Angus, "it iss more ass fourteen months or eighteen months that I hef giften her no money at all."

"And I wass thinking," said Duncan Connill, "that it wass many the tay since I hef been to Darroch; but when I wass there, it wass said that Moira wass away ofer at Borva, with Mr. Mackenzie's daughter, that wass marriet to an Englishman—"

"Ay, ay," said Angus, "she wass a goot frient to Moira and to me; and if she would tek Moira away for a time to Borva, that wass a great kindness too; but you do not think, Duncan Connill, she will always stay at Borva, and her always thinking of John Fergus? But when she hass the money of her own, then she will do what she likes to do, even although she iss in the house of John Fergus."

"And when will you think of coming to Darroch, Angus?"

"I do not know that, Duncan Connill. We are ferry busy just now, and all the yard working overtime, and ferry good wages. But it iss not ferry long before I will come to Darroch; and if you would send me a line to tell me of the people there—what you can hear of them in Styornoway—it would be a kind thing to do, Duncan Connill."

And so the old man took back Angus M'Eachran's address to the Hebrides; and began to noise it abroad that Angus was making a great deal of money in Greenock; and that he had a notion of coming some day to Stornoway, and of getting into business there as a builder of boats.

About three weeks after Duncan Connill had seen Angus M'Eachran, a young girl timidly tapped at the door of Angus's lodgings, and asked the landlady if he was inside.

"No, he's no," said the woman, sulkily; for landladies who have good lodgers do not like their being called upon by young women. The good lodgers are apt to marry and go away.

"When will he be in?" said the girl.

"I dinna ken."

So she turned away, and went out into the dismal streets of Greenock, over which there gloomed a grey and smoky twilight. She had not gone far when she suddenly darted forward, and caught a man by the hand, and looked up into his face.

"Angus!"

"Ay, iss it you, Moira Fergus?" said he coldly, and drawing back. "And what hef you come for to Greenock?"

"It wass to see you, Angus M'Eachran—but not that you will speak to me like that," said the girl, beginning to cry.

"And who iss with you?" said he; not moved in the least by her tears.

"There iss no one with me," she said, passionately; "and there wass no one with me all the way from Styornoway; and when Duncan Connill will tell me you wass in Greenock, I will say to him, 'I am going to see Angus M'Eachran; and I do not know what he will say to me; but I hef something to say to him.' And it is this, Angus, that I wass a bad wife to you, and it iss many's the night I hef cried about it since you wass away, from the night to the morning; and now that I hef been away from Darroch for more ass a year, it iss not any more to Darroch I would be for going—no, nor to Borva, nor to Styornoway—but where you are, Angus, if you will tek me—and where you will go I will go, too—if that iss your wish, Angus M'Eachran."

She stood there, mutely awaiting his decision, and trying to restrain her tears.

"Moira," said he, "come into the house. It iss a great thing you hef told me this tay; and it iss ferry sorry I am that I tit not hear of it pefore. But there iss many a tay that iss yet to come, Moira."

These two went into Angus M'Eachran's lodgings; and the landlady was more civil when something of Moira's story was told her; and the young wife—with trembling hands and tearful eyes, but with a great and silent joy at her heart—sate down to the little tea-table on which Angus's evening meal was laid. That was not a sumptuous banquet; but there was no happier meeting anywhere in the world that night than the meeting of these two simple Highland folks. And here the story of Moira Fergus, and of her marriage with Angus M'Eachran, may fitly end.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

BY JOHN HULLAH.

THE published writings of Sir Arthur Helps, with whom literature was never a profession, and whose career may be said to have been prematurely brought to an end, are numerous,—having regard to their high finish, unusually numerous. They comprise a history, many volumes of

essays—most of them interspersed with dialogue—three or four dramas, as many fictions, and a biography. Few writers of any class—fiction of course excepted—have been more largely read; few of his particular class so largely. For his subjects, though always important, were not always

"interesting." They were not of a kind respecting which a cry or a crusade could be got up. His thoughts seemed always to be turned on those evils which escape the notice of, or at least are avoided by, those whose objects in life are influence, money, or notoriety. To get an occasional hearing, even an occasional following in respect to any glaring wrong or abuse, is easy enough for any one gifted with a fluent tongue, vigorous lungs, and an absolute deficiency of taste. To get either or both in respect to wrongs or abuses which, though not "glaring," are none the less mischievous, demands personal qualities of another order, accomplishments more rare, and a gift rarer still—the charm, the "talismán," as St. Beuve puts it, "*qui tient aux doigts de l'ouvrier*." Whatever subject Sir Arthur Helps touched—and save one, Slavery, he never dealt exhaustively with any which from their grandeur strike the imagination at once—he brought to bear upon its treatment the charm which of all others is the most personal, the charm of style. Be the subject what it might, apparently never so unpromising—drainage, for example—he was always readable. He could have written what he somewhere describes a friend as being engaged in writing, "a lively book on Contingent Reminders."

But as the learned and acute biographer of Casaubon puts it, "the scholar is greater than his books." It is from the desire to enable those who know "Friends in Council" to know something more of its author—of him who was at once Dunsford and Ellesmere, Milverton and Cranmer—that the recollections which follow have been drawn up by one who in the subject of them has lost one of the principal interests of a large part of his life.

In the last of his published writings, his notice of Canon Kingsley, in this Magazine, Sir Arthur Helps speaks of the "ruling motive" in the life of his friend. His own ruling motive, through all the long years of restless activity of thought and deed during which he came under my own observation, was benevolence—benevolence grounded on a belief not in the perfectibility of humanity, but in the infinite capability for improvement of human life. If this "ruling motive" be easily observable in his writings, it was even more so in his conversation and daily life.

With an intense delight in literature, success as a writer was with him never an end,

but a means. If he cultivated style, it was not that he might earn praise for it, but obtain hearing through it. He knew that as the orator whose utterance is deficient in force and clearness will not be heard, so the writer whose power of statement is deficient in charm—who cannot please as well as instruct—will not be read. His one "great" book, "The Spanish Conquest of America," grew out of no ambition to win for himself a place among historians, but out of an abhorrence of slavery. The introduction of the negro to Spanish America he first thought to have treated of with sufficient fulness in a few essays commented on by his "friends." Copies may still occasionally be picked up of two volumes entitled, "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondmen," which are the first outcome of this feeling. But they prove an altogether inadequate outcome of what, in the course of his reading, he had come to know and wanted to tell. The usual sources of information exhausted, he had passed on to the unusual, and, for the most part, unused. He had mastered Spanish, he had visited Simancas, he had collected and digested MSS. innumerable, and was in possession of a mass of information, much of which had never yet been put before the world; and this on a subject his interest in which had become a passion for which no relief was to be found but in a treatment of it exhaustive and, it might prove, attractive. In part he failed. The book was undoubtedly read and appreciated, but by those only to whom it was least necessary to appeal in a cause like that he had taken up. A few statesmen and scholars have read "The Spanish Conquest," but to the great mass even of intelligent general readers the book is absolutely unknown. That it should have been appreciated by men of his own order—those especially with whom on many points he did not agree—was, of course, some alleviation for his disappointment in reaching those of an inferior and more numerous one. I remember the pleasure I was once able to give him, after a visit to the late John Keble, in reporting the interest and impatience with which that revered theologian and poet was watching for the appearance of a new volume. Mr. Keble of course had recognized and found pleasure in the literary skill exhibited in the volumes which had already appeared, but he had been, per-

haps, more touched by their author's hearty and outspoken estimate of the characters and labors of the Catholic regular clergy in relation to the Spanish conquest. Again, his "Companions of my Solitude,"—to me the most precious of his books, because the most direct and complete expression of himself among them—grew out of an intense realisation, brought to a head by some accident, of the misery entailed by the particular offence which it so powerfully denounces. So powerfully and yet so temperately; with such allowance and such consideration. For he habitually checked in himself and others sweeping conclusions respecting anything or anybody. He had something to say for the worst cause, and—which is less common, because far more difficult—for the worst man. His consideration for the "other side" seemed sometimes excessive. But I do not believe it was ever mischievous to truth, though it doubtless lost him many a victory in argument. The book was not written but "made" during a tour on which I was the companion—not I hope of his solitude—in the autumn of, I think, 1851. We had travelled together before, and did so again afterwards. Our first journey was begun very late in the autumn of 1848. On this occasion Lady, then Mrs., Helps, was of the party. He had been and still was very ill; but he fancied the change of climate and of scene would do him good. I believe it did, eventually; but at the time of our journey his intense interest in public events—'48 was the "year of confusion" in Europe—prevented his deriving any immediate benefit from it.

He turned his change of place to account, however, in another way. If it did nothing for his body, it should at least do something for his mind. He made it the occasion of his first serious attack on the German language. A memory unusually retentive gave him an exceptional advantage in dealing with the only thing difficult to a scholar in a new language, its vocabulary. And even in this he was greatly aided by a very quick perception of the possible connection of unfamiliar forms with familiar ones.

He knew nothing directly of the results of the labors of the German philologists in this field; and the delightful aids of Max Müller were as yet non-existent or inaccessible. Our derivations and "connec-

tions," therefore, consisted for the most part of "shots," the rattle of which was as unceasing by night as by day. I had once bid him "Good-night," and had been perhaps an hour in my room, when I was aroused by a tap at the door. In answer to the query usual upon such occasions, the following utterance penetrated the door, which there had not been time to open—"I think *auch* must be *etiam*;" and the Teutonic student was gone.

On another occasion he announced solemnly that he was going out to try a verb with a separable prefix on the first sympathetic-looking native he encountered. He returned triumphantly after a short time to announce that the prefix with which he had been loaded had "gone off" to perfection. Our philological "shots" were put to a severer test subsequently; when he received a copy of a translation of "The Claims of Labor" into Swedish, a language of which neither of us knew a word, and of which no dictionary was accessible within seventy miles. Of course he did not want to read the translation itself; but there was a "Translator's Preface" which he was very curious to make out. Somehow in the course of a morning it was approximately made out, sufficiently at any rate to enable us to form an idea of what the translator had said about the subject of his labors.

In political opinions Sir Arthur Helps was what is generally understood by a Liberal; and had he made his way into the "House"—at one time a possibility for him—he would undoubtedly have taken his seat on the liberal benches. But his liberalism was qualified by a love of order and a sense of the necessity of "government" which might at times have rendered his vote anything but a certainty for those with whom, in the main, he agreed.

Robert Burns himself could not have believed with less reservation that "a man's a man for a' that," than Arthur Helps; but none would have resisted mob law, or deprecated more earnestly what amounts to the same thing—placing political power in hands as yet unprepared to use it rightly.

Sir Arthur Helps's belief in the possibility of a better state of things in this world, and his efforts to bring it about, were not limited in their aim and operation to his own kind. They extended to every living

thing. He was not at all a "good hater," but he hated cruelty with a hatred all but cruel. His efforts to lessen it were not confined to "Some Talk about Animals and their Masters;" they found vent in much vigorous and successful action. The arrangements now made for the transmission of cattle by railway, not only in England but over the whole Continent, were inaugurated at his instigation, and completed through his perseverance.

Of his religious opinions and sentiments it is difficult to speak confidently, if only on account of his intense sensitiveness in regard to those of others. Essentially Protestant, he loathed the vulgar forms which Protestantism often puts on. He saw nothing incongruous in a pure faith and splendid manifestations of it; but he refused as absolutely to identify devotion with candles, as simplicity with whitewash. He has said somewhere, and he certainly thought, that our cathedrals "were much finer than anything that went on in them." I well remember, at the close of a service in one of them his indignation at the audacity of the preacher of the day in putting forth matter so feeble and ill-arranged "in a building of that age and magnificence." In the course of our last conversation, even now only a few weeks since, he expressed exceeding admiration for the comprehensiveness and moderation of the Church of England. He spoke of disestablishment as a measure which even Dissenters, if Protestant, should vehemently oppose; as a measure whereby large accessions of believing but somewhat weak people would, bewildered by its confidence and its pretensions, seek refuge in the Church of Rome. He spoke highly of the efforts of the Anglican clergy for the promotion of education—before "education" became the fashion,—*à propos* to which he reminded me of the following story. Some thirty years since he bought a place in Hampshire. Shortly after taking up his residence there, he paid a visit to the parochial school. He was received of course politely; but the unconcealable nervousness and confusion of the master struck him greatly. The good man was evidently pleased with his visit, but a great deal more puzzled and put out by it. On subsequent better acquaintance he apologized for and explained his nervousness and confusion, by the fact that his visitor was the first layman who had ever set foot

in his school since he had become master of it, some ten years before.

Next to humanity the object of Sir Arthur's greatest reverence was its most direct emanation—a book. His acquaintance with books was enormous. He read rapidly, for his power of attention was absolute; and he remembered what he read for that same reason. I am unable to say who were his favorite writers; for the writers he knew best he regarded as personal friends, and among personal friends there should be no favoritism. If I were called upon to say of what writer I have heard him speak the most often and with the greatest admiration, I think it would be one of the last my readers would be likely to name—Machiavelli. But then he had derived his opinion of him, not from the pages of Macaulay, but from the revelations of that great statesman concerning himself—to be found only in his writings and his life.

Should a finished portrait of Sir Arthur Helps ever be achieved by a competent hand, it will present traits, moral and intellectual, too numerous and too beautiful to be truthfully attributable to more than a very few men of our own or any other time. One of these traits must not be omitted from the slightest sketch of him—the intensity and constancy of his personal attachments. Universal benevolence has been known to destroy individual, and with some friends of humanity "the greater" has *not* included "the less." Sir Arthur Helps was the most loyal of friends, as he was the most sincere; for though his ægis was always held up before his wounded fellow-soldier as long as the enemy was in the field, he would—after his wounds were healed, and not till then—point out to him why he had tripped, or, it might be, fallen in the fight. His attention, instant and entire, was always ready for those who had any claim upon it. Nor was his assistance less at their service than his counsel. To the operation of both on a movement, the usefulness of which it is not for me to overrate, its success is mainly due.

Some of the thousands of persons who received instruction in music, and some of the tens of thousands who derived pleasure from its performance, during the years in which St. Martin's Hall was a music school, will be interested to know that, but for Sir Arthur Helps, that instruction or

that pleasure would never have been theirs. His views in this, as in many other things, were never fully realised. The building for which he did so much has been turned to other uses than those to which he hoped it might have been permanently devoted, and the "school" in which he took so warm an interest is no more. The disap-

pointment was, however, but partial, and the failure only seeming. The impetus given there to an art which, as a means of moral and intellectual culture, he valued highly, is still operative, and its results, if not so obvious as they might have been, are none the less real.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SUCCESS OF THE TRANSIT EXPEDITIONS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, F.R.S.

ALTHOUGH many months must elapse before astronomers can hope to complete their analysis of the results obtained during the recent transit, yet already they can estimate the degree of success then achieved,—or, which is in truth the same thing, the degree of accuracy with which the sun's distance can be ascertained by means of the observations made last December. We propose to give a summary of the proceedings and various fortunes of the observers of the transit, indicating the general results of the operations carried out at different places and by different methods. Apart from the scientific importance of these operations, a certain non-scientific, but very real interest attaches to them, from the fact that nearly a quarter of a million of money was expended by the various scientific nations on the preparations and expeditions for observing the behavior of Venus during the four hours of her transit. Certainly on no previous occasion has so large a sum, or indeed a sum even approaching this, been expended on a research of a purely scientific character. For the mistake must not be made, of supposing that even indirectly the determination of the sun's distance has the slightest commercial or material value. We do not say that the work effected by the various expeditions had no such value; on the contrary, the careful determination of the true geographical position of the various stations must be regarded as a most useful addition to that mass of knowledge on which safe and successful voyaging depends. And it may well be that the experiments carried out and the various methods of observation employed, or attempted, may hereafter lead to results of considerable material value. But the actual determination of the sun's distance

cannot in the least degree affect the material interests of the human race, either in itself or by reason of any consequences which can be imagined as resulting from it. We were no worse off when we supposed the sun to be 95 millions of miles from us, than we are now when we know that the distance is probably no greater than 92 millions of miles, or than we shall be a few months hence when we may pronounce confidently how many hundreds of thousands of miles the sun is from us. That is, we were no worse off in any material circumstance. We travelled as safely over our little globe when we supposed its diameter less than the twelve-thousandth part of the sun's distance, as we do now that we know the sun's distance exceeds the earth's diameter only about $11\frac{1}{4}$ thousand times. Our commercial relations were not one whit affected by that old mistake of ours; and it seems as inconceivable that any real material gain can follow from the determination of the sun's distance, as that the commercial relations of the human race will one day be extended to Venus, Mercury, and Mars, or beyond the multitudinous asteroids to the regions where the giants, Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, traverse their mighty orbits. If we thought of visiting any of those planets it might be important to know at exactly what distances they travel, but until then, a knowledge of the scale of the solar system is a result of only scientific interest, and of no conceivable use to the inhabitants of earth.

But at the very outset, the thought may occur to some that we *may* be concerned, or if we ourselves are not, our remote descendants may be concerned, in a very serious way, in this matter of the sun's distance. Suppose that instead of astro-

nomers having mistaken our distance from the sun when they inferred it from the transit observations of 1761 and 1769, their estimate was altogether right. Then, as we now know certainly that the sun's distance is not so great by fully three millions of miles, it would follow that the earth has drawn closer to the sun by that amount. Three millions of miles in a century! or, as the matter is assuming so serious an aspect, let us determine more accurately the real rate of approach. Astronomers, a quarter of a century ago, set 95,365,000 miles for the earth's distance, as determined from the transit of 1769. It was in 1854 that this measurement was first seriously questioned; and before 1859 the value now used in the *Nautical Almanac*, 91,400,000 miles, had been registered by astronomers as the most probable. In other words, according to this startling way of viewing the matter, the rate of the earth's approach towards the sun amounts to about four million miles in 90 years. Only $91\frac{1}{2}$ millions remain; and therefore this most unsatisfactory rule-of-three sum is set for us,—If the earth approach the sun by four million miles in 90 years, how long will it be before she falls into the sun, his present distance being $91\frac{1}{2}$ million miles? The answer is, in 2059 years wanting three months. Only two millennia would remain for this unfortunate earth, nay, long before the first millennium was over all life would probably have perished from her surface. Half her sunward journey being accomplished, the sun would look four times as large and pour four times as much light and heat upon the earth. Whatever faith we may have in the power of selection to modify existing races so as to fit them for varying conditions, we know that in the process a thousand years are as one day. Practically the human race as it is at this day would have to endure the fourfold light and heat of that tremendous sun. A very few years of his action would depopulate the earth.

Fortunately, however, astronomy assures us that no such change is taking place. Apart from all other considerations, we find in the fact that the sun would grow seemingly larger if the earth were approaching him, the assurance that she has not approached him appreciably during the two thousand years which have elapsed since first astronomers noted the

apparent size of the sun. The old measurements of his disc agree closely with those obtained in our own time. If this argument is thought to be weakened by the consideration that perhaps the sun may be contracting as we draw nearer, and by an odd coincidence, contracting at such a rate as always to appear of precisely the same size,—then we must revert for comfort to the laws of planetary motion. These, empirically determined by Kepler, and placed on a firm basis by the physical reasoning of Newton, assure us that any change in the earth's distance from the sun will be responded to by a change in the time occupied by the earth in circling around the sun—that is, in the length of the year. The connection between the two changes is very simple. By whatever portion the sun's distance is diminished, the year will be diminished by a portion half as great again. Take for instance the imagined reduction of the sun's distance by rather more than three million miles, or by about a thirtieth part, then the year would be diminished, not by a thirtieth of its length, but by a twentieth (half as great again as a thirtieth),—that is, by more than 18 days. But we know that nothing of the kind has happened since the year 1769. Nay, the length of the year has certainly not changed by a single minute in the last three thousand years. In fact, the laws of astronomy, combined with observed facts, assure us that the earth does not approach the sun by a thousand miles in hundreds of thousands of years.

We may then turn to the consideration of the observations made during the recent transit of Venus, without being hampered by the fear that astronomers have been measuring a distance which is continually changing, so that the results obtained this century will next century be found erroneous.

Let us in the first place endeavor to form clear ideas of what was actually taking place while the transit was in progress. Of course, every one knows that Venus was passing between the earth and the sun; but it is necessary to know, further, in what way the earth was posed during the transit, in order that the value of different stations may be discriminated. We propose to adopt a novel way of considering the matter,—a method which, in the absence of illustrative dia-

grams, unsuited to these pages, seems to us the simplest and best.

Suppose an intelligent being on the darkened side of Venus during the hours of transit, that is, on the hemisphere of Venus turned earthwards, and that his powers of vision were such that he could not only see the continents and oceans of our earth and watch them slowly moving (from left to right) as she rotated, but also could perceive the exact moment when the shadow of Venus touched the earth, and watch the edge of that shadow passing athwart the earth's illuminated hemisphere. (For there *was* a shadow thus thrown on the earth all the time the transit lasted, though the actual quantity of sunlight cut off was an extremely minute proportion of the whole, so that no one not acquainted with the fact that Venus was in transit could have suspected it from the loss of light and heat.) This shadow, where it crossed the earth, had the shape of a vast circle, more than three hundred thousand miles in diameter, and therefore very much larger than the earth. If it had gone straight across the earth, so that during the middle of its passage the earth occupied its centre, then the passage of the shadow would have lasted eight hours; but as its centre passed far above the earth, the earth was only immersed in the shadow for about four hours. If the reader will cut a circle of tissue-paper some two feet in diameter, and, placing a silver sixpence on the table, will slide the circle over it, pushing the circle so that the centre describes a straight line passing five or six inches from the sixpence, then will the sliding circle fairly represent the shadow of Venus, while the sixpence will represent the sunlit face of the earth.

Our observer on Venus, then, looking at the earth at about the time when he knew that terrestrial folk expected the beginning of the transit, saw it rolling in the summer of its southern hemisphere.* Its southern polar regions, glowing with their snows under the sun's rays, were visible, while the northern polar regions were turned away, though the snows of the northern winter were visible, fringing the

upper boundary of the earth's disc. At that hour, we in England were for the most part asleep, seeing that the time was two o'clock on a December morning. The observer on Venus saw the eastern parts of Asia lately come into view on the left upper part of the illumined disc, while the Sandwich Isles, Marquesas, and the rest, were about to pass out of view on the right; in the lower half of the disc Australia and New Zealand were visible, enjoying a midsummer's day, while the islands of Mauritius, Rodriguez, Kerguelen and others, had lately come into view, so that it was early morning there.

The intelligent observer on Venus knew that the shadow of his planet would first strike the earth near the Sandwich Isles, its advancing edge travelling athwart her face in the course of about twenty-five minutes, and passing off close by Kerguelen Land. This was only the advancing edge, be it noted, and its passing from the earth meant simply the total immersion of the earth in the shadow: if the reader revert to his tissue-paper circle and sixpence (provided, of course, ten minutes ago, at our suggestion), he will see that the edge of the tissue circle first reaching the sixpence on the outside will presently touch the sixpence on its own inside or concavity, and that thenceforward the sixpence will be wholly covered by the tissue circle, until reached by the retreating edge.

Our observer on Venus, if he considered carefully what was going on before him, would perceive the importance of those stations on the earth where the advancing edge of the shadow arrived either very early or very late. So many minutes elapse while the shadow's edge is sweeping from the former stations to the latter, and so many miles separate these stations; and clearly the recognition of these facts is equivalent to the determination of the rate (in miles per minute) at which the shadow is advancing. This, in turn, amounts to the measurement of the earth's distance from the sun. For the astronomer (whether on Venus or the earth) knows well how long a time the shadow of Venus takes in going once round from the earth to the earth again,—this being the interval during which Venus passes through all her changes as a morning and evening star, an interval determined ages ago in Chaldaea and Egypt, and known in our day within a second or two. So that

* The scene is that presented to us when we study Mars during the summer of his southern hemisphere, when, as Holmes says—

"The snows that glittered on the disc of Mars
Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year."

knowing thus how long the shadow takes in going round, and having ascertained, further, at what rate the part of it travels which is at the earth's distance, we know the circumference of the earth's orbit, and therefore the earth's distance from the sun. The observer on Venus could know all this if that wonderful acuteness of vision which we have imagined, whereby he discerned the faint shadow of Venus, were accompanied by a knowledge, no matter how acquired, of the earth's *size*. But even if he did not know this, he could understand that the inhabitants of earth (if an inhabitant of Venus could suppose our wretchedly cold globe inhabited) must be able to apply this method. He would argue that the Terrestrials, if folks of sense, would be sure to have set observers near those two regions, where the advancing edge of the shadow first reached and last touched the outline of their globe's illuminated disc. If he sympathised with their anxiety to obtain knowledge, he would examine with considerable interest the parts of the earth thus favorably situated; and if he saw a whitish light over them, such as our astronomers often see near the edge of the disc of Mars, he would be concerned to think that probably this whiteness indicated the presence of a good deal of cloud and mist, which could not but interfere with the observations of observers stationed there.

Next, for nearly four hours, our observer on Venus would watch the earth slowly rotating, the Sandwich Isles, Marquesas, and other places passing out of view on the right, while Africa, Arabia, Asia Minor, Persia, the Caspian and Black Seas, and the eastern parts of Russia in Europe, came into view on the left. He would know that the sun had set for the former places, while at these others, which had come into view as he looked, day had broken and the morning hours were in progress. At the former the beginning of the transit had been visible, but not the end; at the latter the end would be seen, but the beginning had not been visible; while all those regions which had remained in view the whole time, as Australia, New Zealand, the East Indies, and the eastern parts of Asia generally, would have seen the whole transit. And he might reason about these last-named regions, that among the fortunate observers of the whole transit those stationed northwards

would see his own planet depressed southwards on the sun's face, while those stationed southwards would see her disc raised northwards; while if they could determine by what portion of the sun's diameter she was raised or depressed (whether they effected this by direct observation, or by taking photographic likenesses of the sun with Venus on his face, or by timing the length of her apparent passage), they would learn how large the sun is, and, therefore, would be able to infer his distance. Our observer would, therefore, look with special interest at stations suitably placed on the northern and southern parts of the earth's visible face, to judge from the aspect of those parts what sort of weather was prevailing there. Nor would he wholly limit his attention in this particular inquiry to the regions whence the whole transit could be seen. For he would argue that though the terrestrial observers *might* be so unskilful as to be solely dependent on observations of the duration of transit for their estimate of the position of Venus on the sun's face at the time of mid-transit, yet also they might be able to determine this directly, or by taking photographic pictures near the time of mid-transit. So that though, in the former case, it would be essential that the whole transit should be seen (for how otherwise could the duration be determined?), yet in the latter case the middle of the transit would be the really important epoch. On this account he would pay special attention to the aspect of the extreme northern and southern regions of the illuminated earth-face, at the time when the passage of his planet's shadow over that face was about half completed. The regions which he would examine with chief interest for this purpose would be those in the northern hemisphere, within a space enclosed by a line drawn from India around Lake Baikal, Kamtschatka, the Japanese Archipelago, China, Cochin China, and so to India again; and those in the southern hemisphere enclosed by a line drawn from the Cape of Good Hope, round Rodriguez, Mauritius, to South Australia, around New Zealand and Chatham Island to Campbell Island, and so by Kerguelen and Crozet Island to the Cape again.

Lastly, for the same reasons that made the advance of the shadow's edge over the earth important, the passage of the shadow

ow's retreating edge would interest our observer on Venus. This edge would first make its appearance on the lower right-hand quadrant of the earth's face, not far from the south pole. It would travel retreatingly across New Zealand and Tasmania, being presently seen reaching from Kerguelen Land to the middle of Australia, and so on; but the earliest part of this half of the retreat would alone be important. Still retreating, the edge of the shadow would draw near to the place where it would finally leave the earth. It would be seen extending from Alexandria to North India; then from the Black Sea to Siberia; and would finally leave the earth's disc at a place about midway between Moscow and the White Sea. The time occupied by this retreat of the shadow's edge across the earth was about twenty-five minutes, like the time of passage of the advancing edge. The same reasoning would apply to the retreat as to the advance; and the intelligent observer on Venus would look anxiously at New Zealand, Tasmania, South Australia, and islands south of Tasmania, to see what weather prevailed for observing the end of transit where occurring earliest, and with equal anxiety at North India, Egypt, Asia Minor, and the region around the Caspian, Aral, and Black Seas, to note under what conditions the end of the transit was observed where it occurred latest.

A difficulty might suggest itself to our observer, perhaps, as regards the observations especially directed to the beginning or end of the transit. He might argue, It is all very well for me, looking at the earth from Venus, to notice how long the shadow's edge takes, say, in advancing from the Sandwich Isles to Kerguelen Land, or the retreating edge in passing from New Zealand to Alexandria; but how are the observers on earth to know how long the interval is? There must, for example, be one set of observers on the Sandwich Isles, and another set on Kerguelen Land. But, separated as they are by many thousands of miles, how can they communicate to each other the occurrence of the beginning of the transit? If these sets of observers cannot communicate directly with each other, they must be very good astronomers, or have very excellent time-keepers, if they can determine the precise difference of time be-

tween their respective observations. And possibly our inhabitant of Venus might be disposed to believe that this difficulty would cause terrestrial observers only to trust to this method as a makeshift if other and easier methods chanced not to be available. He would argue that the duration of transit might be timed by observers at northern and southern stations with any ordinary time-keepers, and would always thereafter admit of being compared; while the mid-transit position of Venus, as seen from two such stations, might be determined or photographed with great readiness: but for two observers, ten thousand miles apart, to ascertain the moment of absolute time when transit began (or ended) so exactly that when they met, months after, they could feel certain that just so many minutes and seconds separated the moments when their several observations were made, must be a task of very great difficulty. Probably the inhabitant of Venus would have been surprised to learn with what marvellous accuracy the astronomers of our earth had learned to determine true time for any station on the earth, even without the aid of the electric telegraph. But he might even have been more astonished had he known that, despite the existence of the difficulty just indicated, and the fact that, notwithstanding all the modern improvements, it still remained a serious one, astronomers on our earth had actually been at one time in danger of overlooking the comparatively simple methods of observation available at places whence the whole transit could be seen.

The reader who has followed what we have here supposed our observer in Venus to have perceived during the hours of transit, will understand why certain regions on the earth were important for observations specially intended to determine the distance of the sun. The transit itself was visible wholly or in part from many places which were not in the least worth occupying. Any one stationed on the island of Java, for instance, could have seen the whole transit under most favorable conditions, the sun being all the time high overhead; but his observations, though they might be exceedingly interesting in showing the features which Venus presents in transit—the signs of an atmosphere, the traces of a twilight circle on the planet, and so on—would have been of very little

use indeed towards the determination of the sun's distance; since (i.) Java is not near the place where transit began earliest or began latest, but midway between the two; (ii.) Java is not near the place where transit ended earliest or ended latest, but between the two; and (iii.) Java is neither far north nor far south, but close by the equator. Of course, even at such a station observations would not have been absolutely worthless, because a mean value necessarily differs from extreme values on either side of it; but where the object is to get the greatest possible difference, it is, of course, essential to take cases differing as much as possible from the mean. The rule *medio tutissimus ibis* is not the true rule in such a case, but must be replaced by the contrary rule, either extreme being preferable to a mean position.*

But before we proceed to consider what befell in the various regions selected by astronomers for the observation of the transit, there is one other circumstance in the supposed observation of the earth from Venus which seems to us worthy of consideration. Although our books of astronomy tell us that while it is day in one part of the earth it is night in another, that while winter is in progress in one region it is summer-time elsewhere, these circumstances are not so clearly apprehended as we imagine they might be. But when once we consider the aspect of our earth as studied from Venus at a time when Venus is between the earth and the sun, so that the observer on Venus looks fully at the illuminated half of our earth, we apprehend clearly why these varied relations hold. We see that one half of the earth being in sunlight, day is in progress there, while it is night in the other half. We also perceive under what varied conditions the different parts of the illumi-

nated half exist. The parts in the middle of the sunlit disc are those where the sun is nearly overhead, while those near the edge have the sun low down. The rotation taking place from left to right, parts on the right are passing towards the boundary between light and darkness; in other words, evening is approaching there. The parts on the left have lately passed the boundary between light and darkness; in other words, the sun has lately risen there. Then the pole, which is tipped into view (the southern in the case considered), is clearly in sunlight all through the twenty-four hours, while the other pole tipped out of view has continual night. We see that the southern hemisphere, brought along with its pole more fully into sunlight, has long summer days, while the northern hemisphere, turned partly away from the sun, has short summer days. All this seems easily recognised when thus presented, and still better when a picture of the earth thus posed is shown, whereas the ordinary explanation of the seasons illustrated by a picture in impossible perspective, and by views of the earth showing only the northern polar regions for all the seasons, is more readily understood by the teacher than by the learner.

We can see, then, how it was that whereas, in England, the hour was two o'clock on a winter's morning, observers in the Sandwich Isles were awaiting the beginning of the transit in the afternoon; others in Kerguelen Land, Rodriguez, and Mauritius, were watching for the same event early on a summer's morning; and at the same time it was near noon on a summer's day at Melbourne, Hobart Town, and Adelaide; while in New Zealand the beginning of the transit was looked for on a summer afternoon. Again, the end of the transit occurred at about six o'clock on a winter's morning with us, or long before sunrise; but in Kerguelen Land, Mauritius, and Rodriguez, the end of the transit was observed not long before noon of a summer's day; in New Zealand the end occurred shortly before sunset; and in Egypt and Asia Minor the sun rose with Venus already on his face and drawing near to her place of egress, the transit concluding there while it was still early morning. Nor were the conditions under which the whole transit was observed less variable. In parts of

* Nevertheless, it seems to us that considerable interest, and probably some value, would have attached to observations made at or near the point on the earth where the transit had not only exactly the mean duration, but both began exactly at a mean epoch between earliest and latest beginning, and ended exactly at a mean epoch between earliest and latest ending—at a point, in fact, where, so far as the duration and the absolute moment of beginning and ending were concerned, the circumstances were precisely the same as they would have been for the centre of the earth. The largest of the Arroo Islands in the Aradura Sea would have been about the spot where this would have happened.

Siberia transit began soon after sunrise and ended not long before sunset, whereas in Kerguelen the whole transit was observed during the first half of the day, and in New Zealand the whole transit was observed during the latter half of the day. There were southern spots, though no observers occupied them, where the beginning of the transit occurred before sunset and the end after sunrise, the beginning and end being thus visible, while the progress of the transit could not have been observed; while there were northern places where the beginning occurred before sunrise and the end after sunset, neither phase therefore being visible, though the progress of the transit during the greater part of its continuance might have been watched as the sun skirted the southern horizon during the short winter's day of high northern latitudes.

But now let us inquire what degree of success attended the observers who were deputed to occupy the stations most favorably placed. There were, first, the observers who were to time the beginning, one party observing that phase as early as possible, and the other observing it as late as possible, the former looking for the beginning on a winter's afternoon, the latter looking for the beginning on a summer's morning. These two parties formed one set, as it were, seeing that they were at opposite ends of the same base-line, and that failure at either end would mean failure of the entire operation. Next there were the observers who were to time the end of the transit, one party observing it as early as possible, the other observing it as late as possible; the former looking for the end on a summer's afternoon, the latter looking for the end on a winter's morning. These two parties, again, formed a single set, occupying the extremities of one and the same base-line. Lastly, there were the observers who were to be stationed where the whole transit could be seen, and either to time its duration or to note the path followed by Venus across the sun's face, one widely-extended party observing from the northern hemisphere, and the other (still more widely extended) observing from the southern hemisphere. And these two parties again formed one set, though their distribution was so wide and the methods of observation they employed so various, that they had much more numerous chances of success than

those two sets which confined their attention either to the beginning or to the end of the transit. Very ample provision had been made for these whole-transit parties. Originally it had been supposed that this particular transit could not be advantageously observed at stations where both the beginning and end could be seen; but so completely was this erroneous view corrected, that far the greater number of stations actually provided were of this kind, and the American astronomers—who not only showed singular acumen and forethought in preparation, but devoted a larger sum to the observations than any other two nations together—decided, after careful inquiry, that no station ought to be occupied from which the whole transit could not be observed.

First, then, let us consider what success the observers of the beginning of transit achieved, remembering that, on the one hand, good observations at both ends of their line (very nearly a diameter of the earth in length) were required for complete success; but that, on the other hand, complete success by this single method meant in reality a complete solution of the problem dealt with, even though all other methods failed: albeit the more such solutions were obtained the more exactly would their average approach the truth.

At the northern extremity of the line were three stations on the Sandwich Isles, all occupied by Great Britain. Captain Tupman, the head of the British operations, was at Honolulu, and here "the sky was cloudless," he writes, "a circumstance not altogether in our favor, as the heat of the sun was terrific." At Waimea, Atooi, the weather was equally fine, "not the faintest cloud or mist appeared." At the third station, Kailua, Owhyhee, on the contrary, an envious cloud obscured the sun until after the important moment of the beginning of transit had passed. On the whole, however, the observations made at the Sandwich Island stations were successful. Captain Tupman, indeed, was not satisfied with the determination of the moment when Venus had just completely entered upon the sun's face. A circumstance which appears to have taken many by surprise, though in reality it had been observed in previous transits, rendered the observation more difficult than it otherwise would have been.

Venus has an atmosphere, probably as dense as our earth's, and consequently there is a twilight-circle on Venus, and not only so, but the sun would be raised by the atmospheric refraction just as the setting sun with us is raised above the horizon after he has in reality (that is, in a geometrical sense) passed below it. The sun is raised at this time by more than his whole diameter. Now suppose Venus drawing near to the sun, and that we look at the point of her outline farthest from his. In so doing (and taking no account of the part of her atmosphere on her other side), we are looking at the sun in the same direction as an inhabitant of Venus stationed at that point we are looking at. But this individual would see the sun close to his horizon, and raised as much as our sun is raised near the time of sunset (always supposing the atmosphere of Venus just like ours). The terrestrial observer is, as it were, behind the supposed inhabitant of Venus, so that both see the same effect produced,* only the terrestrial being so far behind, the displacement of the sun is proportionately diminished. Nevertheless he also would see the sun round that edge of Venus, even on our supposition that the nearer half of the atmosphere of Venus produced no effect. But in reality that half produces just the same effect as the other half, doubling the displacement, so that the observer on earth cannot fail to receive sunlight round that part of Venus, even, which is remotest from the sun. All along the edge of the half of Venus farthest from the sun his light is bent round and sent earthwards, though it need hardly be said that the result is to give only the finest possible thread of sunlight around that side of Venus, and no doubt to ordinary observation this thread would be imperceptible.† Now, the nearer Venus draws to the sun the brighter would this thread of light be, and when more than half of her disc had passed on to the sun's, the

circle of light bounding the other half could hardly fail to be perceptible to a good observer armed with a powerful telescope. But then conceive the difficulty thus occasioned. What the observers had been specially instructed to look for (without, it would appear, the least hint of the peculiarity in question, though very carefully instructed about a certain quasi-mythical black drop) was the appearance of the sunlight between Venus and the sun, as her motion separated her from the sun's edge. But on account of the action of Venus's atmosphere a line of light (real sunlight, too) appeared round the part of Venus which would last cross the sun's edge, and became distinct before that part was even near true contact. Here, then, was the criterion of contact suddenly rendered useless, and the observer left to judge of contact in another way, if in the excitement of the moment he were not deceived by this thread of light so as to suppose it indicated that Venus had fully entered on the sun's face. We find that Captain Tupman, though disconcerted, was not deceived, while Mr. Nichol, who observed with a smaller telescope, was deceived, but apparently not disconcerted. Mr. Nichol withdrew from observation thirty seconds before Captain Tupman, "conceiving," writes the latter, "that contact was passed," and recording nothing later. "I am not at all surprised," proceeds Captain Tupman, "for there was nothing sudden to note, and the complete submergence" (here he regards Venus as sinking into the sun's disc) "was so gradual, any one might have recorded ten seconds before I did, and have been quite as accurate. My first impression was such an observation could not possess any value. It was something similar in principle to having to decide where the zodiacal light terminates! bearing in mind, of course, that we expected to get the contact within a second or so of time."

Unfortunately a photographic arrangement by which it had been hoped that the true instant of contact would be indicated, was not successfully applied. This arrangement was what has been called the "Janssen turning-wheel." A circular photographic plate was so arranged that a series of sixty pictures could be obtained all round the edge, a second being given to each, so that the whole process would

* Much as though an insect were to look through a decanter of water at a page of print from a distance of a yard or so, while another looked in the same direction, but from a distance of two yards.

† Nevertheless Prof. Newton, of Yale College, has seen the fine circle of light completely formed round Venus, during one of those passages of the sun which occur at intervals of about 584 days, but ordinarily carry her past him without transit.

last one minute. If this minute were so taken as to include the moment of contact, then that moment would be known, because the successive pictures were all carefully timed. Now it would appear that Captain Tupman gave the signal at exactly the right time, and the atmospheric conditions were excellent; the turning wheel was set going, and everything seemed to have worked well. But unfortunately when the pictures were developed it was found that the telescope had been wrongly directed, so that in every one of the sixty pictures "the planet is cut in half." This is the interpretation of the unpleasant telegram received from Honolulu, a few days after the transit, announcing that "Janssen failed."

So much for one end of the line; though it is to be noticed that measurements and ordinary square photographs were secured here, which will doubtless have their value in aiding to determine the sun's distance. Moreover, Captain Tupman's full account of the difficulty under which he observed goes far to give an accuracy to his result which otherwise would have been wanting. In 1769, it was the confused description of phenomena, quite as much as the actual difficulties of observation, which caused trouble afterwards.

At the other end of the line were parties who occupied Rodriguez and Kerguelen Island. Confining our attention to the English parties, who alone had to consider specially the moment when transit began, we have to record success at Rodriguez, and partial success at Kerguelen Island. From Kerguelen the news came that "Corbet, Coke, Goodridge observed" the beginning, while Father Perry missed it, but observed the end of transit, with which, however, at present we are not concerned. "English photographs poor," said the telegram. It appears from later news that only one direct observation of the beginning was secured, the rest being included among the "photographs poor." The Rodriguez observations were fairly good. So that one set of observations was, on the whole, successfully accomplished.

The method of determining the sun's distance by observing the beginning of transit was sufficiently provided for. Of the triple cord by which this important astronomical result was to be secured, one

strand had been woven; and, although, in the weaving the poverty of some of its filaments had been for the first time fully recognised, the strand still remained fairly strong.

The second series of operations were those directed to secure the end of the transit where it occurred earliest and latest. We remind the reader that the extreme difference in this case, as with the beginning, amounted to about twenty-five minutes—but that to secure the degree of accuracy hoped for from these observations, it was necessary to determine the difference in absolute time to within a second or two. We mention this point here between the accounts of the two series of observations by this method, because it is desirable that the reader should notice that in one sense very plain and obvious evidence about the sun's distance is given by this method, twenty-five minutes being a large time-interval; while in another sense the method is delicate and difficult, because to get the sun's distance very accurately the time-intervals must be very accurately measured.

At that end of the second base-line where transit ended earliest, the English parties detailed to observe this phase were unfortunate. Major Palmer, the head of these parties, had stationed them with excellent judgment in different parts of New Zealand. All that was known of the conditions of weather at these various stations promised well. The day before the transit was fine, the day after was provokingly calm and clear, but unfortunately the day of the transit itself was overcast, until a short time after the transit was over. An American party at Queenstown, Otago, saw part of the transit; but even they did not see the important end (important, at least, by the method we are considering). From New Zealand the telegraph sent home to us here in England the unpleasant words, "Nobody egress."

But although the parties specially sent out from England to observe the end of transit missed that phase, other observers were more fortunate. At Melbourne, in particular, Mr. Ellery, the head of the Observatory there, had very fair success, though he reports that his photographs were not so good as could be wished. The French observed the end of transit successfully at New Caledonia; while the Germans achieved excellent success at

Auckland Island, a station astronomically superior to those occupied by Great Britain. At Campbell Island, a still better station, the French had bad weather. But at St. Paul's Island (which, however, was not specially chosen for observing the end of transit) they made good observations. Theoretically the French and Germans ought to have failed totally at these stations, which our Admiralty had rejected as untenable; but for this occasion (and let us hope for this occasion only) those nations borrowed from us what we regard as our national characteristic, and not knowing when they were beaten achieved a distinguished success.

At the other end of the line the Russian parties, spread over the region around the Caspian Sea, were uniformly thwarted by bad weather. Not quite as favorably placed, the English and German parties near Cairo and Alexandria made a series of successful observations. The sun rose, indeed, enshrouded by clouds, and, as one of the English observers described the occasion, there was a race between Venus, the sun, and the clouds, whether the sun should leave the low-lying bank of clouds before Venus left his disc, or Venus leave his disc first, and so the transit be over before the sun was visible. Fortunately Venus was a few minutes late, and thus the end of the transit was seen, which was the phase specially to be observed at these stations. But there was another station where English observers had good opportunities of noting the end of transit. This was Roorkee, in North India, where, as in Egypt, the end of transit was late by fully ten minutes. Here Colonel Tennant and his party secured this phase, but not so neatly as was to be wished. Clocks and working-gear generally seem to have a tendency in Colonel Tennant's neighborhood to strike work at unlucky moments. This happened during the Indian eclipse; and on the occasion of the transit the recording instrument (a chronograph) stopped just forty seconds before the critical moment. The photographs, too, were hazy, partly, says Colonel Tennant, "the fault of the air, partly of telescopic tremor, and partly that we have never been able to get good definition." "Search after the cause," he adds, "is complicated by the fact of an occasional image being fairly sharp."

The second strand of the triple cord is

weaker than might be wished, chiefly because of the clouds which unfortunately hung over the best Russian stations at one end of the line, and our well-provided English stations in New Zealand at the other end of the line. Still the strand is by no means severed. Coupling it with the other strand, formed from observations of the beginning of transit, it may fairly be said that these (which constitute the Delisleian part of the cord on which the measurement of the sun's distance last December depends) possess considerable strength. That they are not stronger is due, in the main, to mischances against which no foresight or skill could have availed.

It is probable that the combined Delisleian operations, taken alone, would give the sun's distance with an error of not more than four hundred thousand miles. At the best, that is, if weather had been more favorable at some of the best stations, and if mishaps due to other causes had not occurred, this method might have given the distance within about two hundred and fifty thousand miles.

But we have now to consider the Halleyan strand of the triple cord, or rather the central cord, supplementary to which were the two Delisleian strands.

In the northern hemisphere a large number of stations had been provided for observing the whole transit. Russia provided eleven, amongst which were several in that dismally bleak part of Siberia, close by the pole of winter cold, where our astronomer royal had despaired of seeing a single station. It is singular, considering the opportunities for communication between Greenwich and Poulkova, that though this Siberian region had been pointed out early in 1869, and the best station therein—Nertschinsk—indicated by name, the astronomer royal remained ignorant for five years of the fact that Russia would occupy this region, and even of the probable weather there in winter. We find him in March 1874, in a letter addressed to the Astronomical Society, expressing the idea that the winter skies at Nertschinsk are as clouded as those at Petersburg (where the sun is sometimes not seen for weeks together), and confidently asserting his conviction that Russia would not occupy that station. Only a week later, however, came the news that not Nertschinsk alone, but eleven Siberian stations for observing the whole transit would

be occupied, while presently a Russian meteorological authority announced that the weather in that region is clear on about eighty days out of a hundred. In the meantime, the Americans had been making careful inquiries, and had determined to occupy one Siberian station, one station in Japan, and another at Tien-Tsin. France decided on occupying one station in Japan, one in North China, and one at Saigon. The Germans sent a party to Chefoo. And lastly, England had one northern station where the whole transit could be observed, viz. Roorkee, already mentioned in dealing with the observations of the end of transit.

At the greater number of these stations the transit was successfully observed. Either the duration was timed, or photographs were taken, by means of which the path followed by Venus could be ascertained, and especially the important point of all, her position at the middle of her path in the sun's face, where, of course, she made her nearest apparent approach to his centre. In a list of stations where success was achieved, recently published by the Astronomical Society, the following northern Halleyan stations are named: in Siberia,—Nertschinsk, Wladiwostock, Arrianda, Tschita, Possiet, Haborowka, and Kiachta; in Japan,—Kobe, Nagasaki, and Yokohama; in China,—Pekin, Chefoo, and Saigon; in India, Roorkee. The importance of these successes will be understood when it is remembered that these were nearly all (all save Roorkee and Saigon) absolutely first-class stations. It is also worthy of mention, perhaps, that in the original scheme of operations, drawn up in England for the guidance of all the scientific nations, not one of these stations, or even the regions in which they are placed, had been so much as mentioned.*

But these observations all belonged to one end only of the Halleyan base-line, or rather to one side of the wide Halleyan field of operations. Had they not been balanced by southern observations, they would have been as useless as a common balance would be which had but one arm

capable of bearing weight. Fortunately, southern stations were numerous, and at many of them successful observations were made. The Americans provided five southern stations where the whole transit could be observed; France three, Germany two, Holland one, Lord Lindsay one, and at all the English southern stations the whole transit was visible. As regards these English stations, however, we must in fairness point out that not only were they not originally provided for the observation of the whole transit, but, when it was found that the whole transit could be seen there (a fact overlooked in the original programme), it was determined that the duration should not be timed, but that the epochs of beginning and ending should be noted and worked up after the Delislean fashion. We trust our readers will perceive clearly that one may time the moment when a certain event begins and ends, without learning how long it lasts. At any rate, if they should fail to understand this, they must nevertheless not be so ill-mannered as to question this authorised explanation of the English arrangements.

The Americans, at Hobart Town and Queenstown, achieved such success in photographing the transit that Prof. Newcomb, the head of the Washington Observatory, estimates that these photographs, combined with those taken at the three American stations in the north, would of themselves give the sun's distance within 250,000 miles. But since he expressed that opinion, we have heard of further American successes at Kerguelen Land; the French were successful in observing and photographing the whole transit at St. Paul's Island and New Caledonia; the Germans at Auckland Island. Lord Lindsay's party obtained more than two hundred photographs at the Mauritius. Good observations were made by Meldrum also at the Mauritius, by Ellery at Melbourne, and by observers at Sydney and elsewhere in South Australia. And although our official astronomers may be unwilling to find any Halleyan value in their successes at Rodriguez and Kerguelen, yet as the astronomers of other nations, and perhaps unofficial astronomers in England, may find it possible to calculate the duration of an event from the observed time of its beginning and ending, there can be little doubt that English

* This statement, the truth of which can be readily tested, may serve to remove some misapprehensions which have been occasioned by accounts apparently proceeding from ill-informed persons. The reference is to the programme of operations published in the notices of the Astronomical Society for December 1868.

observations will fortify the southern series of Halleyan operations.

Newcomb's estimate, applied only to the news from three American stations in the north and two in the south, shows how great the value must be of the combined results from all the northern and southern stations mentioned above. There can be little doubt that from these observations, constituting the Halleyan series, the sun's distance will be determinable within less than a hundred and fifty thousand miles.

Combining all the observations together, Delisleian as well as Halleyan, it may fairly be assumed that the probable error of the final result will not be greater than a hundred thousand miles; or, roughly, about one-nine-hundredth part of the distance to be determined.

This cannot but be considered a most satisfactory result of the combined scheme of operations. Few expected so large a proportion of fair weather at the various stations spread over so wide a region, and where the transit was observed under such varying conditions. It had been regarded as probable that at about one-half of the stations there would be bad weather and at the rest fair weather. But the actual number of stations at which observations were successfully made was far greater than half the total number. Then again, the stations at which success was achieved were on the whole well distributed. If there had been bad weather at most of the northern stations and fair weather at most of the southern stations, the result would have been simply a disastrous failure. Or again, if there had been a more equal distribution of weather between the two hemispheres, but certain combinations of fair and bad weather had been presented, the result would still have been failure. Thus if there had been fine weather at the Sandwich Isles, but bad weather in Kerguelen, Rodriguez, and Mauritius; fine weather in New Zealand, but bad weather in Egypt and North India, as well as at those Russian stations where the weather actually was very bad; while in the limited northern Halleyan region there had been bad weather, with fine weather at St. Paul's, Campbell Island, &c.; the result would have been the total failure of all the three methods of operation. Fortunately, bad and good weather were so distributed that all three methods had a fair share of success, though it must be

confessed that fortune, on the whole, favored most the stations selected for observing the whole transit. In fact, while Delisleian operations at the beginning of transit were but fairly successful, those directed to the end of transit barely escaped total failure.

Two circumstances, alone, seem regrettable in the history of the late transit; and though, as a rule, it is idle to discuss what *might* have been, yet, as another transit will occur before long, it may be well to consider these two matters, as suggesting precautions which may be useful hereafter.

The first matter of regret is the circumstance that several stations where the middle of the transit might have been advantageously observed, were either not occupied at all, or not provided with suitable appliances for observing that particular phase of the transit. Considering that the very essence of transit observation, however disguised in the Halleyan or Delisleian methods, consists in the recognition of the varying distance at which Venus seems to pass the sun's centre as seen from different stations, it will be manifest that any station where Venus at the moment of nearest approach (that is, at mid-transit) was either exceptionally near or exceptionally far from the centre of the sun's disc, was an important strategic position. In old times, indeed, such a station would have been of little use, because no instrumental or other means for determining the exact distance between the centres of the two discs existed. But in our day, photography supplies a means not merely of measuring this distance, but of securing a record of it. Moreover, the instrument called the heliometer or sun-measurer supplies a very powerful and exact means of measuring such a distance. Now the Russians and Americans occupied all the stations in the northern hemisphere, where Venus in mid-transit was most depressed *towards* the sun's centre, and there secured photographic and heliometric results of extreme value. In the southern hemisphere, the stations already referred to were moderately good for this particular purpose. But the very best southern stations were either not occupied or not properly provided for. Thus Cape Town, where there is a Government observatory, was far superior in value for this purpose to Kerguelen, the best of the special stations, and yet no provision was

made for securing photographs or measurements of mid-transit. In point of fact, half-a-dozen stations should have been provided in Cape Colony and Natal. What we now know of the northern photographic results shows that photographs secured in South Africa would have been an invaluable addition to the results secured last December.

The second regrettable circumstance is still more important, since it affects the value of the entire series of photographs obtained by the English, Russian, and German Government parties. It seems only too certain that the method they employed for photographing the transit was untrustworthy. The considerations on which this opinion depends are not altogether suited, however, to these pages.

In summing up the results achieved during the recent transit, we are struck by a certain disproportion between the share originally assigned to England and that which she eventually took in the combined series of operations. In the original programme of the astronomer royal, England

had the lion's share, Russia being next, and France third, while Germany was left to do nothing, and America was expected only to assist in observing the transit of 1882. It is singular that though England has actually accomplished nearly twice as much as she originally undertook, she has been far from taking the lion's share in the scheme of operations. The work of America, judged by money cost (the readiest test), has been nearly twice as great as England's. Russia has occupied more stations than any two other nations together. France, Germany, and America have between them made provision for four island groups, the occupation of which was declared by English authorities too dangerous to be attempted. Considering that the transit of 1882 would in the nature of things fall specially to the share of America, it must be admitted that our country must take very energetic measures on that occasion if she is to maintain her position in schemes of scientific enterprise.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

III. FOOD.

WHO sent the food, and who the cooks, is a matter of history. A good cook is the Black Swan of domestic life; she is an epoch, an era; we date from her; we are ready to write her name in gold and sardonyx on sandalwood. 'That was when Jane Stubbs was cook,' we say, and memory casts a fond halo over the feats of that female *cordon bleu*. Fate has been kind to France in the matter of cooks; French men and women are born with gastronomic and culinary perceptions. Given the poorest materials, they will produce a palatable and wholesome dish, at once appetising and nourishing. 'In France we dine,' said an obliging Frenchman, sitting next to me at a German *table-d'hôte*. 'In Germany they feed.' 'And in England, what do you do there?' asked a somewhat splenetic German relative, to whom, in an unwary moment, I had quoted the above epigrammatic remark. 'I will tell you, *meine Beste*. You

boil your vegetables in water, much water, and eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar. You know one meat, the biftek, bleeding; and one *Mehlspeise*, the blom-budding.' I confess, being far from home and all its pleasures, the sarcastic enumeration of the delights of our insular table wounded me, and I lifted up my voice in feeble protest. But let this criticism temper the steel of our pen, and put a little milk and honey into the ink of our observations.

It was said by one of the ancients (I think Tacitus in his 'Germania') that the Teutons were distinguished by having the largest volume of intestines of all the peoples of Europe (I feel a certain hesitation in quoting these words, which, writ in elegant Latin, might pass muster); but certainly no one who has lived in Germany can aver that the modern Teuton has degenerated from his ancestors in powers of absorption. Take, for instance, the everyday experience of a *table-d'hôte*, where gentle and simple are gathered together, and where the manners of the majority will im-

press themselves on the mind of the impartial spectator. Quantity, not quality, appears to be the motto of the repast; to eat, if possible, twice of every dish, to splutter over the soup, to seize the sauce *en passant*, to perform tricks of knife-jugglery that might strike awe into the breast of a Japanese adept; to lap up the gravy, to drink salad dressing off knife-blades, to scour the inside of the dish and the platter with lumps of bread, to swallow breathlessly, and after a fashion that somehow suggests the swallowing is a mere preliminary operation, presently to be supplemented in leisurely ruminating hours; to fill up the pauses in the interminable ceremony by picking the teeth and dingy dessert with alternate impartiality, is a picture so true as to be trite, and so unattractive as to be scarcely excusable, except upon historic grounds. Everyone who has spent even only a few weeks in Germany must have beheld and suffered from such scenes.

It is not my intention to intrench upon the prerogatives of the cookery-book, or to give in any detail the list of German dishes with which I might easily furnish my readers. To speak otherwise than generally, in a paper of this kind, would be out of place; but we may be amused by noting the various points of difference and similarity between our neighbors' *modus vivendi* and our own.

There are three great characteristic divisions of German food—the Salt, the Sour, and the Greasy: the salt, as exemplified by ham and herrings; the sour, as typified by *Kraut* and salads; the greasy, as demonstrated by vegetables stewed in fat, sausages swimming in fat, sauces surrounded by fat, soups filmy with fat. If we were to go into the philosophy of food, we should probably find that the salt gives the appetite for the grease, that the grease is necessary for warmth-giving purposes, as well as to supplement the absence of nutritive quality in what may be roundly spoken of as a potato diet; and that the sour acts as a digestive agent on the grease. The food of the lower orders in Germany is poor and coarse in the extreme:—thin coffee without milk or sugar (sugar is an expensive item, and is looked upon as a luxury; except in seaboard towns, white colonial sugar is unknown, the brown sugar rarely used and little thought of); black rye bread, which is always more or

less sour (being made without yeast); potatoes stewed in fat, with a mixture of onions, apples, carrots, plums, or pears; now and then a bit of fat pork with treacle; a mess of *Sauerkraut*; lentils, beans, and a piece of '*Blutwurst*'; mysterious entrails of birds, and beasts, and fishes that might have puzzled the Augurs of old; *Mehlsuppe*, *Biersuppe*; cabbage boiled in grease, and a slice of raw ham. No beer for the women; no white bread. *Schnapps* for the men, distilled from corn or potatoes; a fiery, coarse spirit that would be disastrous in its effects but for the mass of food with which it is mixed. It has already been seen how domestic servants fare, the food in private houses being as superior to that found in the peasant's hut, as the table in an English middle-class kitchen is superior to the scanty meal of the underpaid agricultural laborer. In mountainous districts the people live almost entirely on milk, flour, eggs, butter, cheese, and cream. To taste meat is an event in their lives; nor do they feel the deprivation; for the pure mountain air, the fresh out-door life of the *Alm*, the healthy exercise of climbing and descending, of rowing across the lakes, and tending the cattle, makes them healthy, vigorous, and cheerful after a fashion unknown to, and impossible for, the dweller in towns and cities. In proof of this we have not to go to foreign countries for convincing examples. We have only to look at what things may be done in a kilt, on 'whusky and parritch,' to be convinced of the important part fresh air and abundant exercise play in the matter of muscular development.

Let us begin in our survey with the first meal of the day, and see of what it consists.

There is no family breakfast table as with us, where sons and daughters gather round the board, letters are received and read, newspapers scanned, and the great affairs of the world, as made known by telegram, imparted and commented upon. We look in vain for the damask tablecloth, the steaming urn, the symmetrical arrangement of plate and china that welcome us in the middle-class English household. No trim girls in bright cotton or well-cut homespun gowns; no young men, whose fresh faces tell of tubs and Turkish towels, are here to greet us. There *may* be a linen cloth upon the table (though

even this detail is far from general), and there will be a coffee pot, and a milk jug, and sugar basin, set down anyhow anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or Japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*, perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly group of cups of different colors and designs; no butter; no knives and forks; possibly a plate with a few milk rolls, of somewhat finer flour than the ordinary, and the breakfast equipage is complete. The first comer (if a lady, in dressing gown and cap; if a man, in *Schlafröck* and *Pantoffeln*) will help her, or himself, to coffee and rolls, probably eating and drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for there is no inducement to 'sit down and make yourself comfortable.' If it be winter time, the coffee pot and milk jug will be placed on the stove instead of on the table, and the next comer will go through the same formula of solitary feeding, departing, as the case may be, for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or to supplement the somewhat scantily represented 'mysteries of the toilette.' The last comer will enjoy the dregs of the coffee pot and the drains of the milk jug on an oil-cloth cover or crumpled table-cloth, slopped with the surplusage of successive coffee cups, and besprinkled with the crumbs of consumed rolls.

The *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is an institution in France, dwindles, so far at least as the ladies of the household are concerned, into a surreptitious shaving of sausage, or a sly sardine, partaken of in solitude and haste between the conflicting claims of the kitchen and the *Friseurinn*. The young (old or middle-aged) military heroes, who will probably represent the male portion of the household, will prudently 'restore' themselves on their way home from drill or parade in a more substantial manner than that which suffices for the weaker vessels; thus relieving the much be-plagued Hausfrau from any more elaborate sacrifices on the gastronomic altar.

But though breakfast, as we have seen, may leave much to be desired, it yet contains elements of excellence not to be overlooked. *Imprimis* there are no cows with iron tails in Germany, and the rich pure milk makes the well-flavored, if somewhat thin, coffee taste excellent. The sugar is beet-root sugar, and does not sweeten so well as the real colonial article, but is

white and sparkling. The crescent-shaped milk rolls (*Hörnchen*) are crisply baked, and make it easy to dispense with butter; the *Semmel* in its fresh state is not to be despised, though, as the day advances, it becomes leathery and tough, and at nightfall you will long for an honest slice from a good wheaten loaf. The sour rye bread, ranging from black to a light brown, is much condemned by some as affording little nourishment; nevertheless one may acquire a taste for it, and many persons declare that they prefer it to the tasteless insipidity of the white roll. In some parts of Germany you can get what is called '*Englisches Brod*' baked in small cakes; it is made of very fine white flour, with a mixture of butter and milk and a dash of sugar in it, that quite destroys any resemblance the name might lead you to expect. Bakeries are under Government supervision; not only the weight of the bread, but the quality of the flour is tested; and as neither the day nor the hour of the inspector's coming can be calculated upon, evasion is almost impossible, and cases of adulteration and light weight so exceptional, as not to be worth quoting.

I shall, perhaps, surprise the prejudiced amongst my readers when I say that I found the *matériel*, as a rule, excellent in Germany. Bread, butter, milk, and eggs abundant. The market well stocked with fruit and vegetables of the commoner kind (several of the latter unknown to us might be adopted with advantage into our bills of fare). Poultry, as a rule, is poor, but cheap. Pigeons to be had for a few pence; game, in season, generally plentiful. No one who has ever tasted in a private house a German *Rehbraten* with cream sauce, will dispute its excellence; the claims of roast partridge with *Sauerkraut* (this latter not the greasy mess *table-d'hôte* dinners may suggest, but a delicately tempered digestive) to recognition have been acknowledged by the descendants of Vatel and Ude, for it is a dish to be found in every well-compiled French *menu* of the present day. What housewife would not gratefully hail the fact that she might buy a saddle of hare just as we buy a saddle of mutton, which, well larded and baptized with sour cream, is so mellow and melting a morsel that you might unhesitatingly set it *solus* before a king. The hare is never trussed and

sent up to table with its long ears, lean head, and unpleasantly grinning teeth, as with us; if you buy the whole animal (and unless you want some small and *appétissant* addition to your dinner you will probably do so), the head will be taken off, the legs broken at the joints, and the interior of the animal will be utilised for the servants' dinner, forming a dark and 'wicked broth' called *Hasenpfeffer*, into the mysteries of which occult preparation I never ventured to pry, though frequently I saw and heard it partaken of with sounds of succulent approval in the kitchen. Sweetbreads, for which your butcher calmly demands ten shillings a pair during the London season, are to be procured for such a price as need not wound the conscience of the tenderest Hausfrau; veal kidneys (who ever knew how delicious a veal kidney could be until he partook of *Nierenschnitte*?) need not exercise your mind on the score of economy, nor need you even hesitate much about 'caviare to the general,' or *pâté de foie gras* to the particular. The tables of the world have recognised the merits of Strasbourg pies, Westphalia hams, Pomeranian goose-breasts, Brunswick sausages, Bavarian beer, Lübeck marchpane, and Hamboro' beef; no contemptible list of exportable edibles. Of the beef and mutton I cannot speak in glowing terms. Nevertheless they are to be had fairly good, and in the days of the small Residenz towns the reigning Duke or Prince would generally have his bees and sheep fattened after approved methods, so that with a little interest and civility, one could usually so far soften the heart of the slaughterer (*Schlachter*) as to have an English-looking sirloin and a mature leg of mutton as often as one wished upon one's table. In the same way there would be a poultry farm or *Fasanerie*, where the doomed birds would be shut in little pens and '*genu delt*,' à la mode de Strasbourg, for the Royal or Ducal table, so that a plump roast capon or pheasant was quite within the region of recurring possible good things. On a *changé tout cela*, however, and doubtless such concessions are reckoned amongst the corruptions of the past. Veal is better in Germany than with us; and though at all times unwholesome and indigestible as food, forms a pleasing variety in the list of ordinary dishes that appear on the homely board.

It is a drawback, to use a Hibernicism, that all the roasts (like those that did coldly furnish forth the Queen of Denmark's marriage tables) are baked. Yet, baked meat, well-basted and not overdone, forms a concentrated kind of food that use makes almost as palatable as the spitted joint, and seems to be making its way to popularity here. Pork is not a favorite dish on the tables of the rich; that is, not in its simpler form; in its more complex preparation pig is a popular meat with all classes. *Schlachtwurst*, *Mettwurst*, *Blutwurst*, *Rauchenden*, *Leberwurst* (this latter being pigs' livers, prepared like *pâté de foie gras*, delicately spiced and truffled) are only a few of the endless popular varieties of the German sausage. Ham is generally eaten raw, well smoked, and if presented at tea or supper, a little wooden platter and a sharp knife will be placed beside you in order that you may cut it into small pieces such as are used by cooks for larding. Taken in this way as a relish, the flavor is sweet and appetising, but the uncooked state of the meat renders it tough (*zahe*), and involves more mastication than is agreeable.

Some years ago a cry went abroad of whole districts suffering from trychina; and in some parts of the country not only was the mortality alarming, but the sufferings of the afflicted so frightful, that Government commissions with properly appointed medical officers were told off to inquire into the subject. The result was, that in every town a medical officer was appointed to certify the wholesome condition of all the pigs slaughtered before the butcher was permitted to offer the meat for human food. In this country, where pork and ham are not eaten raw, such measures are unnecessary. Unpleasant as the idea of such parasites must be, we know that the boiling would destroy their dangerous qualities; but in Germany, where uncooked ham is the rule and not the exception, and where the sausages that are eaten cold are invariably only smoked, the precaution is an emphatically necessary one.

Fish, except in seaport towns (and these are few and far between in Germany), is a scarce and doubtful commodity; the Elbe and Rhine salmon very inferior in flavor to our own, and *always* dear. When produced on great occasions, this fish is almost always served cold, encased in a sour jelly if whole, or accompanied by va-

rieties of mayonnaise sauces if only portions of it are presented to the guests. Carp and tench, those muddiest of the fresh water finny tribe, are spoken of with bated breath, as of delicacies fit for the table of Apicius himself; but they are generally so disguised with vinegar and complicated flavorings, that the mud may be said to yield to treatment. Not only are the salt-water fish very inferior to our own, but of infinitely less variety. No sloping marble slabs, sluiced with fresh water, adorned with mountains of ice and forests of fennel; no piled-up lobsters in gorgeous array, splendid salmon, many-tinted mackerel, delicate whittings or domestic soles, colossal cod, ministerial white bait or silver sprats, will tempt at once your eyes and your palate; you will probably have to dive into an obscure shop, whence issues anything but invitingly 'a most ancient and fishlike smell,' when, in answer to your demand, a doubtful-looking marine monster will be pulled out of a mysterious tub at the back of the counter, with the remark, *Heut' giebt's nur Schellfisch* ('how unpleasantly,' as Thackeray's schoolboy says of the monkeys, 'they always smelt'), or *Dorsch*, or *Barsch*, as the case may be. In the so-called fish-shop there will be all kinds of pickled herrings (these form the foundation of that most popular of German dishes, *Häring-salat*), bloaters (*Bücklinge*), small dried sprats (*Kieler Sprotten*), perhaps even pickled salmon and a pot of caviare may tempt you; for the love of Germans for every kind of salt and dried fish (perhaps in default of fresh) is apparently an appetite that grows by what it feeds upon.

I remember tasting in Mecklenburgh a most dainty dish of dabs, or flat fish, smoked in nettle-smoke (this gave them a peculiar delicate flavor) and stewed in fresh cream; the accompaniment being a delicious kind of black bread, short and rather sweet, liberally bespread with freshly churned butter. Very excellent, too, are pigeons braised and served with milk rice; the rice being so boiled that each grain is distinct, and surrounded with the rich milk in which it has been cooked, so that it tastes almost like cream. This custom of serving rice, *Gries*, and different sorts of farinaceous food, cooked with milk, as we serve vegetables, with roast meat, is one that we might well imitate; we have the beginning of it in our bread-

sauce with birds, but in Germany it is introduced in a variety of forms. Rabbits are rejected by the poorest as vermin, unfit for human food; by which means a cheap and not unwholesome dish, when partaken of occasionally, is lost to the laboring man.

Potatoes in bucketsful, and prepared in fifty different fashions, form the staple of the food of the lower orders.

Dinner, which in Germany is often a painfully protracted business, lasting on occasions even three or four hours, is, in a general way, partaken of between the hours of twelve and two, according to the occupation of the master and the school hours of the children of the house. It is scarcely served in a more appetising manner than the scrambling breakfast. There is a want of cleanliness, of order, of propriety; if I may say so, a want of dignity about the table arrangements that would almost suggest the total absence of any æsthetic feeling in those who sit round the ill-appointed board. The servants are noisy, the cloth is crumpled, the dishes are *slammed* down upon the table, the gravy is tilted over, the glass is miscellaneous, the knives and forks are put in a heap, the plates are not changed frequently enough. No crisp watercress or curly parsley adorns your cold joint, or sets off the complexion of your butter; it is thought no solecism for every one to plunge his knife into the salt-cellar, to pick his teeth at table, to stretch across and reach for whatever he wants. Everything seems to be done in a hurry, and yet everything is served separately, so that there is nothing to distract the attention from the matter in hand. There is a sense at once of repletion and emptiness in a German dinner. Your stomach has been filled, but not fortified. You have begun with a soup which, mathematically speaking, may be said to represent length without breadth; this has been followed by the *bouilli*, or soup meat, out of which all nourishment has been flayed, accompanied by a sour sauce, of *Morschehn* (a debased kind of mushroom), boiled in butter and vinegar; your will have abundance of vegetables stewed in fat or butter; sausages and lentils; some little dumplings called *Klöße*, compotes of cranberries and bilberries, stewed plums or cherries; a piece of roast veal, or a fowl (for roast read baked), with potato-salad, cabbage-salad,

or *Sauerkraut*, and a *Mehlspeise*, this representing a rather better than average dinner in an ordinary German household.

At four o'clock coffee will be brought in; after which the master of the house will depart for his club, and the mistress will pay visits amongst her friends, until the time comes for the theatre. The family will not reassemble until supper, which will be taken between the hours of seven and nine, depending on the length of the opera or comedy, the days on which the ladies of the house are *abonnées*, and the various other family engagements and exigencies. This is a pleasant meal, resembling high tea. In many houses tea is served as with us, and though the flavor of it is very different from what we are accustomed to consider good, I confess I always hailed its appearance with satisfaction. Bread, butter, cold ham, sausage, tongue, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, cheese, and cakes, with perhaps a few additions and alterations if friends share the meal, represent a German supper, or *Abendessen*, Bordeaux, or beer, or the wines of the country are generally taken by the men in preference to tea. Cigars follow; the ladies retire into the withdrawing-room, and at ten o'clock everyone is in bed. All the housewives, as autumn wanes, lay in a goodly store of vegetables to last through the winter months, when nothing of the kind is to be procured for love or money. Potatoes are banked up in the cellars, cabbages, carrots, turnips, onions are buried in layers of mould, whence your cook will extract them, uninjured by damp or frost, for the daily meal. Vegetables of the finer sort, such as French beans, peas, &c., are, as they come into season, preserved for winter use in tins, the process observed being a very simple one; the vegetables, with a little salt and water, are put into the tins, which are then hermetically sealed by a man who comes to solder them down; the tins are placed in another pan with boiling water, and if air bubbles rise to the surface when the water boils, you know that there is a flaw somewhere in the soldering; your man takes out the offending tin, ascertains where the defect is, and repairs it.

These tins of preserved vegetables may be bought now in nearly every English grocer's shop; but our simpler method of preparing their contents has not helped them to popularity. In Germany, where

the flavor is aided by all sorts of spices, cinnamon, and nutmeg, sugar and butter, their flatness is much disguised, and they prove a welcome substitute for the real thing. Dried apples and pears and plums, which all take the place of vegetables, and enter largely into the ordinary domestic fare, are also bought wholesale for winter storage; and these with peas, beans, lentils, and rice, not to speak of *Gries*, *Grütze*, buckwheat, and other farinaceous sorts unknown here, afford a fair scope for variety in the domestic cuisine.

It will be objected that Germany could never have produced such fighting men, such deep-chested, loud-voiced, well-belted, straight-limbed, clanking, swaggering, awe-inspiring warriors as she has lately shown the world, on a fare of veal, vinegar, and chickens. Surely, these martial heroes, with the front of demi-gods and the endurance of Titans, show a valor, a high courage, and a well-fed confidence, whose muscularity speaks volumes in favor of the flesh pots of the Fatherland. 'Wine to make glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance,' sings the warrior king, David, who himself belonged to fighting times and to a fighting race, and was able to appreciate the fact that an ill-fed body makes a lily-liver and a craven heart. We must have the healthy body if we are to have the healthy mind; we cannot expect doughty deeds without muscular development.

'Have you,' said a learned Theban once to me, 'observed (I am speaking as a physiologist) how inferior, in our country, is the woman-animal to the man-animal?' When a great physician, whose name is writ on the scroll of twenty learned societies in your own country, stoops to ask you such a leading question as this, you are bound not to take exception at the form in which he frames it, and to give him the answer he expects. 'Well,' he went on to say, 'the cause and the effect lie very near together. Observe, how do we feed our man-child, and how do we feed our woman-child? You will say, pretty much alike. They start fair. The peasant mother nourishes both. The active life of our women of the lower orders circulates the blood, helps them to assimilate the vast quantities of food they take, and this, of course, is nutritious. The baby cuts its teeth; it is promoted to another form of food, and from this mo-

ment the paths of the man-child and the woman-child are divergent. The boy goes to school, skates, *turns* (many an Englishman might be astonished at the feats of young German athletes in their *Turn-hallen*), makes walking-tours in his holidays, drills, marches, goes through his spring and autumn manœuvres, develops the muscles of a Hercules and the appetite of a Briareus. His active, out-door life, the oxygen he breathes, the fatigue he undergoes, the discipline to which he submits, all contribute to develop a strong straight body, to enrich his blood, and to help him to assimilate his food. The brain is nourished, the muscles are nourished, the organs become strong and healthy. Look at our young officers, and say if their appetites be not heroic. Observe that they eat with large comprehensive hungriness; they restore themselves as they come from parade with a good basin of beef-bouillon, with a deep draught of Bavarian beer, with an orgie of oysters. Don't you remember Heine's '*Lieutenants and Fähndrichs, die sind die klugen Leute*,' who come and lap up the Rhine-wine and the oysters, that were rained down in a beneficent hour on the Berlin *Steinpflaster*? My most gracious, those are the typical men, the coming men, the useful men. Their great frames and loud voices are the outcome of healthily active lives. What has your woman-child been doing all this time? She has been sitting behind the stove (*hintern Ofen*), sucking sugar-plums, and swallowing sweet hot coffee; nibbling greasy cakes in a stifling stove-exhausted atmosphere. She does not, as do your young English ladies, ride, walk, swim, take what you call 'the constitutional,' garden, boat, haymake, croquet, enjoy all those diversions we read of in your English books. The grease that nourishes her brother disagrees with her; she has no digestion; her teeth decay; she spoils their enamel with vinegar and lemonade; she pecks at an ounce of exhausted soup-meat; she takes here a snick and there a snack; she becomes *bleichsüchtig*, she is ordered to take the air; she totters out on high-heeled shoes to her coffee *Kränzchen*; she sits in a summer-house and tortures cotton round a hook; she goes to the theatre; she passes from one heated, exhausted atmosphere to another gas-and-oil-heated one. How can she be hungry? How can her food nourish her? Is it a wonder

that she has no chest, no muscles, no race, no type, no physique?' cried my excited friend. 'Would the young man have been any better with such a life? And this is only the beginning of the story; between the Alpha of food and the Omega of planting new generations in the world there is a series of disastrous mistakes,' said Dr. Zukünftg, presenting me with a pamphlet *On the Comparative Assimilative Powers of the Races of Modern Europe*. I leave him in his professional enthusiasm, which led him into an eloquent and exhaustive verbal treatise on the complex causes of physical female degeneracy, together with a fine comprehensive scheme for the rehabilitation of the human race, by the abolition of gas-light, stove-heat, high-heels, coffee, corsets, scandal, and chignons, since in this paper food alone may reasonably engage our attention.

Of the drinks of Germany not much need be said. Rhine-wine and Bavarian beer are accepted liquids, and need no bush. But whilst upon the subject I may mention an institution, well worthy of emulation, in the little drinking-booths which, planted at regular intervals along the hot and dusty thoroughfares, offer you such welcome refreshment in the shape of sparkling waters, effervescing lemonade, and soda and seltzer-water, for a penny the glass, with any kind of fruit-syrup you choose added to the reviving and sparkling draught. It may be objected that in London such obstructive edifices would seriously impede the traffic and cause a block upon the pavement, and that shop-rent is too dear to admit of mineral water, ginger beer, lemonade, and raspberry vinegar being sold at a penny a glass. That may be so; but the boon of these little temples of refreshment, where the weary wayfarer deposits his modest coin and receives a long cool draught in return that sends him on his way rejoicing, is not to be overlooked or denied. Very excellent and quite worthy its poetic name is the fragrant Maitrank that one gets in the 'merry month;' and not to be forgotten in the enumeration of dainty drinks is the imposing *Bowle*, for which nectar a vessel has been specially created and consecrated, and without which no convivial meeting or dancing-party would be held complete.

In many parts of Germany tea is look-

ed upon as medicine. 'Is, then, the gracious lady ill?' is no uncommon question, if by chance an irresistible longing should overtake you for the 'cheering cup.' It is only to be had good in Russian houses; but even here not always quite according to English taste. Some take lemon instead of milk with it; others substitute red wine; the tea is often scented; and I remember once having a pound of tea sent me which I was told cost three pounds sterling, having come overland, and been bought by the kind donor at the fair of Nishni-Novgorod, of which I will only say, that a little Vanilla boiled in hay would have pleased me quite as well.

Fruit, as we see it in Covent Garden, or in the shop windows of Paris, is unknown in Germany. Perhaps the nearest approach to the super-excellence of which I speak may be found in the Hamburg market, but then the fruit is imported. Oranges, in the interior, cost twopence and threepence each, and even then are small, and of a very inferior quality. Gardening is a science very little understood; the outlay of manure, labor, time, and so on, which is necessary to produce anything like perfection in trees, plants, or vegetables, would be looked upon as thriftless waste. The pears, apples, plums, and cherries grow almost wild. To dig about them and rake them, to produce varieties, and to improve by selection of earths and manures the standard stocks, seems an almost unnecessary trouble, since you can pull up the old tree when it is exhausted, and plant another in a different spot. Quantity, not quality, is what you want; and certainly if quality were presented to you at the fraction of a farthing more than its rival quantity, you would, on merely conscientious grounds alone, reject the former for the latter.

If ever the happy time should come (and I doubt it, short of the millennium) when our cooks will permit the young ladies of the household to learn how to prepare the food that *they* seem paid to spoil, I hope a Median and Persian law may be passed at the same time to prevent these fair creatures from carrying the history of their culinary prowess and exploits beyond the dinner table. Let a stand be made against the persistent talk of food that poisons any attempt at conversation where two or three German housewives are gathered together. The unction with

which greasy details are discussed; the comparisons (specially odious, it seems to me, in post-prandial hours of repletion) of goose-grease dripping with bacon fat; the wearisome enumeration of mysteries connected with this dumpling, that sauce, or the other pickle, are a burthen to the flesh and a weariness to the spirit of any mere outsider grievous to be borne. Some of my best German friends were angry with me because I did not want to eat my cake and have it too. 'We are not ruminating animals,' I said, trying to make my feeble stand against this eternal talk of food; 'and I don't care to chew the cud of culinary memories.' But such an ineffectual protest went down before the serried ranks of my opponents. Like the *Civis Romanus sum* of the old Romans, 'I am a German Hausfrau' is the last pæan of pride which these patient spouses know; and what wonder if they resent your unwilling homage, and think scorn of a temper that is contented to leave the discussion of dinner to the table or the kitchen?

'Sir,' said old Samuel Johnson, 'give me the man that thinks of his dinner; if he cannot get that well dressed, he may be suspected of inaccuracy in other things.' So he may. You don't think better of that man who boasts that, to him, the salmon is as the sole, the turnip as the truffle. On the contrary, you pity or despise his want of culture. You may put up with Lucullus and his lampreys, or Epicurus and his *suprême de volaille*; you will, perhaps, even smile indulgently on M. Gourmet's gastronomic reminiscences; but this is the poetry of food. You will, on the other hand, bitterly resent the process of it being forced upon you at all times and seasons. We may be sure that the honest, arrogant, tea-drinking old Doctor would have been the first to put his conversational extinguisher on that man who should dare to dilate gluttonously on the food he loved.

Laughable, and yet characteristic, is the fact, that on returning from a dinner, ball, tea, supper, or *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* in Germany, the first question formulated by the non-revellers awaiting you at home will always have reference to the food. Former experiences in other climes will have prepared you for such frivolous queries as—'Well, were the A.'s overdressed, as usual? How did Mrs. B. look? Did the C. girls dance a great deal?' and so

on. But strangely on your unaccustomed ear strikes the solemn question, unerring, ponderous, and punctual as a clerk's amen,

Na! was hat's gegeben?—'What did you get?'—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ANIMAL LIFE IN MADAGASCAR.

THE large island of Madagascar has of late excited a special interest among the lovers of natural history; the richness of its soil has been acknowledged, and the character of its vegetation and of its animals classified. During the present century, Europeans have chiefly visited the northern part of the island, and expressed in glowing language their admiration of its shores. The Bay of Diego-Suarez, which is situated in the most northerly point of the island, is spoken of as one of the wonders of the world, and that of Pasandava most enchanting. This, however, is not a fair picture of the whole; like other islands, it presents very striking contrasts. A recent traveller, M. E. Blanchard, who has visited certain parts of the island, chiefly to explore its mineral resources, describes in his book (*L'Ile de Madagascar*, J. Claye, imprimeur) the great chain of mountains and the desolate solitudes to the west of Imerina, where there are immense tracks that no one has trodden. In one part, nature displays her boundless riches, where the native can live without working, and civilised man procure the enjoyments of material life; in another, the ungrateful land scarcely yields any food; the rocks are sterile, the soil is bare, and a stream of water to render the existence of man or beast possible, is not to be found.

Climbing with difficulty the high, abrupt downs, the pathway has to be opened through thorny bushes, and plains stretch out at the summit; not a tree or shrub is to be seen; desolate, uninhabitable, and depressing as the deserts of Egypt and Arabia. After a long march through the sand, a new scene opens; the nopal is now found growing; a sure index to the abode of man. These plants, upon which the cochineal insect chiefly lives, are natives of America, but have long been naturalised in Africa and the south of Europe; the Arabs no doubt introduced them into Madagascar. Wherever a country is unwatered by streams, they are an invaluable resource for the inhabitants.

Here, every family possesses its plantations of nopals, and gathers the fruit in a peculiar manner. With the point of their lances, they adroitly detach them, thus avoiding their redoubtable thorns; and roll them in the sand, to get rid of the silky covering which incloses these spikes, afterwards peeling them with the iron point of the dart. They appease hunger, assuage thirst, and permit the poor people to live in places where, for weeks together, water is not seen.

In these solitudes where the forests are immense, animal life can multiply without fear of man, and yet the fauna of Madagascar offer some singular features. The traveller can pass along without fear of the lions, leopards, and panthers of Asia and Africa; neither do zebras and quaggas gallop over the plains. In other countries, wherever the climate is hot enough, monkeys enliven the woods; here, not a single species is to be found. The horse and the ass are unknown; and, what is still more extraordinary, ruminants, such as stags and antelopes, are absent. It is true that there are large herds of cattle, which constitute the great riches of the Malagaches, as the natives of Madagascar are called, but they have been imported probably from the southern part of Asia. This species is remarkable from its boss or lump of fat on the back, and is strikingly beautiful when seen in large herds wandering over the plains. The sheep too are peculiar, from their enormous tails, which consist of a mass of fat—a common feature in those belonging to the African continent. Goats are common, as well as wild pigs, which ravage the plantations; but these are supposed to have all escaped from vessels, and not to be indigenous to the island.

The monkeys of other lands are, however, replaced by the lemurs—graceful little creatures of many different varieties. There is a great resemblance in their attitude and manner of life to the ape, so that they have been styled monkeys with the fox's muzzle. Their agility is marvellous;

they leap through the air to a great distance, settling on a branch, which perhaps bends under their weight, and dart off again in evolutions of astonishing rapidity. A wood frequented by troops commands the astonishment and admiration of the traveller, from the intelligent appearance and incessant gambols of these lively animals. The largest kinds are about three feet in length, whilst the smallest are not larger than a rat. The true lemur, which is distinguished by a long snout and tail, prefers fruit for food, but does not object to crunch a small bird, a lizard, or insects. These are diurnal in their habits; whilst the chirogales, possessing short paws and pointed teeth, shun the light, and only appear in twilight and moonlight, when they make great havoc among lizards and small game. These curious mammals are characteristic of Madagascar; other species do exist elsewhere, but the nocturnal kind are found nowhere but in this and the Comoro Islands.

In the most solitary parts of the southwest region lives that strange creature, the aye-aye or *chiromys*. A nocturnal animal, gentle and timid, it is about the size of a cat, with a large head, round full eyes not dissimilar to those of the owl, an enormous tail, and most extraordinary formation of the fore-paws; the middle finger being long and slender. This, which looks like a deformity, is, in truth, a wonderful arrangement of nature for its special way of life. As it lives on the larvae hidden in the trunks of trees, the finger can be easily introduced into the fissures from which it tears the coveted prey. Naturalists think it forms a link between the squirrel and the monkey. The Malagaches seem to be impressed with a superstitious dread of the animal, owing to its sleeping all the day in the most secret haunts; nor do they ever molest it, astonished as they seem to be by its peculiar physiognomy and movements.

There is another class of mammals peculiar to this island, which are called *tendraks* by the natives, and seem closely allied to our hedgehogs. Like these, they are covered with spines, but the teeth differ, and the tail is wanting; neither do they roll themselves into a ball, but hide the head between their paws when frightened. Seven or eight species have been discovered, with some variety in the spines, some being soft, and not covering the

whole of the body. They are all nocturnal in their habits, and very good when cooked. As for the carnivora, they all belong to a very small type. The wild cat is a pretty creature. Its back is fawn-colored, traversed by four stripes of reddish brown, and yellowish white under the body and the paws. The *ichneumon*, with its long thin body and shaded skin, also gains the admiration of the traveller; it is a fearful enemy to all small or weak animals, but one of the species feeds greedily on honey. Not the least curious is the *cryptoproctus*, of the size and appearance of a cat; but with feet formed like those of a bear, the entire sole resting on the ground. No other example of a plantigrade animal is known.

The masked wild boar, which is still more ugly than its European fellow, is the only mammifer met with both in Madagascar and Africa. It is a hideous creature, with high withers, low back, and little hair. It boasts of an enormous tubercle, supported by a bony prominence in the jaw, which renders the face of the animal extremely disagreeable. A species of gray squirrel, which lives in hollow trees, and bats, complete the list of the mammals yet known in Madagascar.

It is very different as regards birds; they can cross immense spaces; and so the tern, the petrel, the albatross, and many other well-known birds, abound in this island. It is a charming sight, on a sunny day, to see flights of ducks with brilliant and varied plumage paddling and diving on the rivers or lakes. One large species, with bronze and violet reflections, like metals, its white head and neck spotted with black, is a great favorite with the natives. A beautiful teal duck, only known here, has an exquisite blending of brown, fawn, and slate-colored plumage, with fair white wings. In the marshes, stalks the proud Sultana hen, with its magnificent blue body, a red patch on its head, and coral feet adorned with a tuft of white feathers, by which it is easily distinguished among the reeds. The jacana, a bird of the water-hen family, is also peculiar to this place; mounted on long legs like stilts, and extremely long feet, it runs through the long grass, or upon the floating water-leaves, with wonderful rapidity.

The sacred ibis of the Egyptians is found in large flocks, as well as the green variety of Europe. The crested ibis is

peculiar to the country; a beautiful bird, bright red, with yellow beak and claws; a green head, from which the long plume of white and green feathers lies back. Another bird, classed among the Gallinaceæ, is remarkable for the length of its beak; whilst the pretty blue and green pigeons afford plenty of sport for the lover of the gun. Near the streams, the neli-courvi, a green-plumaged bird, builds its nest among the leaves, composed of bits of straw and reeds artistically woven together. The magnificent cardinal, in its bright scarlet robe of feathers, black-spotted on the back, haunts the open glades of the forest; and on the banks of streams are numbers of linnets, wagtails, and humming-birds, which are almost as small and graceful as the American ones, in addition to possessing all their beauties. The one which is the most common is also the most beautiful, with its bright green body shaded with violet; the large feathers of the wings, brown edged with green, a violet band on the breast, succeeded by one of brown; and yellow beneath. The family of the cuckoos is well represented; the blue variety is a magnificent bird, common in the woods on the shore.

As for the Reptile class, it is pleasant for the traveller to walk through the forests knowing that the venomous species are unknown. Two hundred years ago, the old traveller, Flacourt, declared that the serpents were all inoffensive; recent experience confirms the fact. The largest is named *Pelophilus Madagascariensis*. There are others, such as the *Langaha nasuta* and *Crista-galli* (zoologists having retained the name they bear among the natives), which are very singular, from the prolonged form of the snout, arising from the skin being lengthened out. Beautiful lizards, covered with brilliant scales of

olive or fawn, spotted with black, white, and yellow, hide themselves under the stones, in the moss, or in old trees. But Madagascar is especially the land of chameleons; in the heart of the forests, they may be seen crouched on the branches, calm and immovable, rolling their large eyes. The crocodile is the only creature to be feared, and accidents from it are very rare, as the inhabitants greatly object to venturing into water.

The insects of Madagascar offer a thousand types for admiration. There are valuable kinds, furnishing wax, honey, and silk; the first two forming one of the natural riches of the island. The bee peculiar to the country has a black body, red underneath; it is very abundant in the woods, and makes its nest in decayed trunks of trees, whence the Malagaches tear the comb.

But there was an epoch when much more remarkable animals lived in Madagascar. In the marshes near the river Manoumbe, at no great depth, a great number of bones of the hippopotamus, of colossal tortoises, and of the limbs and eggs of the *Æpyornis maximus*, have been found. The eggs of this king of birds are six times larger than those of the ostrich; and it was at first hoped that, in the hitherto unknown solitudes of the interior, some living specimens might be found; that hope has, however, vanished, though it is evident they once existed in great numbers in the south-west part of the island. They were of various species, and of different sizes. At the same period, the hippopotamus must have been abundant, as the bones of fifty skeletons were picked up in a few hours. This species, of very inferior dimensions to that frequenting the Nile, is entirely extinct.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SAFE.

SAFE? the battle-field of life
Seldom knows a pause in strife.
Every path is set with snares,
Every joy is crossed by cares.
Brightest morn has darkest night,
Fairest bloom has quickest blight.
Hope has but a transient gleam,
Love is but a passing dream,
Trust is Folly's helpless waif.
Who dare call their dearest safe?

But thou, though peril loom afar,
 What hast thou to do with war?
 Let the wild stream flood its brink,
 There's no bark of thine to sink.
 Let Falsehood weave its subtle net,
 Thou art done with vain regret.
 Let Fortune frown, and friends grow strange,
 Thou hast passed the doom of change.
 We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—
 Safe, my Darling, dead, and safe!

Macmillan's Magazine.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

SAMUEL TITMARSH, in the wonderful story of the Great Hoggarty Diamond, says, speaking of his fellow-clerk, Mr. Swinney, "He was always talking down at the shop, as we called it (it wasn't a shop, but as splendid an office as any in Cornhill); he was always talking about Vestris and Miss Tree, and singing:

'The bramble, the bramble,
 The jolly, jolly bramble,'

one of Charles Kemble's famous songs in 'Maid Marian,' a play that was all the rage then, taken from a famous story by one Peacock, a clerk in the India House, and a precious good place he has, too."

The writings of 'One Peacock' have lately, by the means of a new edition, which is to books what office is to men, regained a claim long lost to public attention. By the few who care to take the extra trouble involved in reading wit instead of nonsense, they have ever been remembered and appreciated; but they have not been tasted by the many who are more nearly touched by the coarse excitements of battle, murder, and sudden death, provided in novels which are called sensation, because all sensation must have been deadened in a reader before he can find any delight in them. It is not surprising that men accustomed to the influence of strong waters should savor the violent spirit which they know, and disdain, holding the unknown for useless, the flavor of *Léoville* or *Côte Rôti*, but it is certainly unfortunate. And the fault cannot be said to lie with the consumers alone; but with those who encourage them to believe in the excellence of what they consume, it may be said to lie. If the many trivial productions of modern fiction were more carefully rated at their proper worthlessness, it is possible that less time would be wasted in reading and writing them.

There are, however, many qualities in Peacock's works which might please even the laziest reader. On the surface above the satire whose aim must be followed with some attention, there is a variety of easy wit and of fun pure and simple, written for its own sake. Such fun at its best, as it always is in Peacock, is ever the outcome of a mind which, conscious of its own depth, can afford to revel in wholesome play. Fooling in the right place is a pleasant thing, and a thing that vanishes before the affectation of fine writing or the habit of thoughtlessness. The charm of unaffected humor is a gift which few writers possess; among rising novelists Mr. Black, who is perhaps the strongest in every direction, is the only one who has yet shown that he has it. To find it in its fulness one must go back to Thackeray, between whom and Peacock it is not the only point of resemblance. The writer who made the graceful allusion to 'Maid Marian' above quoted was probably attracted to that brilliant performance by some similarity in taste and power between its author and himself. Both loved to laugh at the foibles of their fellow-men, and in neither was that laughter ever bitter; both had a light touch for the ludicrous, and a soft for the tender side of humanity; both wrote songs with a pleasant grace which has not since been equalled. But while Peacock's fun was as a rule more rollicking than Thackeray's, Thackeray's satire came from a deeper source and carried a far greater purpose. The present object is, however, not to make comparisons between the author of 'Maid Marian' and any other novelist; indeed Peacock's novels are written on a plan so unique, at least among English writers, that comparison would hardly be possible. They have hardly any of the attributes of an ordinary

modern novel; they have no intricate involution of plot, no subtle evolution of character, and scarcely any dulness. Their scene is usually laid in a country house, which is at once the likeliest and easiest place wherein to assemble a motley group of people more or less eccentric, generally more, whose names frequently serve as a clue to their peculiarities. A short narrative serves to introduce these people and their situations to the reader; after which the story is carried on in great measure in the form of dialogue as in a play. It may be noted that Thackeray not unfrequently adopted this manner, and there is especially one piece of dialogue which may be remembered in the 'Adventures of Philip,' where young Twysden, swaggering into the English Embassy at Paris, is jeered at by its occupants, which illustrates this likeness between the two writers. Only Peacock seldom made any one of his characters more ridiculous than another; he set them all a-tilt against each other, and left them to fight out their battle apparently as best they could.

The pictures presented in 'Headlong Hall,' 'Crotchet Castle' 'Melincourt,' 'Nightmare Abbey,' and 'Gryll Grange,' are all framed in the way just indicated.

There is more plot, properly so called, in 'Crotchet Castle' than in any of the others. The poetic side of the author's character in all of these novels found expression in the character of their heroine or heroines; but there is more tenderness and beauty in Susannah Touchandgo than in any of her sister creations. She is the daughter of a banker, who, after the successful bankruptcy of her father (a peculiarity of modern times against which the author was constantly inveighing), retires into the obscurity of a retreat in Wales, where she is met by Mr. Chainmail, a gentleman with a mania for everything mediæval, who is one of the guests at Crotchet Castle. Young Crotchet, the hope of the family, which is of Scotch origin and has only lately come into notice in the world, was engaged to Susannah while her future prospects seemed fair. The author seems to have assigned a Scotch descent to the Crotchets merely for the purpose of gratifying a favorite prejudice of his against the Scotch, and to account for young Crotchet's desertion of his betrothed, when her circumstances alter, upon this ground. Since this event an engagement

has been pending between him and Lady Clarinda Bossnowl, who, with her brother, is staying at Crotchet Castle, where presently arrives Captain Fitzchrome, who is desperately in love with her, while he, as she kindly assures him, alone of all men has broken her rest. But in spite of her kindness for him the necessity of operaboxes and carriages points to a marriage with young Crotchet. Here, then, with the addition of a Welsh rustic, Harry Ap-Heather, who is head-over-ears in love with Susannah Touchandgo, is a very pretty complication. The scene which leads up to the solution of these difficulties is a good specimen of the author's power in handling a comic situation. Captain Fitzchrome has left the party at Crotchet Castle, unable to bear the sight of his ill-bred rival's success, and has taken up his quarters with Mr. Chainmail, whotis paying assiduous court to Susannah Touchandgo, resident at a farmhouse hard by:

"Matters went on pretty smoothly for several days, when an unlucky newspaper threw all into confusion. Mr. Chainmail received newspapers by the post, which came in three times a week. One morning, over their half-finished breakfast, the captain had read half a newspaper very complacently, when suddenly he started up in a frenzy, hurled over the breakfast table, and, bouncing from the apartment, knocked down Harry Ap-Heather, who was coming in at the door to challenge his supposed rival to a boxing-match.

"Harry sprang up in a double rage, and intercepted Mr. Chainmail's pursuit of the captain, placing himself in the doorway in a pugilistic attitude. Mr. Chainmail, not being disposed for this mode of combat, stepped back into the parlor, took the poker in his right hand, and, displacing the loose bottom of a large elbow-chair, threw it over his left arm, as a shield. Harry, not liking the aspect of the enemy in this imposing attitude, retreated with backward steps into the kitchen, and tumbled over a cur, which immediately fastened on his rear.

"Mr. Chainmail, half-laughing, half-vexed, anxious to overtake the captain, and curious to know what was the matter with him, pocketed the newspaper, and sallied forth, leaving Harry roaring for a doctor and a tailor, to repair the lacerations of his outward man.

"Mr. Chainmail could find no trace of the captain. Indeed, he sought him but in one direction, which was that leading to the farm; where he arrived in due time, and found Miss Susan alone. He laid the newspaper on the table, as was his custom, and proceeded to converse with the young lady: a conversation of many pauses, as much of signs as of words. The young lady took up the paper, and turned it over and over, while she listened to Mr. Chainmail, whom she found every day more

and more agreeable, when suddenly her eye glanced on something which made her change color, and, dropping the paper on the ground, she rose from her seat, exclaiming, 'Miserable must she be who trusts any of your faithless sex! Never, never, never, will I endure such misery twice!' And she vanished up the stairs. Mr. Chainmail was petrified. At length, he cried aloud, 'Cornelius Agrippa must have laid a spell on this accursed newspaper; and was turning it over to look for the source of the mischief, when Mrs. Ap-Llymry made her appearance.

"Mrs. Ap-Llymry.—What have you done to poor dear Miss Susan? She is crying ready to break her heart.

"Mr. Chainmail.—So help me the memory of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, I have not the most distant notion of what is the matter!

"Mrs. Ap-Llymry.—Oh, don't tell me, sir; you must have ill-used her. I know how it is. You have been keeping company with her, as if you wanted to marry her; and now, all at once, you have been trying to make her your mistress. I have seen such tricks more than once, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

It appears afterwards that the "spell in the accursed newspaper" lies in the announcement of young Crotchet's approaching marriage with Lady Clarinda. Susannah's regrets for her faithless lover yield easily, however, to the chivalrous Mr. Chainmail's proposals for her hand; and after a mediæval banquet given by this enthusiast at his beautiful hall, Lady Clarinda is induced to accept the faithful Fitzchrome, the more readily because her intended husband has suddenly followed the example set by old Touchandgo, and entered upon the prosperous career of a bankrupt. The most prominent character throughout the brilliant scenes which convey this slender but pretty plot, is the Rev. Dr. Folliott, who, as the preface to the present edition by the author's granddaughter informs us, was designed by him as a kind of *amende honorable* to the clergy, whom he had satirized without mercy in the persons of Dr. Gaster in 'Headlong Hall,' Dr. Grovelgrub in 'Melincourt,' and others. Dr. Folliott is the type of a pleasant companion on all occasions of genial meeting, and yet always maintains the dignity of his cloth by the strength of his mind, as is shown by the setting down which he gives to Mr. Eavesdrop, who has made free with his nose and wig in the public prints, and of his body, as is shown by the knocking down which he gives to two ruffians who attack him as he walks home from a din-

ner at Crotchet Castle. The doctor is filled with a wrath, as was Peacock himself, against the march of cheap and indiscriminate science, and especially against what he calls "the learned friend," by which he meant Lord Brougham. When one of his assailants has been shot accidentally by the other, and that other is laid upon the ground and under his bamboo cane, craving for mercy, he mixes admonishment with blows:

"'You said to yourself, doubtless,' he cries, 'We'll waylay the fat parson' (you irreverent knave) 'as he waddles home' (you disparaging ruffian) 'half-seas over' (you calumnious vagabond) Confess speedily, villain; are you simple thief, or would you have manufactured me into a subject, for the benefit of science? Ay, miscreant caitiff, you would have made me a subject for science, would you? You are a schoolmaster abroad, are you? You are marching with a detachment of the march of mind, are you? You are a member of the Steam Intellect Society, are you? You swear by the learned friend, do you?"

To which exordium the criminal answers meekly: "Oh no, reverend sir, I am innocent of all these offences, whatever they are, reverend sir. The only friend I had in the world is lying dead beside me, reverend sir." This answer is not without a touch of pathos which is not lost by the fact that the *unlearned* friend is not in reality dead, and that both ruffians manage to make their escape. The volume of the Doctor's questions and the simplicity of the reply suggest a resemblance to the passage in Henry IV., where Prince Hal addresses Francis the drawer thus: "But, Francis,— Francis. My lord? P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nodd-pated, agate-ring, puke-stock, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,— Francis. O lord, sir, who do you mean?"

Dr. Folliott's function, in the novel of 'Crotchet Castle,' is, according to the preface, "to vindicate abuses and Toryism, and to demolish the equally useless whims and fancies of the various parties assembled at the Castle, without mercy or respect of persons." This, however, is not an absolutely correct statement; for at the conclusion of every argument in Peacock's dialogues the reader is left in doubt as to which side has triumphed; and this fact has probably in some measure acted against the author's popularity. He seems to de-

light in exposing the whims of his characters without himself encouraging one hobby more than another. Thus, at an after-dinner sitting at Crotchet Castle, young Crotchet has proposed that the persons assembled shall form a fund to be employed for the improvement and regeneration of mankind:—

"*Mr. Crotchet, jun.*—Pray, gentlemen, return to the point. How shall we employ our fund?

"*Mr. Philpot.*—Surely in no way so beneficial as in exploring rivers. Send a fleet of steamboats down the Niger, and another up the Nile. So shall you civilize Africa, and establish stocking factories in Abyssinia and Bambo.

"*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.*—With all submission, breeches and petticoats must precede stockings. Send out a crew of tailors. Try if the King of Bambo will invest in inexpressibles.

"*Mr. Crotchet, jun.*—Gentlemen, it is not for partial, but for general benefit, that this fund is proposed: a grand and universally applicable scheme for the amelioration of the condition of man.

"*Several voices.*—That is my scheme. I have not heard a scheme but my own that has a grain of common sense.

"*Mr. Trillo.*—Gentlemen, you inspire me. Your last exclamation runs itself into a chorus, and sets itself to music. Allow me to lead, and to hope for your voices in harmony.

"After careful meditation,
And profound deliberation,
On the various pretty projects which have just been shown,
Not a scheme in agitation,
For the world's amelioration,
Has a grain of common sense in it, except my own.

"*Several voices.*—We are not disposed to join in any such chorus."

The persons who meet at Nightmare Abbey are no less eccentric than those who are gathered together at Crotchet Castle. The story gains an additional interest from the fact that Scythrop, the son and heir of Mr. Glowry, the owner of the Abbey, is intended for a portrait of Shelley, with whom Peacock was on terms of great friendship. This portrait is far better than that of Coleridge, who figures under the name of Mr. Flosky, the transcendentalist. There is also a kind of caricature sketch of Lord Byron as Mr. Cypress, and more than one hit at Southey under the name of Roderick Sackbut, Esq., who reviews his own poem in his own magazine. For the school of Coleridge Peacock would seem to have entertained almost as great a hatred as he did for Scotchmen in general, and Lord Brougham in particular. But 'Nightmare Abbey' may be read all through with de-

light for its own sake, apart from any personal or temporal interest. The principal persons of the story are Mr. Glowry, who is devoted to the cultivation of melancholy; Scythrop, his son, who is devoted to "a passion for reforming the world;" Mr. Toobad, whose object is to prove to mankind that "the devil has come among them, having great wrath;" Marionetta O'Carroll, Scythrop's cousin, whose object is to have a good time; and Celinda, Mr. Toobad's daughter, who supplies an element of mystery and romance. The love is carried on between Scythrop, Marionetta, and Celinda; and Scythrop, by not being content with obtaining one girl's heart for his own, ends by losing both. Besides the guests already mentioned, there are present at the Abbey Mr. Asterias, with his son Aquarius, who spend their lives in looking for mermaids; the Rev. Mr. Larynx, a jovial parson; Mr. and Mrs. Hilary, who are mirthful, as their name implies; and Mr. Listless, a fashionable dandy. One scene which passes among this goodly company is perhaps as good a specimen as can be found in a short compass of Peacock's overflowing fun. The conversation has turned on ghosts, and Mr. Flosky has been asserting that he has seen far too many ghosts to believe in their existence. "I live in a world of ghosts," he observes; "I see a ghost at this moment:—"

"Mr. Flosky fixed his eyes on the door at the further end of the library. The company looked in the same direction. The door silently opened, and a ghastly figure, shrouded in white drapery, with the semblance of a bloody turban on its head, entered and stalked slowly up the apartment. Mr. Flosky, familiar as he was with ghosts, was not prepared for this apparition, and made the best of his way out at the opposite door. Mrs. Hilary and Marionetta followed, screaming. The Honorable Mr. Listless, by two turns of his body, rolled first off the sofa and then under it. The Rev. Mr. Larynx leaped up and fled with so much precipitation, that he overturned the table on the foot of Mr. Glowry. Mr. Glowry roared with pain in the ear of Mr. Toobad. Mr. Toobad's alarm so bewildered his senses, that, missing the door, he threw up one of the windows, jumped out in his panic, and plunged over head and ears in the moat. Mr. Asterias and his son, who were on the watch for their mermaid, were attracted by the splashing, threw a net over him, and dragged him to land.

"Scythrop and Mr. Hilary meanwhile had hastened to his assistance, and, on arriving at the edge of the moat, followed by several ser-

vants with ropes and torches, found Mr. Asterias and Aquarius busy in endeavoring to extricate Mr. Toobad from the net, who was entangled in the meshes, and floundering with rage. Scythrop was lost in amazement; but Mr. Hilary saw, at one view, all the circumstances of the adventure, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; on recovering from which, he said to Mr. Asterias, 'You have caught an odd fish, indeed.' Mr. Toobad was highly exasperated at this unseasonable pleasantry; but Mr. Hilary softened his anger by producing a knife and cutting the Gordian knot of his reticular envelopment. 'You see,' said Mr. Toobad—'you see, gentlemen, in my unfortunate person proof upon proof of the present dominion of the devil in the affairs of this world; and I have no doubt but that the apparition of this night was Apollyon himself in disguise, sent for the express purpose of terrifying me into this complication of misadventures. The devil is come among you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.'"

It is, perhaps, needless to add that the ghost turns out to be nothing more dreadful than a somnambulist. There is admirable high comedy in the scene which follows this, where Mr. Glowry, "like Bottom in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' spies a voice," and that a woman's voice, talking with Scythrop in his tower. He enters, and insists on an explanation, which Scythrop attempts to give him by professing that he has been rehearsing to himself a tragedy on the German model upon which he is engaged, and that the strange voice is thus accounted for. The little bit of the tragedy which Scythrop reads out to convince his father is as good as Canning's 'Rovers.' The conclusion of the story is an excellent piece of fooling. Scythrop having been deserted by both Marionetta and Celinda, has resolved to quit the world at twenty-five minutes past seven on a certain day, after the manner of Werter, with the help of a pint of port and a pistol. Mr. Glowry brings him the news of the approaching marriage of Marionetta to Mr. Listless, and of Celinda to Mr. Flosky. He comforts his son by pointing out that there are other maidens in England, and that it will be well for him next time to be content with one string to his bow. "Besides," he adds, "the fatal time is past, for it is now almost eight." "Then that villain Raven," said Scythrop, "deceived me when he said that the clock was too fast; but, as you observe very justly, the time has gone by, and I have just reflected that these repeated crosses in love qualify

me to take a very advanced degree in misanthropy; and there is, therefore, good hope that I may make a figure in the world. But I shall ring for the rascal Raven and admonish him." Raven appeared. Scythrop looked at him very fiercely two or three minutes; and Raven, still remembering the pistol, stood quaking in mute apprehension, till Scythrop, pointing significantly towards the dining-room, said, "Bring some Madeira."

Of the other stories of modern life 'Gryll Grange' is, perhaps, the best and most finished. It is marked, also, by containing a very happy imitation of an Aristophanic comedy. There is, indeed, at all times a considerable likeness between Peacock and the great writer of comedy—a likeness which is based on something deeper than the mere fact that Peacock had all well-known and many little-known Greek authors at his fingers' ends. No doubt this knowledge was of vast service to him in the writing of his novels, and as it was by the publication of these that the directors of the East India Company discovered his great talents, and consequently offered him a place, there was some truth in his own frequent assertion that he owed all his success in the world to his knowledge of Greek. There are two of his novels, however—'The Misfortunes of Elphin' and 'Maid Marian'—where there is no opportunity for the frequent Greek quotation which he loved to introduce in the others. Neither of the two are inferior in point of wit, brightness, and humor to those novels of which some account has been given, and one of them, 'Maid Marian,' is in some respects the author's very happiest production. Through all the novels are scattered specimens of such songs as few people have known how to write as well as Peacock; and in 'Maid Marian' these songs are found in greater quantity and finer quality than anywhere else. One of them, the 'Song of the Bramble,' has been mentioned at the beginning of this notice, and is, like many others, put into the mouth of Brother Michael of Rubygill Abbey, "afterwards," as the pantomimes used to have it, "Friar Tuck." Talking of pantomimes reminds one that Peacock used to delight particularly in this form of the drama, that is, in the form which it was wont to assume, and which is now, unhappily, unknown. A speech of Dr. Folliott's in 'Crotchet

Castle' expresses in a great measure the author's own feelings. Lady Clarinda has spoken of Sir Walter Scott as "the great enchanter." The doctor presently observes, "Ay, there is another enchanter. But I mean the great enchanter of Covent Garden" (this was Farley): "he who, for more than a quarter of a century, has produced two pantomimes a year, to the delight of children of all ages, including myself at all ages. That is the enchanter for me. I am for the pantomimes. All the northern enchanter's romances put together would not furnish materials for half the southern enchanter's pantomimes." And he goes on to say that "the one is the literature of pantomime, the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into costume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, mockery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castrametation, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language." 'Maid Marian' deals with the same period which is treated in 'Ivanhoe'; and it cannot be doubted that the witty, extravagant, and withal tender and romantic picture of free forest life given in the less-known novel succeeds admirably just where the more celebrated romance fails. The Brother Michael of 'Maid Marian' is not only a very different person from the Friar Tuck of 'Ivanhoe,' but he is also one in whom there is far more real interest. He is a thing by himself, a creation, while Scott's friar is but an expression of an already well-known type. And the Robert Fitz-Ooth of Peacock stands up as a noble knight, full of life and chivalry, when Scott's Locksley moves feebly across the scene, a puppet dressed up with bow and quiver and green jerkin, whose strings are pulled by a hand which takes no real delight in their movements. The great charm of 'Maid Marian,' as far as character goes, rests with the girl whose name the novel bears. She, as Brother Michael describes her, "has certainly a high spirit; but it is the wing of the eagle, without his beak or his claw. She is as gentle as magnanimous; but it

is the gentleness of the summer wind, which, however lightly it waves the tuft of the pine, carries with it the intimation of a power, that, if roused to its extremity, could make it bend to the dust." She is the daughter of Baron Fitzwater, a choleric peer whose choler not unfrequently finds vent in witty words, as when, on Brother Michael observing to him that the devil goes about seeking what he may devour, he replies, "Oh! does he so? Then I take it that makes you look for him so often in my buttery." This speech is made on the occasion of a visit of apology which is paid to the baron, under the guidance of Brother Michael, by Sir Ralph Montfaucon, who has at the outset of the story prevented the marriage of Marian to Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Huntingdon, by breaking into the chapel with an armed force, and attempting to arrest the Earl on a charge of hunting the King's deer. The description of the affray which ensues is of a most lively humor:—

"The earl's bowmen at the door sent in among the assailants a volley of arrows, one of which whizzed past the ear of the abbot, who, in mortal fear of being suddenly translated from a ghostly friar into a friarly ghost began to roll out of the chapel as fast as his bulk and his holy robes would permit, roaring 'Sacrilège!' with all his monks at his heels, who were, like himself, more intent to get at once than to stand upon the order of their going. The abbot, thus pressed from behind, and stumbling over his own drapery before, fell suddenly prostrate in the doorway that connected the chapel with the abbey, and was instantaneously buried under a pyramid of ghostly carcasses, that fell over him and each other, and lay a rolling chaos of animated roundities, sprawling and bawling in unseemly disarray, and sending forth the names of all the saints in and out of heaven, amidst the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the clattering of helmets, the twanging of bow-strings the whizzing of arrows, the screams of women the shouts of the warriors, and the vociferations of the peasantry, who had been assembled to the intended nuptials, and who, seeing a fair set-to, contrived to pick a quarrel among themselves on the occasion, and proceeded, with staff and cudgel, to clobber each other's skulls for the good of the king and the earl. One tall friar alone was untouched by the panic of his brethren, and stood steadfastly watching the combat with his arms akimbo, the colossal emblem of an unarmed neutrality."

This affray is but the herald of many others which occur in the course of the story. Sir Ralph, inspired both by duty to the King and a passion for Marian, whom he hopes to win from the Earl,

continues a hopeless chase after the free-booter for a long time. On one occasion he comes near, as he thinks, to striking his quarry down. He finds him taking an active part in what would now be called athletic sports at Gamwell Hall, and attempts to win young Gamwell (who afterwards figures as Scarlet in the greenwood) over to the purpose of arresting him. He asks young Gamwell if he knows the name of that forester who is leading the dance with the Queen of the May.

"Robin, I believe," said young Gamwell, carelessly; "I think they call him Robin."

"Is that all you know of him?" said Sir Ralph.

"What more should I know of him?" said young Gamwell.

"Then I can tell you," said Sir Ralph; "he is the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon, on whose head is set so large a price."

"Ay, is he?" said young Gamwell, in the same careless manner.

"He is a prize worth the taking," said Sir Ralph.

"No doubt," said young Gamwell.

"How think you?" said Sir Ralph; "are the foresters his adherents?"

"I cannot say," said young Gamwell.

"Is your peasantry loyal and well disposed?" said Sir Ralph.

"Passing loyal," said young Gamwell.

"If I should call on them in the king's name," said Sir Ralph, "think you they would aid and assist?"

"Most likely they would," said young Gamwell, "one side or the other."

"Ay, but which side?" said the knight.

"That remains to be tried," said young Gamwell.

"I have King Henry's commission," said the knight, "to apprehend this earl that was. How would you advise me to act, being, as you see, without attendant force?"

"I would advise you," said young Gamwell, "to take yourself off without delay, unless you would relish the taste of a volley of arrows, a shower of stones, and a hail-storm of cudgel-blows, which would not be turned aside by a God save King Henry."

This unexpected reply sends Sir Ralph off at the best of his speed to assemble an armed force, which is beaten back with much loss by the stout hearts assembled at Gamwell Hall, among whom Brother Michael plays a very prominent part with an eight-foot staff. After the engagement

he goes away singing this characteristic song:—

"A staff, a staff, of a young oak graff,
That is both stoure and stiff,
Is all a good friar can needs desire
To shrive a proud sheriffe.
And thou, fine fellowe, who has tasted so
Of the forester's greenwood game,
Wilt be in no haste thy time to waste
In seeking more taste of the same:
Or this can I read thee, and riddle thee well,
Thou hadst better by far be the devil in hell,
Than the Sheriff of Nottingham."

The rest of the novel is occupied with the varied adventures of Robert Fitz-Ooth, or Robin Hood, and his chosen band of followers in their greenwood retreat, until the return of King Richard renders that retreat unnecessary, and restores to the Earl his confiscated lands. Every page which treats of their life is instinct with the freedom and the melody of the woods. The reader is carried away into the midst of a life which is too pleasant to be possible, but which is made to appear not only possible but real by the skill and the freshness of the telling. In every chapter there is a delicious mixture of wit, of fun, and of tenderness. It is a book of which the description is as impossible as the reading is desirable. One cannot convey in words any idea of a blackbird's song; nor can one of the forest life in 'Maid Marian.' As a conclusion to this attempt to hint at the story's beauties, Brother Michael's song of 'Farewell to the Greenwood Life' may be quoted:—

"Ye woods, that oft at sultry noon
Have o'er me spread your massy shade:
Ye gushing streams, whose murmured tune
Has in my ear sweet music made,
While, where the dancing pebbles show
Deep in the restless fountain-pool,
The gelid water's upward flow,
My second flask was laid to cool:
"Ye pleasant sights of leaf and flower:
Ye pleasant sounds of bird and bee:
Ye sports of deer in sylvan bower:
Ye feasts beneath the greenwood tree:
Ye baskings in the vernal sun:
Ye slumbers in the summer dell:
Ye trophies that this arm has won:
And must ye hear your friar's farewell?"

Temple Bar.

LOST KNOWLEDGE.

It has been observed that, while the boast of the world's progress and of its discoveries of new knowledge is in every-

body's mouth, people do not take note as they should of the treasures of knowledge and experience which are for ever passing

out of it. Every man of mature age who has used his opportunities carries away something at his death which is irrecoverable when once the voice is silent, the hand still, and which one would like to have put on record somewhere, and preserved as part of the universal stock of experience. Yet if an attempt is made to carry out this natural desire the results are disappointing. Things have a way of going into very small compass, and what is most vital and personal in any man's memory is incommunicable. The living witness most often cannot bequeath more than the dead form of his recollections. The wisdom, the humor, the good stories, the true maxims, all marked by the character of their generation; the humanities that sweeten the worst of times; the salt that is not wanting in the most corrupt—age after age the veil of oblivion sinks over and envelops them all. How small is our knowledge of what is past, whatever the date, compared with what is lost of it! Dr. Johnson in one of his *Lives of the Poets* remarks that the materials for a biography die out in two or three years. Yet every generation contains some whose business it is to set on foot traditions. There are within the knowledge of all of us young persons, probably insignificant and unnoticed, who would be very interesting to us if we could but recognize this mission in them; especially if any prevision could tell us that in them our memory would last more distinctly, with more truth of detail, more picturesqueness of outline, than in any other living creature. Becoming conscious of this it would be impossible not to be solicitous for their good opinion, not to be careful that nothing unworthy of our reputation should transpire before them, not to aim at doing ourselves credit in their presence. We should feel as if always sitting for our portrait if we knew that through them we should live longest—an idea, a person, a fact—after we disappeared out of the region of sense; that our name, invested with an individuality, would pass their lips in the ears of an unborn generation; that our words would be repeated as they were spoken; that our form, action, countenance would be revived through their descriptions; that an image of ourselves would rise real, though transient, in another scene than that we know; that some ghost of our living self

would flit before the coming time through their means. It is of no use, however, posturing ourselves for the chance of this prospective celebration, for the future chronicler lies hid. If we set ourselves guessing, a thousand to one we should guess wrong; for with the best memory and the most vigilant observation, chance and fancy have more to do with the use of these powers than any deliberate will or intention.

This fleeting, visionary, possible measure of fame, such as it is, represents the biography of the million, more than many of us can reasonably reckon upon; but even biography two-volumed and full-blown depends upon these chroniclers for most both of its use and of its charm. They bring before the reader, not what the man did—which seems, if we think of it in our own case, so little a part of ourselves—but what he was. They make the difference between a dead and a living record. If we can imagine the feelings of those who know that, whether they wish it or not, their life will certainly be written by somebody, who cannot read an obituary notice in the *Times* without reflecting that their turn will come some day, we can fancy how anxious they must be that something of their real selves may shine through the words, words, words, the flatteries, the bad hits, the mistaken surmises and interpretations that too often make up the account. For we really cannot suppose any respectable shade being pleased by flattering blunders. If he is still open to any terrestrial interests, if his name is still dear, it must be as attached to its owner, with all its characteristics and even failings, himself surviving in it.

A knowledge of the facts which go to make up character is of course a distinct thing altogether from the power of picturing character. A picture of character, however well delineated and true to its subject, has been assimilated and, so to say, digested by the writer's mind. It does not show us the man through his own words, manners, aspect, but only the effect which these and his actions combined have produced upon an acute observer. Clarendon's characters give his own summary; they do not supply us with material on which to form our independent estimate. It is the pure gift of reproduction that some possess, manifesting it self accidentally and without intention,

which brings a man and the times he lived in suddenly within our reach, carries us back, and revives the dead. Lively picturesque chroniclers who are to do so much for their generation are of course scarce. Most people are too full of themselves or their objects to note the instruments through which these objects are attained; and mere busybodies or scandal lovers are a distinct species. But some men are born observers and readers of their kind, of what people say and do, apart from any personal concern. How people look when they say and do anything, with what words, what deportment, what tricks, graces, mannerisms—all this is interesting to them, constitutes their intellectual exercise and amusement. Passion, malignity, prejudice, alike disqualify one for taking in correct impressions, and committing them to memory intact. Few things are more delightful than the conversation of such persons where their powers of expression and other social gifts do justice to their matter—some country rector perhaps, whose life has brought him in contact with every class of the community, and who has found something to exercise his talent in them all. How schoolmasters, and learned doctors, and original thinkers, and fine ladies, and country magnates, and rustics, relics of another state of things, rise and stand before us and say their say by turns! Or it may be the last, least distinguished member of an illustrious literary circle, or some sole lingerer of an exclusive coterie fondly dwelling on the memories that are now his world. What strange exciting intercourse have we been holding; what darkness closes over all when death breaks the magic spell of graphic narrative! Or perhaps it is some keen-sighted, active-minded, well-remembered old maid, whose life has been passed in one spot, herself the depository of other memories, the receiver of old confidences. What can she not tell of the old times—which of all old times are most universally interesting—the times out of our reach, but with which we still own some personal relations! Taking her in the vein we are transported into another world; she rises into the historical. Old scenes, old state and court-
esies, rivalries, courtships, bitternesses, diversions start into being; and always with some marked differences from the received notions of the characters and inci-

dents concerned. The private view very rarely indeed coincides with the view which the outside world has settled into. The images retained, the words and action which emphasize them, all present another picture from our previous conception. The character which posed so gracefully in common fame and report looks a good deal more lifelike and less typical of the lofty virtues, while names which have had an ill sound till now are humanized by redeeming points and shine in unexpected merits.

But oracles of this sort are not to be had for the seeking; the present is with most people an absolute superseder of the past. Nothing is more unsatisfactory than the effort to probe a memory. More especially is the expectation vain that people will remember best what is in itself most important; their personal interests must have been concerned before a sufficient primary impression is made. We try to get from the rustic of average intelligence what the place he has lived in all his life looked like when he was young, and we are astonished at the oblivion that hangs over things which are called within the memory of man. He has never had words to describe a scene or an effect to himself. So the vanished old hall has left nothing describable in his mind. What he has to say of its vanished inhabitants is hardly more distinct. The old squire used to walk past his door with his hands behind his back; his daughter, once the cynosure of some neighboring eyes, is solely remembered for the little dog walking close at her heels, which had one jacket for summer and another for winter. Not that such research is ever wholly fruitless. The old fellow warms up. He has had his triumphs, his jealousies, above all, his grievances; and he cannot talk of them without some visions of past days rising before his auditor. The bed-ridden old matron, reviving old scandals, lets out old habits and manners by the way; but it needs natural powers above the common, and also a mind at leisure from itself, to have much to tell of a past which in no other way concerned self but that it interested a mind open to impressions.

But much of the knowledge that passes away has little relation to this aspect of the question. What a store of learning passes out of the reach of ordinary men when a

great scholar dies, or a skilful doctor, or a subtle, hard-headed lawyer. And it is learning of a kind which they cannot leave behind them, for the gatherings of a lifetime cannot be passed on in the form in which they exist in the mind's experience. The old laborer who has spent his life's strength on one farm cannot transfer his intimate acquaintance with the soil, and with every hedge and ditch and drain which have been his world. Every person whose business makes him acquainted with the characters of men, through contact with their good and bad qualities, carries away with him much important knowledge, not transferable. How many rogues must rejoice when the ideal detective quits this lower scene! But, besides this, there are labors and natural products of which the knowledge has died out, or is dying out as we write. We all know of lost arts the secret of which expired with the possessor, but how long will there exist the man who has inhaled the full and exquisite sweetness of the cabbage rose? We do not believe that the flavor of the golden pippin, so dear to our forefathers, lasts in living memory; and so of other delights. How few can recall the exhilaration of the old-fashioned country dance; how few remain who saw Mrs. Siddons act, or heard Tom Moore sing, or Sydney Smith joke, or Coleridge talk. Still, while the few live, we who hear them know something; but the soul of their memories is fast passing out of the world. And to descend to more familiar examples. When a good cook dies—one invested with a genius in intimate correspondence with all the materials of her art, who can foresee the influence of a condiment or an essence upon all with which it comes in contact, who understands combinations and prognosticates results hidden from the vulgar—what knowledge dies out with her, knowledge incommunicable! Not that she would wilfully withhold it, like Lady Bustle, commemorated in the *Rambler*,

who had culinary secrets which she resolved should perish with her; whose orange pudding was concocted with such mystery, "while the household was dispersed in all directions till the oven door closed upon it, and all inquiries were vain." The real mysteries of the kitchen need no such reserve; they are knowledge in action not reducible to words, else would not so many a confection dear to memory be a memory only. Other sauces of as subtle a refinement of flavor, other puddings of as ethereal an excellence, may be in being as we write; but the particular combinations that enriched and poetized our youth, and swell the heart in recalling them, are a lost knowledge, things irrecoverable, alms for oblivion.

Throughout all this range of losses we are lamenting over the inevitable. The world has not room for all knowledge; in every active state of society new knowledge must supersede the old. If all people who had nothing else to do employed their leisure in reproducing their past, they would not find hearers. Old-world histories owe much of their attractiveness to their rarity, and each age has worthies of its own who must not be neglected for those who preceded them. Yet such reflections may have their use in taking down that common assumption that we are in any literal sense the heir of all the ages; that we succeed to all that is good in them, that their amplest wealth is added to our own. Rather, as every period has some grace and charm peculiarly its own, so it has a knowledge and wisdom in harmony with it not to be inherited under new conditions. And as with communities so with the individual; whatever can be written passes on, but that which belongs most intimately to the man, and constitutes his worth, and makes him what he is in men's eyes, dies with him. When we lose such a friend we rarely can point to the heir of what was most distinctively his own.—*Saturday Review*.

GIRTON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

So many misconceptions still exist concerning Girton College, that a comprehensive account both of its history and working seems needed, more especially at the present moment when Mr. Holloway's

scheme of a much larger college for women is attracting public attention in the same direction. Into the merits of Mr. Holloway's gigantic and liberal undertaking we do not propose to enter, our

purpose being simply to lay before the reader an exact account of the College for Women already in existence, supplementing such information by the personal experience of a few days' visit. Nor is it our purpose to enter into the vexed question of the higher education of women, a question that has been handled so often that its warmest supporters may fairly avow themselves tired of it. The opposite party, to use a legal phrase, do but 'confer a premium on ignorance,' and the best argument that can be used against such conservatism, or trade's-unionism—call their hostility by what name you will—an argument that indicates how surely, if slowly, public opinion tends the other way—is the concrete fact of Girton College now rising nobly among the spires of Cambridge. A college for women in theory, and a college for women in fact, are two very different things; and perhaps many objectors to such a scheme on general principles, would considerably modify their opinions on taking the trouble to find out, firstly, whether the advantages enjoyed by men at the universities were needed by women or not, and secondly, how far and how successfully Girton College meets such wants. A word more; then we will pass on to our promised survey. Let the antagonists of women's education remember that the more profitable and important educational posts have ceased to be a monopoly of the other sex. The movement, then, has at least brought about two results: girls will no longer grow up in ignorance, and good women teachers will be well paid. Hitherto school-mistresses and governesses have been ill-remunerated, because they were incapable. A new era has set in, and for women who have reached a certain standard of attainment and gained some experience in the art of teaching, posts of very considerable money value are now open, not only in the United Kingdom but the colonies. These facts are incontestable and speak for themselves.

Girton College is the outgrowth of many minds and many benefactors, but we believe that to the public spirit and devotion of two of its most ardent supporters, namely, Madame Bodichon and Miss Emily Davies, its existence is mainly owing. In 1869, by the indefatigable labors of these ladies and their liberal coadjutors, a temporary college on the plan of the ex-

isting institution, and designed to hold in relation to girls' schools and home teaching a position analogous to that occupied by the Universities towards the public schools for boys, was opened at Hitchin, midway between Cambridge and London. The expenses of this experiment were met by private generosity, Madame Bodichon heading a subscription list with 1000*l*. In spite of the costliness of this arrangement, the distance from its staff of teachers, the necessary hire of iron rooms, &c., the receipts of the fourth and last year at Hitchin very nearly covered the expenses, and it was seen that in the scale of fees adopted, and the number of students then in residence, the College would become self-supporting if brought within easy reach of the teachers and relieved from the burden of rent.

It was resolved, therefore, to erect a suitable building in the neighborhood of Cambridge, and accordingly a field of sixteen acres in the parish of Girton was purchased for the sum of 1,924*l*. 11*s*. 3*d*., and a handsome building erected, with accommodation for twenty-one students, with the necessary lecture rooms, mistresses' rooms, dining hall, &c. Other rooms will be built when necessary, only two sides of the quadrangle having as yet been completed. The total outlay at Girton, including the cost of the site, laying out and planting grounds, furniture and other items, amounted to 14,700*l*. To this sum must be added about 2,500*l*. for preliminary expenses at Hitchin; the entire expenditure being under 18,000*l*. 12,000*l*. has been already contributed; leaving a debt of 5,000*l*., for which the committee still appeal to the public. It must be remembered that the sum being raised by public subscription is not required for paying salaries or founding professorships, but to clear off the cost of starting on the most economical scale. The receipts already cover the current expenses, but the land had to be bought and the college erected and furnished, so that a large outlay at the outset was unavoidable.

The new establishment was incorporated under the name of Girton College, and contains in its memorandum of association the following clauses:—The objects for which the association is established are to erect, maintain, and conduct a college for the higher education of women, to take such steps as from time to time may be

thought most effectual and expedient to obtain for the students of the College admission to the examinations for degrees of the University of Cambridge, and generally to place the College in connection with that University.' The business is conducted by a powerful committee, numbering the Bishops of Carlisle and Peterborough and Bishop Thirlwall, Sir W. Gull, M.D., Sir James Paget, Professor Seely, *inter alios*; whilst among the members of the college are found many noteworthy and distinguished personages of various shades of opinion.

We now come to the curriculum pursued at Girton, the internal arrangements, and the results of the three years' course as at present afforded us. The students are obliged to reside in the College, are required to pass an entrance examination, and are not admitted under the age of eighteen. These three points must be borne in mind, as they serve to distinguish Girton from other schemes of the kind, which have, at different times, been confused with it, though far from having the same standard of attainment or the same objects in view. The students, then, being residents in college, and having separate rooms of study, are guarded from those interruptions and distractions they would invariably have to encounter at home. The entrance examination keeps up the level of the place, and obviates the necessity of elementary teaching, whilst the College course, extending as it does over three years, affords such systematic instruction and discipline as can be had nowhere else. The teaching, which combines both the tutorial and professorial system, is of the highest order, and is, for the most part, given by men engaged in University and college tuition at Cambridge; and though not *formally*, the certificates given by the College are *really* equivalent to University degrees, and are, practically, useful in the same manner. The question—often put by interested outsiders—of what class are the students? is answered by the College prospectus in the following manner:—'Speaking generally, the College is open to all; but the candidates for admission have hitherto been chiefly of the upper and middle classes, who may or may not hereafter employ themselves in teaching or other professional work.' Until a more complete education than can be given at school is regarded as an indispensable

qualification for teaching, women who are directly looking forward to being governesses are, in fact, for the present, likely to be kept away by the cost of time and money involved in taking the college course, unless largely aided by scholarships.

The academic year is thus divided: Michaelmas term, beginning about the middle of October, and lasting eight weeks; Lent term, beginning about the end of January, eight weeks; Easter term, beginning in April, eight weeks; rather less than half of each year being, therefore, spent in the College, at a cost of 35*l.* per term, or three hundred guineas for the entire course. The domestic arrangements and discipline are under the direction of a resident mistress, and the studies regulated by a committee of members of the College. So short a time has elapsed since this experiment took shape, that much cannot as yet be looked for in the way of results; but, as far as they go, they are very satisfactory.

Of the six students who entered the College in October 1869, that is to say on its opening, two were, in 1873, examined in the papers set for the Cambridge Classical Tripos, and were declared to have acquitted themselves in a manner equal to that of candidates who obtained honors in the tripos; and one student, examined in mathematics, obtained such a number of marks as would have placed her among the senior optimes, *i.e.* in the second class of mathematical honors. In all, sixteen students have passed informally the Cambridge examination known as the 'little go,' whilst twelve students have satisfied the examiner in the additional subjects required from candidates for the honors examinations. Several of the ladies who obtained honors in classics and mathematics respectively, are engaged in teaching; and there can be no doubt that those who follow in their steps will find employment without difficulty, at a scale of remuneration hitherto only accorded to men-teachers.*

Whilst on the question of studies, it may be as well to correct one or two misapprehensions very generally existing in people's minds—firstly, concerning examinations, and secondly, concerning the va-

* Since this was written, four more students have passed the Classical and Natural Science Tripos, two with honors, all of whom have since obtained important educational posts.

riety of subjects offered. To make these points quite clear, we cannot do better than quote here from an admirable letter by Miss Emily Davies, lately addressed to one of the local secretaries, and printed for distribution :

No student as such—apart from special conditions attached to certain scholarships—is, or ever has been, required to take any University examination, or to try for any kind of certificate. They choose their own course. If they try for University examinations, we do our best to obtain the opportunity for them on the same conditions as those which the University imposes on undergraduates. We think it essential that the conditions should be the same, and that no indulgence should be claimed for our students on the ground of their being women, either in the form of exemption from the preliminary examinations, which all candidates for degrees are required to pass, or in any other way. But whether they take University examinations or not is entirely optional. If they decide not to take them, they make their own choice among the various subjects included in the course of study, and their work is tested by an examination held at the end of each year, the results of which are reported to our committee. This is no new feature. It has been the principle of the College from the beginning, and not only the theory, but the practice. Since the first year there has never been a time during which we have not had one or more students in residence studying without any reference to University examinations. The entrance examination puts a hindrance in the way of those whose early education has been so defective as to leave them unprepared for advanced studies. It effectually checks numbers, but we are satisfied it works well. The examination is by no means severe, and the candidates who have failed to pass were certainly not fit to enter upon a course of higher education. Then as to the nature of the teaching given at the College, which is, perhaps, its most important distinction. This, though it goes by the name of lectures, is very different from the sort of teaching usually understood by that term. It is given to very small classes, in which the students ask as well as answer questions. We consult the lecturer as to whether the instruction can best be given to a class or individually, and in some subjects, especially mathematics, the difference in the stage of progress and manner of working is such as to make it desirable that it should be, to a great extent, individual. We have now the advantage of having teachers—our own old students—who are able to give an amount and a kind of help which we could scarcely expect from lecturers. It has already been most valuable, and we expect to find it even more so in the case of the natural sciences, as in those subjects it is most important to have help constantly at hand in the early stages. Our students have attended the lectures of the University professors in these subjects, and have had the advantage of studying at the mu-

seum laboratories; but this alone is not enough—they need to work in the College laboratory under skilled direction. I dwell upon this matter of the nature of the teaching, not only because it is a very essential characteristic of Girton, but because it is the reason for the costliness of the education. Naturally, variety of subjects, small classes, and individual teaching involve great expenditure of time, which means money. As our numbers increase, we may hope that there will be in *proportion* less diversity, so that more may be able to work together. We are already finding this so, to some extent.

Of the twenty students in residence during the last academic year, nine had passed the so-called 'little go,' two were working for the Classical Tripos, three for the Mathematical Tripos, seven for the ordinary degree, two for the Moral Science Tripos, and three for the Natural Science Tripos. This will show at once, what a variety of subjects are taken up by the Girton students, and remove any prejudice existing as to the exclusiveness of the curriculum offered. The entrance examination is perhaps somewhat easier than that of the matriculation examination (now opened to women) of the London University, and is not enforced in the case of those candidates who have passed this or the Oxford and Cambridge senior examinations. Certificates, called the College certificates, are granted to any student who shall have satisfactorily passed examinations similar in subject and standard to those qualifying for the B.A. degree of the University of Cambridge, the following deviations being permitted: the substitution of French and English, or German and English, for Latin or Greek; the substitution of English, French, and German for both Latin and Greek; and the omission, in case of objection, of the theological part. A certificate, called a degree certificate, will be conferred upon any student whose proficiency has been certified to the satisfaction of the College, according to the standard of any examination qualifying for the B.A. degree of the University of Cambridge, provided that such student shall have fulfilled, as far as practicable, all the conditions imposed for the time being by the University on candidates for degrees. Certificates answering to University honors, will also be granted for proficiency in single subjects.

It is not to be supposed that the work of such an institution could be carried on smoothly without rules, but they are of

such a kind that we fancy few women really desirous of profiting by the advantages here held out to them, would cavil at. Only the most absolutely necessary restrictions are put upon their liberty, and great efforts have been made to provide suitable recreation. One room is provided with a piano for dancing and other amusements, whilst a handsome gymnasium has lately been erected by means of the generosity of friends, and the students are encouraged as much as possible to avail themselves of this and every other opportunity of exercise and amusement held out to them. Music is a great resource for leisure hours, several students having joined the University Musical Society, and attended the rehearsals conducted by the organist of Trinity College. Though Girton is within a walk of Cambridge, open carriages in fine weather and close flies in winter are engaged for the use of those giving lectures at Cambridge, so as to offer them choice of driving or walking. A moderate amount of visiting is rather encouraged than otherwise, as offering a diversion from work; but of course some restrictions on this point are necessary.

The daily routine of the College is this: breakfast from eight to nine o'clock, luncheon from twelve to three p.m., dinner at six p.m. The lectures are for the most part given in the afternoon. Students are required to enter their names on the marking roll three times a day, i.e., between eight and nine a.m., twelve and three p.m., and six p.m. Every student is required to be present at marking and at the lectures belonging to her course, except when leave of absence has been granted by the mistress. The College gates are closed in winter at six p.m., and in summer at dusk, after which students may not be out walking beyond the grounds. They may accept invitations from families, but must not be out of the College later than eleven p.m., and must not accept coming invitations for more than once a week on an average in any term. In all cases, a student wishing to be out after the gates are closed must give the mistress notice of the place to which she is going. A public room is provided in which the students may see visitors, subject to the approval of the mistress.

We have mentioned that the cost of the three years' curriculum is three hun-

dred guineas, and the question before touched upon will naturally arise—is it not therefore placed beyond the reach of that large class by whom such a course is most needed, namely, that of women intending to take up the profession of education? Hitherto these have been in the minority, and it is quite likely that they will remain so, and that the College ranks will be swelled chiefly by those who desire knowledge for itself only. But it is of course very desirable that teachers should be enabled to profit by the exceptional advantages here held out to them, and many generous supporters of the College and of the cause of higher education generally have given substantial aid both by scholarships and nominations. How many scholarships have been already awarded we cannot precisely say, but on turning over the pages of the College prospectus for last year, we find, besides various nominations, that two scholarships were awarded in June 1871 to candidates passing the best entrance examination, one of the value of three hundred guineas, i.e., the entire fees; the other of 50*l.* a year for three years; two scholarships of the value of 20*l.* and 75*l.* a year were awarded in 1873; an exhibition of fifty guineas a year was awarded by the Clothworkers' Company to the candidate who passed best in the June entrance of 1874; a scholarship of the value of 50*l.* a year by the Gilchrist Trustees in connection with the University of London examination for women in 1875; an exhibition of 50*l.* a year by Lady Stanley of Alderley; and various exhibitions and scholarships are offered on certain conditions next October.

This kind of help to the College is of incalculable value, as by no other means can the larger proportion of intending teachers get there at all; and what so desirable as that those to whom we entrust the education of our children should be really fitted for their work? Concerning the relative merit of classics, mathematics, and natural science for the purpose of intellectual training opinions will always vary, but there can be little hesitation in any mind as to the value of mastering one subject; and the whole system of female education within a recent period may be briefly dismissed in the Socratic phrase as 'a conceit of knowledge without the reality.' The greatest living Greek histo-

rian is of opinion that a study of the Greek language offers a mental process to be compared with logic itself. An eminent English physicist speaks of botany in the same terms, and many other diverse authorities bearing on the same point occur to memory. The question is one so obviously answered by the experience of daily life, that it were not worth raising, except for the nonsense that is still talked and written about the education of women as a thing apart from education itself. If it is good to *know* at all, to make ourselves acquainted in so far as we can with the history of the world and our relations to our fellows and to universal nature, then surely it is good for all human beings and not for one half only.

Though Girton has not yet received the public attention it deserves, the knowledge of its existence is gradually spreading both in England and America, and many hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world have inspected it. Numerically speaking, it cannot bear comparison with the well-known American College founded by the late Mr. Vassar, which accommodates several hundred students, but as these are received at an earlier age than at Girton, the standard of attainment is naturally lower. Accounts of the College and its progress have appeared from time to time in most of the leading newspapers, and the local meetings on behalf of the committee have greatly aided the dissemination of facts; still nothing in the way of enquiry answers so well as a personal visit. There is still so much haze in people's minds on the subject of higher education generally, and more especially the efforts made on behalf of it at Cambridge, that, to be understood for what it is, Girton should be seen.

Few visitors, whether friendly or inimical to the cause, will not be taken by surprise at the first glimpse of the solid and imposing structure which represents the dreams, labors, and self-devotion of so many advanced minds, and the bare mention of which twenty, nay, ten years ago, would have called up incredulity on the one side and ridicule on the other. Yet a college for women, so coveted by the Frances Cornwallises, the Mary Somervilles, and less noteworthy aspirants of the sex—so, as it once seemed, hopelessly far off to these and all who, without going

into the so-called rights or wrongs of women, still regarded knowledge as a privilege that should be accorded to all—really exists! The ideal of one generation has become the fact of the next. As the world scoffs at ideals but bows down before facts, it is little wonder that we hear less said against Girton than formerly, since Girton College, incorporated A.D. 1872, is no longer a name but a reality. It is eminently a cheerful place. The red bricks want ivy, the pleasure-grounds want trees; everything, both within and without, indeed, wants the subduing hand of time, but the spectator must be hypercritical indeed who has a word to say against the substantial English architecture, the spacious corridors, the pleasant lecture-rooms, the noble dining hall, the laboratory and gymnasium.

Simplicity combined with artistic effect are here the prevailing characteristics. Not a trace of the vulgarity pervading modern furniture and house decoration here exists, and whilst economy has been evidently aimed at, the general impression is one of largeness and liberality. The corridors and public rooms are carpeted and curtained with deep blue, which affects the eye agreeably, more especially in conjunction with the panelling, of which there is a good deal, stained a rich brown. The students' rooms are, of course, a good deal modified by the taste of the occupier, and pleasant it is to pass from one cheerful, and in some cases elegant little apartment to the other, all fitted with writing table and book-shelves and giving evidence of hard study. Many interesting and ornamental gifts have aided the generally handsome effect of the College indoors, none more so than the carved ebony bookcase in the library, containing the Somerville bequest, namely, Mrs. Somerville's mathematical library, to which has been added, by another friend of the College, a bust of one of the most remarkable women of our era. Numerous presents of valuable books have been added to the library by various donors, the books—wisely, as it seems to us—not being conventionally put together in one room, but assorted in various places where they are most needed.

All this is very gratifying to see, but no less gratifying than the liberality and devotion which have made Girton what it is, on the part of its originators, is the zeal

and enthusiasm with which their efforts have been responded to on the part of the students. Anyone to whom an opportunity of seeing the daily life of this student world is granted must admit that, whether the intellectual objects in view are worth the sacrifice of so much time or not, at least one result is obtained, about the value of which opinion cannot be divided. Narrowness and littleness are naturally eliminated from a society, whether of men or women, who have so constituted them-

selves for noble, and, at least, commendable ends, and nothing more strikes the observer at Girton than the merging of lesser in larger interests, the steady pursuance of an accurately defined plan of life, the unswerving allegiance to a high standard of thought and conduct, all harmonised and held together by large-hearted sympathy on the one side, and indefatigable zeal on the other.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TO A GREEK GIRL.

(AFTER A WEEK OF LANDOR'S "HELLENICS.")

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

WITH thymy breath and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,—
Across the years with nymph-like tread,
And wind-blown brows unfileted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoë!

Where'er you pass, where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go, where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread,—
Blithe airs that blow from hill and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead,—
Not wholly dead!—Autonoë!

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreath some rustic garden-god;
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket-braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy twinkling fingers flee;
To woo you in soft woodland words,
With woodland pipe, Autonoë!

In vain,—in vain! The years divide:
Where *Thamis* rolls a murky tide,
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams;—
A vision, like *Alcestis*, brought
From under-lands of Memory,—
A dream of Form in days of Thought,
A dream,—a dream, Autonoë!

The Spectator.



Engraved for the Eclectic by J. J. Cade, New York.

PROF. D. C. GILMAN.

PRESIDENT GILMAN,
OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

THE portrait of President Gilman in our present number is the fifth in the series of eminent American educators which was begun in the *ECLECTIC* a few months since. A few words concerning the subject of it will doubtless be interesting to the reader.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN was born in Norwich, Conn., on the 6th of July, 1831. His early life was spent at that place, but in 1844 the removal of his father's family took him to the city of New-York, where he was fitted for college. Entering at Yale in 1848, he graduated in 1852, and remained still another year, pursuing a post-graduate course of study. In 1853, he went to Europe and spent two years, studying a portion of the time at Berlin, and also traveling somewhat extensively, with a view of becoming acquainted with the educational and reformatory institutions of different transatlantic countries. For seventeen years, from 1855 to 1872, he was an officer of Yale College, devoting himself with enthusiasm to the interests of the university, but having special responsibility in the Library, the Scientific School, and the School of the Fine Arts. His professorship was that of Physical and Political Geography, and his studies have extended in the direction of political and social science, and more especially of public education. While still connected with the college, he was, from 1856 to 1860, Superintendent of the public schools of New-Haven, and subse-

quently, for some years, Secretary of the State Board of Education.

So strong was his personal attachment to the institutions of his native State, and to his distinguished associates in Yale College, that he was not easily induced to enter upon a new field of labor on the other side of the Continent. In 1870, he was chosen President of the University of California, but declined the offer. The appointment was renewed in 1872, and he then removed to Oakland, and entered with characteristic energy upon the duties of the office. In 1875, Mr. Gilman was unanimously chosen President of the University soon to be organized in Baltimore on the foundation of the late Johns Hopkins, who has given the munificent sum of three and a half million dollars, unconditionally, to establish a university under the control of a private corporation, free from political and ecclesiastical interference. He has now resigned his office in California, and accepted this new and important trust. Much preliminary work will require his attention before the doors of the institution are opened in the autumn of 1876.

Mr. Gilman was one of the corps of persons engaged in the revision of Webster's Dictionary. He has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, often anonymously, and has published in pamphlet form numerous historical and educational addresses and reports on various topics.

♦ ♦ ♦
LITERARY NOTICES.

LEISURE-DAY RHYMES. By John Godfrey Saxe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

This volume contains some of Saxe's best work, and the character of his work is so well known to the reading public, that perhaps this is sufficiently definite in the way of criticism. The reader never looks to Saxe for poetry of a high order—for deep feeling, serious thought, insight into the solemn mysteries of life, or delineation of natural beauty; but as a writer of lively, playful, witty, and polished *vers de société*, he is inferior only to

Holmes, whom he excels, perhaps, when he pitches his song in the strictly satirical key.

The contents of the present collection are arranged under four heads: "Leisure-Day Rhymes;" "Fables and Fairy Tales," drawn chiefly from Oriental sources, and finished off with appropriate morals; "Translations and Paraphrases," mostly from French and German poets, especially from Béranger; and "Epigrams."

Saxe refers to himself, in several of the pieces, as growing old; but no one would suspect it from his verse, which is as nervous,

and pointed in expression, and as carefully finished as ever. Nothing, for example, in any previous collection of his poems, is better than the following, which we quote as a specimen of the *vers de société*:

THE DEAD LETTER.

And can it be? Ah! yes, I see,
'Tis thirty years and better
Since Mary Morgan sent to me
This musty, musky letter.
A pretty hand (she couldn't spell),
As any man must vote it;
And 'twas, as I remember well,
A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all,
As memory backward ranges—
The talks, the walks, that I recall,
And then—the postal changes!
How well I loved her I can guess
(Since cash is Cupid's hostage)—
Just one and sixpence—nothing less—
This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a rate
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)
Five hundred notes (I calculate)
Was certainly a deep one;
And yet it died—of slow decline—
Perhaps suspicion chilled it;
I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine
Or Mary's flirting killed it.

At last the fatal message came:
"My letters—please return them;
And yours—of course you wish the same—
I'll send them back or burn them."
Two precious fools, I must allow,
Whichever was the greater:
I wonder if I'm wiser now,
Some seven lustres later?

And *this* alone remains! Ah, well!
These words of warm affection,
The faded ink, the pungent smell,
Are food for deep reflection.
They tell of how the heart contrives
To change with fancy's fashion,
And how a drop of musk survives
The strongest human passion!

The "Epigrams" show that the lash of the satirist has lost none of its sting. Their brevity enables us to quote one or two, and for the first we take this one:

ON A NIGGARDLY FELLOW.

A wealthy old fellow whose table was bare
Of meats that were less than a week or two old,
One day, when a friend was invited to share
A remnant of mutton both scraggy and cold,
Inquired of his guest how to manage his ice,
And where should he keep it? "Why, keep it, by Jove!"
Retorted the friend, "since you ask my advice—
Keep your ice in your kitchen, shut up in your stove!"

The natural affection of an author for the critics finds expression in the following:

ON A CRITIC.

A brother scribbler calls my verses wrong,
In point of art; small merit he can see.
Well, since my readers like my simple song,
That, I am sure, is quite enough for me;
The man who gives a public dinner looks
To please his guests, not other people's cooks!

One more selection must close our notice:

ON DINING WITH STRANGERS.

You bid me dine with folks unknown,
And wonder I decline;
Well, when I choose to dine alone,
I stay at home and dine!

NOTES ON PARIS. By H. Taine. Translated, with Notes, by John Austin Stevens. New-York: Henry Holt & Co.

These notes purport to be a delineation of the life and opinions of "M. Frederic-Thomas Graindorge, Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Jena, Special Partner in the House of Graindorge & Co., Oils and Salt Pork, Cincinnati, U. S.," and only collected and published by M. Taine, his friend and executor; but the disguise is so very thin, that, after the opening chapter, which has some sort of *vraisemblance*, the fictitious "M. Graindorge" becomes nothing more than an *alias*.

Those who have only known Taine as the literary and art critic and metaphysician, will be surprised, if not astonished, at the entirely new rôle in which he appears here, and at the brilliancy with which he carries out the character of a wit, epigrammatist, man of the world, and social censor. Parisians, indeed, profess to regard his book as a failure, when compared with the similar achievements of Théophile Gautier, or even of M. About, but as we have nothing of the kind in English literature, comparison becomes futile, and we are left only to be entertained by it. And wonderfully entertaining it is to those who find enjoyment in seeing the masks which society has put upon men and women stripped off, in seeing "the most polite civilization in the world" reduced to its skeleton, in seeing folly shorn of her wings, and the vices, weaknesses, and meannesses of mankind exposed under the lightning-flash of an epigram. The book is intensely interesting—fascinating, indeed, for the moment; but it leaves a twang in the mouth, and, what is worse, an acid in the mind, which, if it does not corrode, is very apt to tarnish the surface.

Mr. Stevens's translation is scarcely inferior as a literary feat to the original work. Books of this character have generally been regarded as untranslatable, so much do they depend for their success upon the flexibility of the French language; but Mr. Stevens seems to have succeeded, in this case, in reproducing all the spirit, the precision of phrase, the grace, and the terseness of the original. The English tongue seems to acquire a new dexterity under his pen, and some of his sentences and epithets are marvels of felicitous interpretation.

ENGLISH STATESMEN. Prepared by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Those who have been led, by the announcement of this opening volume of the series of "Brief Biographies of European Public Men," to expect an original work by Col. Higginson, will, perhaps, be somewhat disappointed in finding that it consists chiefly of excerpts from three or four books, by little known writers, recently published in England, and that the editor's work is confined to binding these excerpts together with a very slender thread of narrative. Reflection, however, soon convinces one that Col. Higginson's plan is a wise one, since of his own knowledge he could go but a little way toward supplying information concerning English public men; and a very brief examination will suffice to show that, whatever may be its defects, the book has no lack of interest. Open it anywhere, and it is difficult to leave off reading until page after page has been turned, or the end of the sketch reached.

The contents of the volume are divided into three parts, each containing sketches of six leading statesmen. The first six are Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Earl Russell, Earl Granville, and the Duke of Argyll. The second part is devoted to "Mr. Disraeli's Ministry," and contains sketches of Lord Cairns, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy. Part III. sketches the "Candidates for the Liberal Leadership:" the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Childers. Five of these are "candidates" no longer, and the Marquis of Hartington is actual leader.

The sketches partake largely of a personal character, and besides biographical details, present vivid descriptions of the personal appearance and habits of speaking of the several statesmen. They contain also much political information, and the book is just the thing for those who would like to understand what they are constantly reading concerning current affairs in England.

THE AMERICAN EVANGELISTS, D. L. MOODY AND IRA D. SANKEY, IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By John Hall, D. D., and George H. Stuart. New-York: Dodd & Mead.

There has been no lack of sensational telegrams, paragraphs, and newspaper letters, during the past few months, concerning the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in England; but until the appearance of the volume under notice, there has been nothing from which the lay reader could obtain a connected view of the

past careers of Messrs. Moody and Sankey respectively, of the circumstances under which they began their work in England, and of the great results of that work regarded as a whole. Whatever deficiency there may have been in our knowledge, however, Messrs. Hall and Stuart have amply supplied; and, what with the biographical sketches of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, the almost tediously detailed narrative of their progress from England to Scotland, from Scotland to Ireland, and from Ireland back again to England, and the reports of Mr. Moody's addresses, they leave hardly a question to be asked. True, the narrative leaves off with the arrival of the "Evangelists" in London, thus leaving one of the most interesting chapters yet to be written; but the cable has kept us thoroughly informed of the progress of the revival there.

The book is compiled from newspaper reports, private letters, and the like, and of course can make no pretension to literary merit; but it is systematically arranged and clearly written, and proves conclusively that the movement inaugurated by Messrs. Moody and Sankey is no temporary spasm of abnormal excitement, but a genuine revival of religious interest among all classes of English society, which is destined to leave a permanent mark on contemporary thought.

OUTLINE OF THE EVOLUTION PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. M. E. Cazelles. Translated from the French, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Popular Science Library. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

What Professor Huxley did for Darwin, Dr. Cazelles does in this little book for the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer—namely, he reduces it to its elements, and expounds these in such a way as to bring them within the power of apprehension of the popular mind. Of course, no really adequate expositor of a system based on such far-reaching principles, and such an elaborate chain of reasoning as Mr. Spencer's can be made easy reading to those unaccustomed to philosophical thought; but there are few ordinarily intelligent readers who, by close attention, can not follow Dr. Cazelles understandingly through his by no means long essay. Mr. Frothingham's translation is excellent and timely, and it is to be hoped that it will accomplish its purpose of familiarizing the popular mind with one of the grandest scientific generalizations of our time.

Appended to the *Outline* is a lecture by Prof. E. L. Youmans, delivered before the New-York Liberal Club. It is an eloquent and conclusive vindication—as against certain criticisms by M. Taine, Col. Higginson, and Mr. Emerson—of the originality, comprehen-

siveness, and profundity of Mr. Spencer's philosophical work.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CHEVALIER DE LA SALLE AND HIS COMPANIONS, in their Explorations of the Prairies, Forests, Lakes, and Rivers of the New World and their Interviews with Savage Tribes Two Hundred Years Ago. By John S. C. Abbott. New-York : Dodd & Mead.

This is the ninth volume in the series of "American Pioneers and Patriots," and is rather better than the majority of the previous volumes. It is, of course, unworthy of comparison with the narrative of the same exploits to be found in Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West;" but the abundance and richness of the materials would render it impossible for even a less experienced bookmaker than Mr. Abbott to construct from them other than an interesting work. We are glad at last to record the disappearance of the parallel between the relative degrees of happiness to be found in the hut of the pioneer and the marble halls of Versailles.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Temps* announces that another batch of letters by Mérimée to a second "Inconnue" has been discovered, and will shortly be published.

THE Shah of Persia has presented to the Corporation of Berlin a handsomely bound copy of his diary, as a token of his appreciation of their hospitality.

A VOLUME of metrical translations from the Swedish poems of Runeberg by Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon and Prof. E. H. Palmer is in course of preparation.

AN international Congress of "Americanists" is to sit at Nancy from the 19th to the 22d of July next. The subject of discussion will be the history of the New World and its monuments before 1492.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenæum*, writing from Paris, states that all the copies of the first edition of the French translation of "Young Brown" (*Le Jeune Brown*), a novel published in London some months ago, have been bought up by order of Prince Bismarck, and dispatched to Germany.

It is proposed to calendar and publish the records of the Scotch Privy Council from the beginning of Queen Mary's reign down to the union. These records have hitherto been practically inaccessible, and it is expected that their publication will throw much new light on some of the most interesting periods of Scotch history.

A MEMOIR of General Burgoyne, from the pen of Mr. Barrington de Fonblanque, nephew of the late Albany Fonblanque, will shortly appear. It will contain many unpublished letters of the most eminent English and American statesmen of the time.

THE Comte de Paris has nearly completed the fourth volume of his *Histoire de la Guerre Civile des Etats-Unis*. It is, in the author's opinion, the most important portion of his work, dealing, as it does, with the turning-point of the war, the events that immediately followed Sherman's famous march. The volume will be published in the autumn.

M. MICHEL LEVY, the well-known French publisher, died very suddenly. He had been to the Variétés Theatre, and took a cab home to the Place Vendôme; but on arriving at the house the cabman found him apparently asleep, and life was extinct. He was in his fifty-fifth year.

MR. R. H. THORNE, the author of 'Orion,' &c., has now in the press a new edition of his historical tragedy of 'Cosmo de' Medici,' entirely re-constructed, some light-comedy scenes being cancelled, and several new tragic scenes interpolated. The publication will also comprise "other poems."

ONE of the most colossal works the next generation will probably see is M. Thiers' *Memoirs*, which he is bringing down to the present time with wonderful activity. Sixteen has been mentioned as the number of volumes necessary to tell the story of the eminent statesman's life.

At the voting for the chair in the French Academy vacant by the death of M. Jules Janin, M. John Lemoine was elected with eighteen votes, M. G. Boissier obtaining fourteen, and M. Charles Blanc three votes. There was no election to the chair of M. Guizot, as no candidate obtained an absolute majority. M. Dumas, of the Academy of Sciences, was first on the list of candidates with seventeen votes, sixteen being given to M. Jules Simon, and two to M. Laugel. The election was accordingly postponed for six months. M. Guizot's place in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has been filled by the election of M. Fustel de Coulanges.

A TRANSLATION from the Danish, of a selection from Dr. Rink's 'Legends and Traditions of the Eskimo,' will shortly appear in this country. Dr. Rink was for nearly twenty years a resident or traveller on the shores of Davis Straits. His collection of Folk-Lore is founded partly on verbal narratives, partly on native MSS. collected from different parts of Greenland, and a few from the opposite

shores of Labrador. In the English edition, the whole material has been condensed and re-arranged by the translator, Dr. Robert Brown, under the direct superintendence of the author, the aim being to make the work at once available to the student of archæology or ethnology, and interesting to the general reader as a picture of Arctic life. The book will be illustrated with woodcuts, drawn and engraved by natives of Greenland, the original blocks having been acquired by the publishers of the English edition.

SCIENCE AND ART.

AGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.—A recent visit to the Falls of Niagara has enabled Mr. T. Belt to suggest some modifications in the views usually entertained with respect to the time occupied in the excavation of the gorge. His argument is published in the April number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. It is generally supposed that the entire gorge from Queenstown to the Falls, a distance of seven miles, has been excavated by the present river since the Glacial period. Sir Charles Lyell estimated that the river is cutting its way back at the rate of about one foot per annum, but Mr. Belt believes that the retrocession does not proceed at more than one tenth of this rate. He maintains, too, that the gorge from the whirlpool to the falls was cut out in pre-glacial times, and that the present river has excavated only that portion of the gorge which is worn out in the softer beds between the whirlpool and Queenstown; its work above that point having been confined to clearing out the bed of the old pre-glacial river in the harder rocks. Mr. Belt believes that the facts connected with Niagara lend support to his views which refer the occurrence of the Glacial epoch to a more recent period than that usually assumed.

SPECTROSCOPIC OBSERVATIONS.—Dr. Nicholas von Konkoly has for the last two years examined the spectra of meteors at every available opportunity, and has been enabled to establish the presence of the lines of sodium, magnesium, carbon, strontium, and possibly lithium, in the train, while the nucleus invariably gave a continuous spectrum in which the yellow, the green, or the red predominated, according to the color, blue being very rare, and violet never seen. An interesting circumstance noted was that red meteors move with extraordinary velocity. Dr. von Konkoly also examined Coggia's comet of last year, and Encke's this year, observing the three well-known bands which are seen in the spectra of carbon compounds.

THE FRENCH AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—An expedition is announced, under the auspices of the French government, for the purpose of exploring the unknown country situated between the basin of the Congo on the west, and the White Nile on the east. The expedition, under the command of MM. de Brazza and Marche, will leave France early in September, and will ascend the river Ogoway in a gunboat as far as its junction with the Ngunie, at which place native pirogues will be taken for the ascent of the latter river, passing through the country of the Osyebas, a warlike tribe supposed to be allied to the Fans. One of the main objects of the travellers appears to be to throw light on the anthropology of this unknown region, and to trace the connection which is supposed to exist between the Niam-Niams on the east, and the Fans on the west. The traditions of both tribes point to a central origin, and some of their customs are so nearly alike as to afford proof of social contact; both file their teeth to a point, and the resemblance of their metallurgic arts affords proof of identity. These connections were brought to notice some years ago by specimens brought to England by Consul Petherick, from the White Nile, and those obtained by Mr. Walker from the Fans. The peculiar form of their ogee-sectioned dagger and spear-blades, the form of their iron missile weapons, called Hunga-Munga in Central Africa, their double-skin bellows, are quite unmistakable; but some of them afford evidence of connection not only between these races, but also with the Bechuanas on the south, and the Marghi and Bagirmi of Baoth, in the neighborhood of Lake Tchad. They afford proof of social contact, not of race, and point to a common origin for the whole of the metallurgic arts of the African continent and their connection in remote times with those of India and the Asiatic isles. There is also a peculiar form of leather shield with projecting wings on the upper side, which is used by both the Fans of the Gaboon and the Bassutos of Southeast Africa, the distribution of which the travellers would do well to notice should they come across it.

THE ENGLISH POLAR EXPEDITION.—The Polar expedition sails amid a chorus of good wishes, and, if these could avail, success would be certain. But the equipments of the two vessels are such that a lively hope may reasonably be entertained that the grand object of the adventurous undertaking will be achieved. No pains and no expense have been spared to provide against unfavorable contingencies; and, while extending the limits of geographical discovery, and solving the question of the polar sea, the explorers will use their scientific appliances in the observa-

tion of physical phenomena, which, in those high northern latitudes, are of unusual interest. In order that the observers may know what has been done, and what to do, a *Manual* has been prepared in which the several subjects of inquiry are fully set forth. When we mention that the *Instructions* have been drawn up by some of the ablest Fellows of the Royal Society, readers will understand that the claims and objects of science have been properly advocated. Instruments of a construction never seen before will be employed in physical research, and with these, explanations may be arrived at on questions which have hitherto baffled inquiry. The spectroscope and polariscope will be used in observation of the aurora and other phenomena of light; pendulum experiments will reveal somewhat more than is at present known of the true figure of the earth; and the so-called "cosmic dust" is to be an especial subject of investigation. If in the snow of the far remote North, hundreds of miles beyond human habitation, metallic particles are found, as in the snow of Sweden, then the theory that there is really such a thing as "cosmic dust" may be accepted, until a better explanation shall be found. Botany, geology, natural history generally, the rise and fall of tides, the direction of currents, together with dredging and sounding, will be equally well cared for, and ample means for recreation and amusement have been provided. In one of Parry's voyages the preparation and printing of a newspaper enlivened many an hour of the long, dark winter; we learn, therefore, with satisfaction, that the present expedition carries a printing-press. The question has been asked, how, during the four months of constant daylight, are boat-parties, when away from the ships, to tell day from night? The answer is, by means of time-keepers constructed to show twenty-four hours on the dial. Supposing 1-12 to be the day hours, then 13-24 will be the night hours.—*Chambers's Journal*.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POISONS.—Professor Rice, of Connecticut, has discovered that certain deadly poisons, which are violent and fatal in their effects on mammals, are very feeble in their action on molluscs. Four days' soaking in dilute hydrocyanic acid did not prove fatal to the mollusc selected for the trial; and another into which urari poison had been injected, seemed none the worse when examined on the following day. Carbonic acid in large quantities produced no ill effect, but chloral hydrate and cyanide of potassium are rapidly fatal. Quinine acts in the same way, but with less energy. Chloroform produces instantaneous contraction, and perhaps death: this latter point has, however, not yet

been ascertained. As exemplifying the effect of poison on a "low" form of organization, and affording means of comparison, these experiments have some physiological value.

IMPORTANCE OF PHYSIOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Professor Rutherford, in his lectures in the University of Edinburgh, says that the "highest success of nations, as of individuals, is only to be attained by close and severe attention to the inexorable laws of physiology," and that "he who has the deepest grasp of physiology will certainly take the lead in unravelling the diseased state." He points out further, that, in disease, nature makes experiments from which much may be learned. For instance, "when a blood-vessel bursts on one side of the brain, and the opposite side of the body becomes palsied; when a part of the brain becomes disorganized, and the memory of words is lost; when the portio dura nerve is paralyzed, and the sense of taste disappears from the anterior part of the tongue; when an aneurism presses on the sympathetic nerve in the neck, and causes a change in size of the pupil of the eye on the same side; when a tumor compresses the gall-ducts, and prevents the escape of the bile, or the duct of the pancreas, and interferes with the passage of its juice into the digestive canal—how interesting and how important to the physiologist, as well as to the physician, are the results of all these experiments." Professor Rutherford holds that a knowledge of physical science is essential to form a complete physiologist; but how is this to be superadded to the subjects of study already required of young men at college?

DO VARIETIES WEAR OUT?—This important question is asked and answered in an able article in "*Silliman's American Journal*," by Dr. A. Gray, the eminent botanist. He says there is a philosophical argument which tells strongly for some limitations of the duration of non-sexually-propagated forms, one that probably Knight never thought of, but which we should not have expected recent writers to overlook. When Mr. Darwin announced the principle that cross-fertilization between the individuals of a species is the plan of nature, and is practically so universal that it fairly sustains his inference that no hermaphrodite species continually self-fertilized would continue to exist, he made it clear to all who apprehend and receive the principle, that a series of plants propagated by buds only must have weaker hold of life than a series reproduced by seed. For the former is the closest possible kind of close breeding. Upon this ground such varieties may be expected ultimately to die out; but

"the mills of the gods grind so exceedingly slow," that we can not say that any particular grist has been actually ground out under human observation. . . . How and why the union of two organisms, or generally of two very minute portions of them, should reinforce vitality, we do not know and can hardly conjecture. But this must be the meaning of sexual reproduction. The conclusion of the matter from the scientific point of view is, that sexually-propagated varieties, or races, although liable to disappear through change, need not be expected to wear out, and there is no proof that they do; but that non-sexually-propagated varieties, though not liable to change, may theoretically be expected to wear out, but to be a very long time about it.

THE COMIC ASPECT OF CREMATION.—The following quotation is from the London *Lancet*: "The question of burning the dead is exciting much discussion in California. One paper suggests some readings on plates of funeral urns in the future: 'Charles Pupker, 3¼ lbs.; cremated July 9, 1879. For wife of above see third pickle bottle on next shelf. Little Tommy, burnt up Sept. 16th, 1881. Jane Matilda Perkins, Oct. 3d, 1883. Put up by the Alden Corpse Cremating Company. None genuine without signature.'"

HOW TO REDUCE EXTREME FATNESS.—The *Practitioner* (February, 1875) gives the following means adopted by a French gentleman with the most satisfactory results: "M. Philibert, at once an observer and a subject of this disease, at twenty-six years of age, weighed upwards of 340 lbs., and measured five feet round the waist. He consulted Dr. Schindler, and the following rules were laid down for him: To rise at 6 A.M.; between 6.30 and 7, three glasses of Kreuzbrunn water; from 7.30 to 8, two eggs, a cup of tea, and a morsel of bread; from 9 to 10, vapor bath to sweating, followed by friction with a glove and douche of cold water; vapor bath again to sweating, followed by friction with a soft brush; vapor bath again, and excitation of the skin by flagellation with a branch of poplar with leaves on, followed by cold douche. After leaving the bath, friction with vinegar; to take a walk after the bath. At 11 A.M., second breakfast, meat or fish, vegetables (haricot beans), half a bottle of wine, with a morsel of bread. From 12 to 6, steady and severe walking exercise, short of fatigue. At 6 P.M., dinner, cold meat, a *compote*, half a bottle of wine, and a little bread. After dinner, another walk. At 8 A.M., friction with soap. At 8.30, bed, with cold compress to belly for a time; also five pills containing alkaline bases. This treatment was well supported

for five weeks with steady improvement, exercise being more easily borne, and sleep required less. The thirst, which at first was excessive, diminished. Loss of weight in six weeks, 35 lbs. M. Philibert then went to Marienbad, and then to Fontainebleau, where he tried the raisin cure. At neither of these places did he take any vegetable (legume) or raw fruit. In four months his weight had fallen to 260 lbs., and as the improvement continued, he now, five years after commencement of treatment, weighs only 190 lbs., and his general health is excellent."

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., in his anniversary address to the Geological Society, delivered on February 19th, and since published by the Society, has summed up the evidence on this subject to the present time. Until within the last two or three years it was generally the received opinion of geologists that the earliest known traces of the occupation of this portion of the globe by man were posterior in time to what is known as the Glacial Period. Since then, however, discoveries have been made which, in the opinion of some geologists, cast doubt on this limitation of the age of man in Europe. Among these is the discovery of a portion of a human fibula in the Victoria Cave, near Settle, in a deposit overlain by stiff glacial clay, containing ice-scratched pebbles. In common with some others, Mr. Evans does not regard the age of the clay deposit as conclusively settled, and thinks it possible that it may have been either reconstituted or even accidentally redeposited at a later period. Mr. James Geikie, however, arguing on more general grounds, has come to the conclusion that the palæolithic deposits are of preglacial and interglacial age, and do not in any way belong to post-glacial times. If this view could be adopted, there is no doubt that many apparent anomalies would receive a simple and satisfactory explanation; but at Hoxne, Icklingham, Bedford, Ealing, Acton, and elsewhere, where implement-bearing gravels occur, they repose on valleys which are cut through the boulder clay, many of the pebbles from which form constituent parts of the palæolithic gravels, and there can, therefore, be no doubt that they belong to a period subsequent to the submergence during which the middle and upper glacial beds were deposited. In France the Abbé Bourgeois has attempted to carry man back to Lower Miocene times, relying on implements presumed to have been found in beds of the Calcaire de Beauce, at Thenay, near Pontlevoy. He, however, admits that the implements offer a complete identity with those found on the surface; did they, therefore, belong to these beds we should have the

remarkable fact that at that remote period, characterised by mammals as distinct from those of the present day as the *acerotherium* is from the rhinoceros, or the mastodon from the elephant, primeval man was fashioning implements indistinguishable from those of neolithic times. Mr. Evans, therefore, suspects some possible error of observation as to their occurrence in these beds. But, although for the present we seem unable to find any satisfactory evidence of the existence of man in Western Europe before the glacial period, it by no means follows that none such will eventually be found. It must, moreover, never be forgotten that it is not in this part of the world that a naturalist would be led to look for the cradle of the human race. This is far more probably to be sought in a warmer clime, and amidst a more luxurious vegetation, yielding throughout the year some readily available means of subsistence both to man and to animals that would serve him for food.

VARIETIES.

GEORGE COLMAN'S PUNS.—George Colman was an admirable punster. Sheridan once said, when George made a successful hit, "I hate a pun; but Colman almost reconciles me to the infliction." He was once asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "Oh, yes," was his reply, "Hook and I [eye] are old associates." George Colman the younger was an early associate of Theodore Hook. On the first evening they met they had been sitting some time, when Colman, fixing his eye upon Hook, muttered, "Very odd, very strange indeed! wonderful precocity of genius! Astonishing diligence and assiduity! You must be a very extraordinary young man. Why, sir," he continued, raising his voice, "you can hardly have reached your twenty-first birthday?" "I have just passed it," said the other, using the phrase of card-players, "*vingt-un*, overdrawn." "Ah, very good," replied Colman; "but pray, sir, tell me how the deuce-ace did you contrive to find time to write that terribly long 'Roman History?'" (Hooke's.) A young person being hardly pressed to sing in company where George Colman formed one of the party, solemnly assured them that he could not sing; and at last said, rather hastily, that "they only wished to make a butt of him." "Oh, no," said Colman, "my good sir, we only want to get a stave out of you." One day, when Colman and his son were walking from Soho Square to the Haymarket, two wittlings, Miles Peter Andrews and William Augustus Miles, were coming the contrary way, on the opposite side of the street. They had each sent a dramatic manuscript for the Sum-

mer Theatre, and being anxious to get the start of each other in the production of their several works, they both called out, "Remember, Colman, I am first oar." "Humph," muttered the manager, as they passed on, "they may talk about first oars, but they have not a scull between them." This reminds one of a witticism of Douglas Jerrold. Two conceited young authors were boasting that they rowed in the same boat with a celebrated wit of the day. "Aye," replied Jerrold, "but not with the same sculls." John Taylor sent to Colman a volume of his poems, which bore the motto—

"I left no calling for this idle trade;"

to which Colman added—

"For none were blind enough to ask thine aid."

Now, Taylor was an oculist, but having little or no practice, the satire was the more poignant. Taylor heard of this *jeu d'esprit*, and shortly after, being in company with Colman, the word *calling* was incidentally mentioned by the latter, when Taylor, with great quickness, interrupted him with, "Talking of *callings*, my dear boy, your father was a great dramatic 'English Merchant,' now *your* dealings are and always will be those of a small *Coal-man*." George the Fourth presented to Colman a commission of Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard in 1820. On the first birthday that Colman attended officially in full costume, his Majesty seemed much pleased to see him, and observed, "Your uniform, George, is so well made that I don't see the hooks and eyes." On which Colman, unhooking his coat, said, "Here are my eyes, where are yours?" At the table of George IV., when Prince Regent, the Royal host said, "Why, Colman, you are older than I am!" "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness." Turning to the Duke of Wellington, who was the Gold Stick in Waiting, the King remarked, "George Colman puts me in mind of Paris." "If that is the case," exclaimed Colman, "the only difference between the Duke of Wellington and me is, that I am the hero of Loo—he of Waterloo!" Colman and Bannister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor, who, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture-land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your lordship has still an eye to the Woolsack." Colman, himself no giant, delighted in quizzing persons of short stature. Liston and pretty little Mrs. Liston were dining with him, and towards evening, when preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. [Ell] indeed," exclaimed Colman,

"Mrs. Inch, you mean." A Mr. Faulkener, from the provinces, had been engaged at the Haymarket. Colman was disappointed with his new actor, who had to deliver the following line, which he spoke in a nasal tone :—

"Ah! where is my honor now?"

Colman, who was behind the scenes, took a hasty pinch of snuff, and muttered, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart."—*Leisure Hour*.

THE RIVERS DRIED UP.—The chief misery of a long hot season—the want of water—is entirely unknown in the Val Ste. Véronique, where the pure little streams rush over their clean granite beds with as much vivacity as if it had been raining the day before. They are fed by springs in the upper hills, which never fail in the hot weather, and the consequence is a perennial refreshment of the valleys for several miles; but if you follow these babbling rivulets farther down, you observe the gradual loss of their early freshness and brightness, till finally they are absorbed in the river of the plain, and in great part lost by evaporation. Nothing, even in winter scenery, is drearier than the bed of some broad southern river after the torrid months have dried it. The Loire, amongst French rivers, most abounds in dreary scenes of this kind. For hundreds of miles you may follow broad tracts of burning sand, or hot white pebbles, through which the stream finds its way tortuously, often breaking into several different channels, of which not one is navigable; whilst the occasional trees along the banks are too far from the water to get the slightest benefit from it, and their foliage is burnt to the semblance of a premature autumn. The most important affluents in such a time often cease to flow altogether, and consist of nothing but a long series of stagnant pools, which infect the air, with hot stones or baked mud between them. At such a time the great bridges seem nothing but lines of useless arches built long ago for some forgotten purpose. Leaves wither, flowers fade, the pastures are scorched, and animals droop and languish. Yet, even here, might the art of a true landscape-painter find motives, like that of the poet, in the very desolation of the persistent sunshine, which has its own melancholy like the gloom of the north, and, like it, cannot be borne without resignation. The starving herds resign themselves to a condition of nature beyond their power to alter; the peasants go to the priests and ask them to pray for rain, or get up some procession. At length, in some ancient city, the cathedral doors are opened wide, and out of the cool pleasant gloom within comes forth

into the fierce heat of an August afternoon a mitred bishop, all gleaming with gold and jewels, behind a heavy shrine carried on eight priests' shoulders, with little windows in its gilded sides, through which you may see the brown bones of a saint who died long ago, and a long procession winds slowly chanting about the quaint old streets. Then the evening comes with its short twilight, and the night without a breath in the motionless hot air. The day dawns just like yesterday and the unnumbered days before it. Will there ever be any change, or has the sea forgotten to send her clouds for the refreshment of the land? Is the sea dry like the rivers.—*The Portfolio*.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.—The streets of great cities, as one may see prominently in Paris, in their designations, often contain a register of the most striking events of their national history. Genuine names of streets in old cities are a historical growth and an anecdotal record, which only require the pen of a cunning writer to make them as attractive as a good novel. London, in this view, is particularly interesting; and Emerson, I recollect, in his book, "How the Great City Grew" (London, 1862), tells an amusing story about the great fire in London, which certain pious persons observed to have commenced at a street called Pudding-lane, and ended at a place called Pye-corner, in memory of which they caused the figure of a fat boy to be put up at Smithfield, with the inscription on his stomach, "This boy is in memory put up for the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." Many a dark and odorous close in Old Edinburgh also, to men who, like the late Robert Chambers, could read stones with knowing eyes, is eloquent with those tales of Celtic adventure and Saxon determination which make the history of Scotland so full of dramatic interest; while, on the other hand, the flunkeyism of the persons who, to tickle the lowest type of aristocratic snobbery, baptized certain streets of New Edinburgh with Buckingham terrace, Belgrave crescent, Grosvenor street, and such-like apish mimicry of Metropolitan West Endism, stinks in the nostrils and requires no comment. But not only to grimy streets of reeking towns, but to the broad tract of the march of the great lines of the earth's surface, there is attached a nomenclature which tells the history of the adventurous captain, or the courageous commander, who first redeemed these regions from the dim limbo of the unknown, and brought them into the distinct arena of cognisable and manageable facts.—*Professor Blackie's Introduction to "Etymological Geography."*

NELSON'S CELEBRATED SIGNAL.—His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said: "Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty;'" and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." I replied, "If your lordship will permit me to substitute the word 'expects' for 'confides,' the signal will sooner be completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary, but the word 'confides' must be spelt." His lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, "That will do, Pascoe; make it directly." When it had been answered by a few ships in the van, he ordered me to make the signal for close action, and to keep it up. Accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant masthead, and there it remained until shot away.—*Memoirs of the Life of Admiral Codrington.*

MOLIERE.—A remarkable characteristic of Molière is that he does not exaggerate; his fools are never over-witty, his buffoons too grotesque, his men of wit too anxious to display their smartness, and his fine gentlemen too fond of immodest and ribald talk. His satire is always kept within bounds, his repartees are never out of place, his plots are but seldom intricate, and the moral of his plays is not obtruded, but follows as a natural consequence of the whole. He rarely rises to those lofty realms of poetry where Shakespeare so often soars, for he wrote not idealistic but character-comedies; which is, perhaps, the reason that some of his would-be admirers consider him rather commonplace. His claim to distinction is based only on strong common sense, good manners, sound morality, real wit, true humor, a great, facile, and accurate command of language, and, a photographic delineation of nature. It cannot be denied that there is little action in his plays, but there is a great deal of natural conversation; his personages show that he was a most attentive observer of men, even at court, where a certain varnish of over-refinement conceals nearly all individual features. He always makes vice appear in its most ridiculous aspect, in order to let his audience laugh at and despise it: his aim is to correct the follies of the age by exposing them to ridicule. Shakespeare, on the contrary, has no lack of incidents; he roves through camp, and court, and grove, through solitary forests and populous cities; he sketches in broad outlines rather than with minute strokes; he defines classes rather than individuals, and instead of portraying petty vanities and human foibles, prefers to deal with deep and tumultuous

passions, to such an extent that some of his comedies are highly dramatic.—*Introduction to "The Dramatic Works of Molière," rendered into English by Henri Van Laun.*

SCARIFYING FIJIANS.—Among the appliances which I had brought down to Fiji from Sydney were a scarifier and stethoscope. The former of these gave unbounded satisfaction. Nothing was considered more witty by those in the secret than to place this apparently harmless instrument on the back of some unsuspecting native and touch the spring. In an instant twelve lancets would plunge into the swarthy flesh. Then would follow a long-drawn cry, scarcely audible amidst peals of laughter from the bystanders. As soon as the native had recovered from the alarm consequent on the suddenness of this attack, he would ask to have the application repeated perhaps some five or six times. The reason of this request was not very evident at first, but I found by-and-by that the operation was considered a wholesome one, and also that the regularity of the marks left on the skin was much admired. I have known a native come several times to have these marks cut on his arm, and on one occasion, on the Ra coast, I succeeded in procuring an opportune supply of food by means of this instrument. It was at a time of great scarcity, and the natives, who had not enough for themselves, refused to sell any food. In this difficulty I thought me of the scarifier, and by the simple expedient of exacting a taro-root from each person who wished to be operated on succeeded in collecting enough supplies to complete the journey.—*Two Years in Fiji.*

BY THE SEA.

ON either hand
A sweep of tawny sand
With gentle curve extending, smooth and wide,
On which bold rocks look down
With dark and sullen frown,
Slopes out to meet the fast incoming tide.

The sunbeams leap
And frolic o'er the deep,
And where their light is most intensely poured
Strike from its surface keen
Flashes of diamond sheen,
Dazzling the eyes that gaze out thitherward.

A cloud or two
Drifts lightly 'mid the blue;
And like a faint white blot upon the sky,
Up yonder you can trace
The day-moon's dim drowned face,
Whose light will fill all heaven by and by.

The rhythmical
Hoarse sounds that rise and fall
Thund'rous on the ear from the tossing sea,
The tumult nearer land,
And the splash upon the sand
Of breaking waves, compose one harmony.